THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 8, 1910 — 5cts. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

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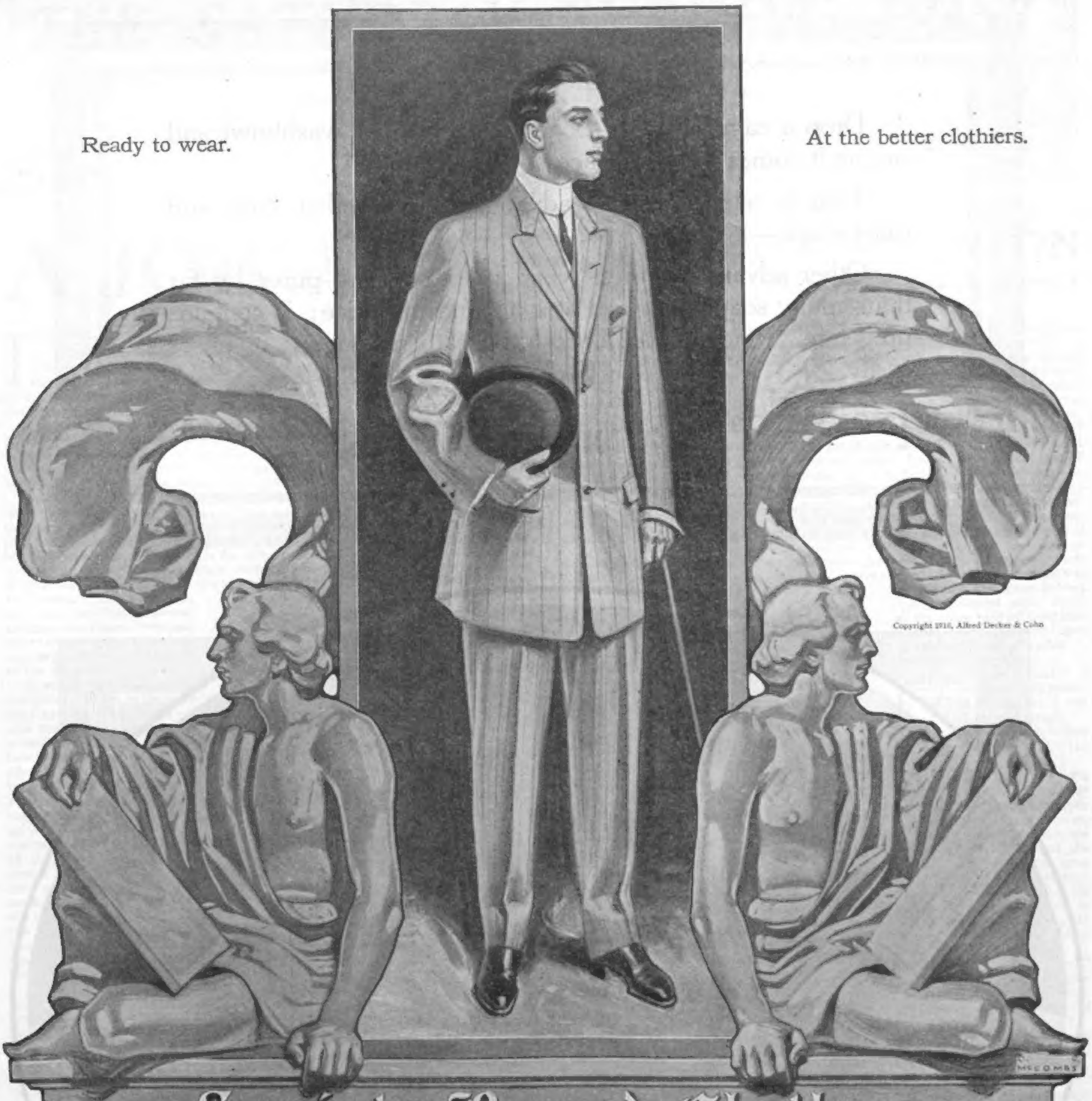

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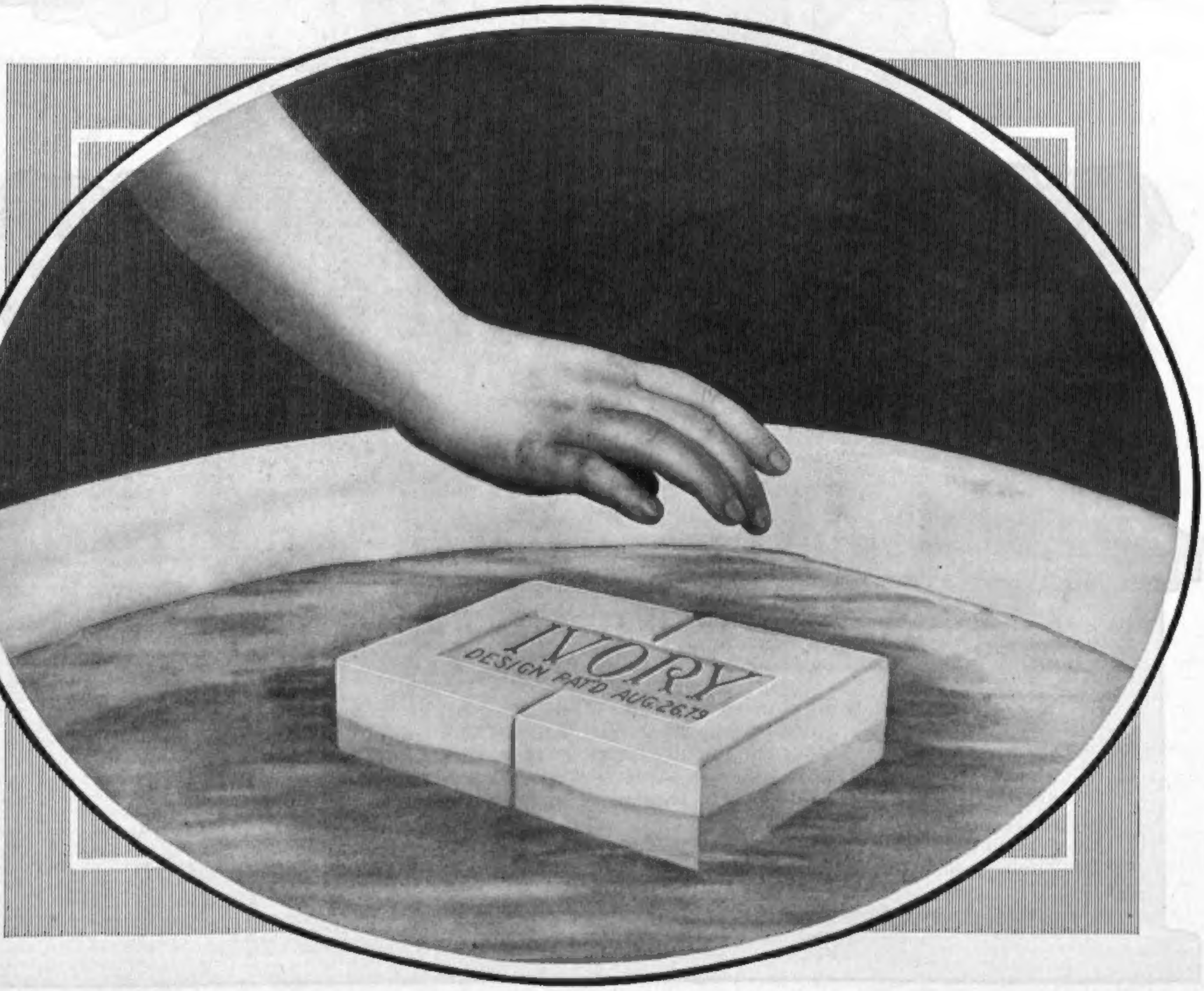
Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.



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A JOB AS KING

By ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I DIDN'T want to be king anyhow. I knew all the time that I wasn't cut out for the job, because I had a long line of ancestors who voted the Socialist ticket. The throne wasn't thrust upon me; I was thrust upon it—by a man with frayed side whiskers, sixteen renegade laborers from the Canal Zone and four demijohns of rum. I'm the only living man whom the office sought, and all others are phantoms you read about in reports of political conventions.

My misfortune in having been made a king was brought about by accident and the demon rum, and the only thing that made me quit my job was circumstance, and not because constant watering of the rum drowned my patron demon. Circumstance whispered that it was better for me to go, and I got; but still exercising my kingly prerogatives I hereby write, rather than right, the features of my reign.

I went to San Bingador from Ojo Caliente where I had been superintendent of a mine that failed because there wasn't any gold or silver or precious jewels in it, and the Eastern stockholders got tired of paying installments on the stock they bought from the promoter, one Corbin Smithson, who had been a sewing-machine agent. He bought a concession down there in San Bing for two pawn tickets, from a fellow who used to run a livery stable in Peru, Indiana, floated the San Bingador Consolidated Mining Company and sent me down to run it. He never was there. That's where he had the best of me. I landed in the place Columbus discovered and since then I've never blamed them for putting him in irons as soon as he cashed in his rebate on the return trip.

It was a nice place. The mosquitos told me so the minute I arrived. They were Pegasus mosquitos—horses with wings. Every time one of them knocked me down and trampled all over me with his muddy hoofs I wished I had never come, and made up my mind that when I got the dredger set up and working I'd make it mosquito-proof and never get off it. But that was just a dream, for the first box hadn't come ashore before the Government began to get its bill into me, and a mosquito was a painless dentist by comparison. Besides, Miss Circumstance again stepped in to change my plans.

I sweltered there for three weeks after I had my shanties built, before the machinery came. They weren't without some returns, for I got acquainted by accident with a girl who lived in a hacienda out in the foothills. Her name was Maria Dolores, and quite a lot more words that sounded like Spanish profanity, and she was popular with all the Americans who lived in San Bingador. She was the most beautiful thing that ever looked at you over the top of a fan. She talked Poughkeepsie English, having served three years in Vassar College. Since I met her I've come to believe in a liberal education for girls. American slang does sound so homelike. I got to be as regular a visitor as any other American in the country, but decided I should have to try to forget Maria on that day when the little tramp tomato can of a steamer brought down the last of the San Bingador Consolidated Mining Company's outfit. I've always been a pretty good hand to stick to business when there's any business to do. Being boss of mines where a fellow has to get the work out and make ends meet teaches that.

It was no pigmy's job to tote a thousand-pound case of mining machinery through the surf after the float carrying it had grounded, and I was in no Sunday-school humor when the first big box came wallowing up through the breakers with some fourscore and ten of ex-Spanish gentlemen, ranging from a royal duke down to a common farmhand, tugging at it. These fellows look strong and they are—at anything except work. We got some rollers under it at last and skidded it up over the harder sand, and I had just expressed my opinion of the duke and farmhands and a few other things when I heard a loud "Ahe-e-m!" behind me. I turned round. I would have wasted some of my breath on the interloper who interrupted my work, but didn't have any to waste. He took it all away. I've seen a few magnificent hidalgos and some forty or fifty dukes, to say nothing of some of the impecunious gentlemen who ride in circus parades; but this chap made them all look like a clothesbag in a cobwebbed closet. His epaulets were so heavy that they bent his shoulders to carry them. If they had been made of real gold instead of brass shavings he could have put silver at par and made gold so cheap that there would have been no inducement for men to die to find a place where the paving blocks are twenty-two carats fine. I was afraid to kick him for fear he was goldlined. The gang noticed him and stopped work. Some of the dukes took off their hats and the case of machinery began to mire down into the sand. I had to do something.

"What do you want?" I asked, thanking my early youth, in the meantime, that I was fluent in Mexican-Spanish.

"The impost, most industrious son of the North," the man answered.

I looked at him for a long time, wondering what this impost thing was, and finally offered him a chew of tobacco. Impost was a new name to me just then, but I learned the sweetness of its sound some time later. The goldlined chap didn't like my tobacco. He pulled himself up, trying to look like Napoleon crossing the Chicago drainage canal, and his epaulets rattled.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, after he had got himself straightened under his load. "Does the American swine know whom he addresses?"

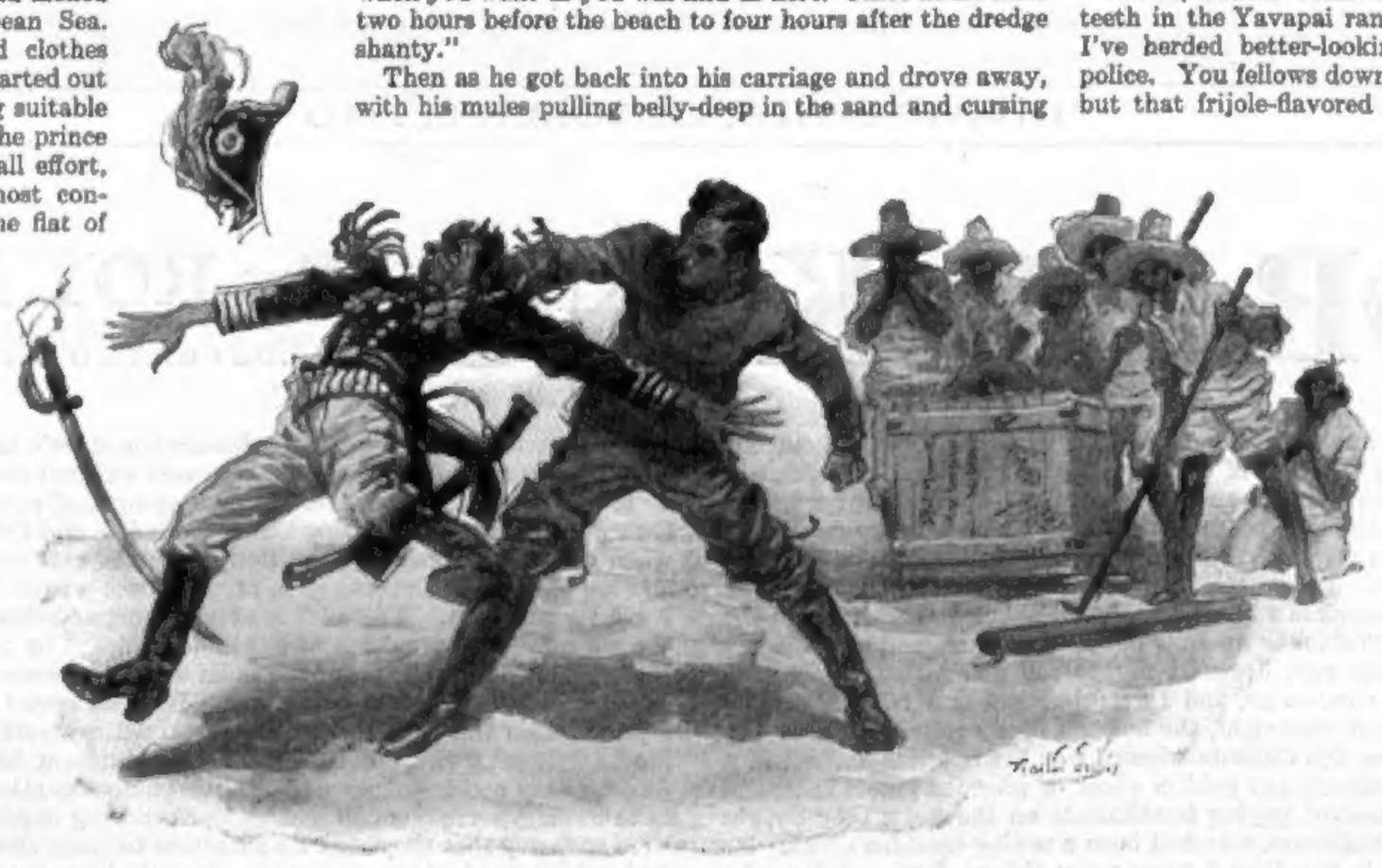
"Nope," I answered cheerfully and half forgetting that my case of machinery was settling in the sand; "but if you'd take off your coat you might look strong. Suppose you give us a hand."

I turned round to my men and said a few things that set them to rolling the case up out of reach of the wash, when I got a prod in the rear ribs that almost tipped me over. I felt for the back of my sweater and turned round. Believe me, that copper-faced, bemustached descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella had actually dragged out a rusty old United States Army saber and tried to stick it into me. What do you think of that? Tried to knife me with a thirty-six-inch blade when two and a half is all they allow in Arizona! If he hadn't been too lazy to sharpen the point it might have gone clean through

Suddenly Some of My Sixteen Pirates Picked Me Up and Hoisted Me to Their Shoulders

me! I'm a thin man, I am. It isn't as if I was thick and fat. Besides, I never did like the idea of being prodded.

I laid off bossing the gang and paid some attention to the opulent and obstreperous prince. I was polite in speech, but a little excited. When I got through with him he looked like one of the hired hands. He had lost his coat in the shuffle and I had kicked his hat out into the Caribbean Sea. There have been lots of old clothes drowned there since De Soto started out to find a summer-resort spring suitable for elderly gentlemen. I got the prince across my knee after some small effort, and played taps across the most convenient portion of him with the flat of his saber, after which I threw it after the hat. He lay on the ground, rubbing himself like a small boy who has run foul of a mighty strong and muscular parent. I got time then to look around.



I Was Polite in Speech, But a Little Excited

Some of my men were wringing their hands as if fearing the prince would get up and eat 'em. Others grinned and winked, and thereby I knew I was in right with them. I wondered what there was in this man with the epaulets to make them all so shy; but the case of machinery was going deeper.

"Get busy there," I yelled at them in Spanish. "Look alive before that junk goes out of sight! Now then! Everybody! Pitch in!"

They laid hold and began to shove and tug and grunt—mostly grunt. "Here, you!" I said to the don, who was now sitting up and showing signs of bolting for the jungle. "Every little bit helps. You get out there and give them a hand. *Pronto! Sabe?*"

I drove him into the surf and made him work, and didn't let him go till the case was high and dry on the beach. Then he tore off and stopped at the edge of the jungle bordering our cove to tell me what he would do to me. According to him there were many interesting things about to happen to me. I didn't have time to chase him, so put my thumb to my nose hoping he would tumble that his bluff wouldn't work. That thumb at the nose speaks all languages.

As the forenoon passed and other boxes came through the surf from the lighter I forgot all about the prince. I was having some of the cases moved back to the outfit shanties when another gold lace deputation from the city arrived.

This time it was a carriage with two mules, accompanied by some half dozen soldiers who woke up long enough to shout a few orders at one another, all being officers, and come to the salute when a mountain of a man in a mountain of gold lace got out of the carriage and waddled across the sand toward me, trying to look fierce. He was so fat that most of himself was two feet and a half ahead of him all the time. He was just seventy-two inches heavy everywhere except in the head.

"*Caballero,*" he said when he got within speaking distance and got his wind, "I am the commanding general of his Majesty Mariano de Povedano y Placido's forces, and have the honor to inform you that, owing to the insurrection of that rebel, Martinez, the country is under military law."

"So?" I asked as nonchalantly as a hero in a Bertha M. Thorne novel, and felt around for a mantelpiece on which to lean while I lighted my cigarette. "So? Glad to hear it. Wish you luck, old man."

This soft-answer-turning-away-wrath business doesn't always work, as was evidenced by the nasty remarks with which the general greeted my attempt at friendliness. Heading off his wrath with soft words was like trying to head off a running calf with a peacock feather. He bubbled, frothed, swore, pawed the ground and wound up by serving a warrant of arrest on me, and then, to make it good, on all my major-domos, bosses, dukes and section-hands. Handed them out just like a benevolent old gentleman at a German Schützenfest who gets all the prizes alike so there won't be any dispute between first, second and third.

"Well," I asked when he came to a glowering pause, "is that all? If this is on the level what are you going to do with us? What have we done?"

"You have assaulted his Majesty's chief of police—here—this morning—on the sand."

"Is that where I assaulted him?" I asked, scratching my head so as to get time to think. "Only the chief of police, eh? I might have known it. It's just my luck! I'm eager to have a row sometime with somebody besides a common policeman. Well, what is his Majesty's chief of police going to do with us?"

"You will consider yourself and all your forces under arrest!"

"Just consider, eh?" I said, feeling more hopeful. "That's right good of you. All right, *Señor Generale,* when you want us you will find us here. Office hours from two hours before the beach to four hours after the dredge shanty."

Then as he got back into his carriage and drove away, with his mules pulling belly-deep in the sand and cursing the day they became a part of the royal stables of San Bingador, I got back to work. The arrest didn't bother me much.

"All he wanted to do," I said to myself, "was just to show us that he could. That beats El Paso, where they show you with a club."

At two o'clock in the afternoon the whole gang, dukes, princes and dons, quit work as usual and got into the shade. Mauling them did no good. I was up against custom, so tried to have patience till they got ready to go to work again. One of them, with a face like a steak smothered in onions, had a mandolin, and lay with his shoulders against the shady side of the wall and practiced Sobre Las Olas until I took to praying that he would get paralysis instead of mere locomotor ataxia of the fingers. I always did hate that tune since my first voyage Over the Waves. It makes me think of bilge water.

Just as this melancholy troubadour was coming into the home stretch for the hundred and teenth time I heard a noise outside.

"Whoa-a-a! Bill!"

"Down-East Yank or I'm a Piute," I said to myself, getting up on my elbows and then to my feet and starting toward the door of the shanty.

A man with a planter's imitation Panama hat big enough to tent a merry-go-round stood in the doorway and grinned. He had side whiskers like a college professor, and they were so big that the ends of them had carelessly strayed from the sheltering shade of his hat and got frayed and sunburned. Maybe it was the spring wind, though. It's hard on sorrel whiskers in the tropics.

"How do you do?" he said, and then, showing that he really didn't care how I did, went on without an answer. "Phew! Phew! Ain't she a scorcher?"

Being glad to meet somebody from the United States of America, I agreed that she sure was.

"Heard last week you landed," he went on, sitting down as calm as you please and fanning himself with his haystack. "Would have come over several days ago, but my mule got something the matter with his toes and refused to leave the shade, even when we built a fire under him. Had to wait till he wanted to come."

"So?" I said, rolling a fresh smoke and wondering what he or his mule wanted.

"Wouldn't have missed coming today for anything," he said, "because I thought somebody ought to tip you off. You're in a heap of trouble. Do you know who it was you licked this morning?"

I thought of the chief of police, so nodded my head.

"Well, do you know he's about the sassiest proposition in this kingdom? Up to six months ago, when it was a republic, he wasn't so bad; but now that it's royalist and under military rule, he just about runs this show. He's killed a lot of men, so you'd better look out! Gets 'em in jail, then they always try to escape and always get ——"

He ran his fingers around his throat and made the garroting kind of a noise.

"Oh, yes," he went on, "all of us who have concessions down here hate him. He's too strong on the graft; but we can't do anything. Now I'm for the fruit company, but I have to pungle up, just the same. He's a leech. He's a pestilential hossfly by day and a second-story man by night. He's a ——"

"Well, say, Mister What's-this-your-name-is?"

"Perkins! Perkins! John William Perkins!"

"Well, Mister John William Perkins, I cut my eye-teeth in the Yavapai range, and from Sonora to the Rio I've herded better-looking greasers than your chief of police. You fellows down here can pungle if you want to, but that frijole-flavored pepper-stew doesn't get a cent from me! *Sabe?* Not a copper *centavo.* We've got a concession to build this dredger, and to mine, and ——"

Perkins looked at me so sadly that I stopped.

"Son," he said, "go slow. It takes three paper-mills up there in New Hampshire, working three eight-hour shifts, to make paper enough for the concessions this Government gives out. They aren't worth a cuss. San Bingador ain't like the United States. I ought to know, because I've done a few politics in both. I was in the Pennsylvania legislature, I was, and I've done business in four states of the Union, New Jersey and Kentucky included. You can't tell me anything about concessions."

I saw there wasn't any use in arguing with a man who had side whiskers and experience, so began to listen.

"What you want to do," Perkins went on, "is to either square it with the chief or start a revolution. I'm not sure that the revolution wouldn't work. Having licked the chief you are now a logical party leader and the most renowned man in the country. Now if you could lick him once more ——"

"I'll do neither," I said. "All I'll do is to work. If you'll tell me how to get this gang to hustle I'll be a mighty sight more thankful than for political tips."

He thought over that for a while, after shaking his head at my stubbornness, and then chirked up.

"Have you tried rewards of merit?" he asked.

"What's that? Sunday-school cards?"

"Nope. Rum! Give them a slugger of rum at the end of every three hours' work. Don't make it oftener or they won't keep track of the time and will double up on you. And say," he added, "I've got sixteen men that are on the loaf now, who really will hustle. Hard lot all right. Run out of the Canal Zone. Mostly half-breeds. Do anything for money and rum. If it will help you out I'll send you over three or four demijohns and the sixteen. Want 'em?"

"Sure!" I answered enthusiastically. "How will they come—by freight or express?"

"Men on foot. You'd better come up to town and bring the rum down yourself."

So it was left that way when Perkins went, and he was as good as his word, for later in the day he sent me down sixteen pirates that would have made Kidd's crew look like a harmless kindergarten, and they all agreed to go to work on the next morning. That night I went up to buy the "reward of merit," and if I hadn't been such a fool would have known there was something doing. Everywhere I went men either scowled at me or took their hats off and bowed. In one big *bodega* there was quite a crowd and some one yelled something as he caught sight of me and I hurried on. I looked around after I had got a way down the street and there was Perkins in the midst of them, pointing at me. I ducked around the corner just as they turned loose a howl, but no one chased me and I made my way back to the camp on the beach. The rum was there ahead of me and one of the toughest of the new gang was serving it out with a broken ladle and his thumb.

I objected. He objected to my objection. Then I went at it to enforce my authority. A pickhandle and I formed a partnership and joined hands. A pickhandle and a hundred and ninety pounds of boiled-up, exasperated temper can accomplish miracles. A record of that battle is now spread in the school histories of San Bingador as being historical. After that I served the grog to such as were able to sit up and take it. I was the boss there all right, and even the sick and wounded raised up to cheer me. Kind of a case of "Oh, I could love you for that punch you gave me." The next day while we were working the general came again, and with him was the chief of police. They said I had to pay five hundred dobie dollars before I went ahead with the work. I got out of that by telling them I'd have to wait till payday to get the money, in, say, eight or ten days, and they went away.

The same day Perkins came down again. He was always chewing a straw when he wasn't smoking a native cheroot, and appeared pleased with himself.

"Say, neighbor," he said, after he had sat there a while and absorbed some of the rum he had recommended me to buy, "I've got a case or so of supplies coming ashore tonight, right here in this bay, and I wish you'd let your men put it in your storehouse till I call for it."

"Certainly," I agreed, wanting to be decent to a fellow-countryman in a foreign land. "Glad to be of service."

Then Perkins went away, still chewing his straw, and I forgot all about it.

It must have been about two o'clock that morning when Perkins' supplies came. It seemed to me he must have told some of my men about them, for they received them all right without saying anything to me, and carried them up to the dredger house, while I turned over in my hammock and went to sleep.

The men worked all right for a few days more and then came a feast day of some sort and nobody would do a tap. They didn't want work. They wanted rum to celebrate with. I compromised by paying them off, and you would think I was the first man that ever paid for anything in San Bing by the way they cheered me. To get away from the camp for a day, I pulled out and rode over to see Maria once more. Usually some of the foreign colony were there, but on this day, for the first time, I found her alone and had a good time. She made some cool drinks for me, and I didn't care if feast days came oftener.

A fellow falls in love fast in those hot climates, and the Señorita Maria had me grinning at the ears by two in the afternoon, getting sentimental by four, and ready to die for her by six. I tried to sing when I rode home that night in the moonlight, and that is going considerable, for they don't say that I can sing very well. When I got back to the camp there was the Old Harry to pay. Every one was there and waiting for me. It appeared from what they told me that the general and the chief of police had been there while most every one was away celebrating, and had carted off four *carreta* loads of my machinery to the *cárcel* to hold it till I contributed those five hundred dobies. They said if I had money enough to pay for such a foolish thing as labor I must have money enough to pay the duties, and that I couldn't get the machinery back until I did pay. I was some mad, like a hornet whose nest has been cuffed by a small boy attached to a clothes-prop. I didn't have the five hundred, but I did have my nerve.

"I'm going over to argue with those fellows," I said, "and they've got to give me back that machinery. I won't stand for it!"

I lighted the lamp in my shanty and got down my gun and looked it over and slipped some cartridges in, to have it with me in case of accidents. The crowd outside had been admiring me through the doors and windows and suddenly some of my sixteen pirates gave a whoop and then they all hustled away out of sight. By-and-by I came out and the camp was milling like a bunch of long-horns. Down at one end was a suspicious enthusiasm and I went there to find that somebody had broached another demijohn of rum. I would have stayed to stop the progress of that celebration if I hadn't made up my mind to find out about that machinery before I went to sleep, so started away.

They tore loose with another howl and started after me.

"Good boys," I said to myself sarcastically. "They're going to go over to the town to finish what rum there is there before going to bed. It's bad stuff and should be drunk to get rid of it. Won't be much work done tomorrow."

I tramped through the woods into the edge of the town, getting madder all the time when I thought of the hold-up of the dredger, and the crowd was beginning to close up on me. They were arm in arm now and singing, if you could call it that. They couldn't sing much better than I could.

"Whang!"

All of a sudden a fellow ahead of me, with never a word, lets fly a shot in my direction. I was surprised and would have taken to the woods, but was going along just then between two walls where there was no cover, so thought I'd better drop to the ground till I found out what the mistake was about.

Then the fellow turned loose again and the bullet clipped a cobble not ten feet away, and that riled me. I'm not used to being shot at offhand that way. I've always considered it a mean advantage to shoot at a fellow before he knows what it's about; so I dragged out my gun and began to shoot back, running forward as I did so and expressing a few opinions I had of the case.

"Hooray! *Viva el Americano!*" My men from behind came shouting and running, and they had been joined by so many others that I was pushed along in front. Then I discovered that all of my men were armed with a lot of old army Springfields. After that I ran for fear the whole mob of us was being chased. I thought I'd better stick with my friends, so didn't pay much attention to where they were going. I was willing to go along.

"Viva la revolución!" they began to yell, so I yelled too. Some of them banged away with their Springfields and I let loose a shot or two with my six-shooters, just to add to the general joy, before we came to a halt in front of a big white building behind a plaza with a lot of trees.

"Hospital?" I asked one of my men who happened to be next to me.

"Palace," he shouted, with a wag of his head as if he thought I had been fooling him about not knowing what it was. "Hospital pretty soon if they don't surrender to you, Señor Americano!"

"Surrender to me?" I asked. "Quit your funning, Erastus!"

Up in front somebody with a familiar voice began to make a speech and offered the king and all his officials a free permit to leave the country if they gave up, and I was right interested. There was a powwow going on from a balcony, and at last a voice shouted, "We surrender! We surrender!" And then the mob that had closed around all tried to yell in high C at once. I saw that the orator was Perkins—John William Perkins, of the side whiskers, and just then he sighted me. I'm about a head taller than any San Bingite and was an easy mark.

"Get in, quick," he said, "and accept their surrender! Don't let any of your men shoot them up or hang them!"

I didn't want to save the lives of any of the officials I had so far seen in the country, but inasmuch as Perkins seemed to be mostly afraid of my sixteen pirates I thought I might as well help him out. I knew by past experience I could handle them all right. So when the big doors of the palace were thrown open I marched in at the head of the gang and yelled "Surrender to me! Surrender to me!" as loudly as I could.

A fat man, so anxious to give up that he almost knocked me over, came first, and I saw it was the general. He handed me his sword, butt on, and I took it. Behind him came my old friend, the chief of police, and he handed me a nice new saber. I took that too. Next came the king, trying to look like a martyr, but a whole lot more like a man caught robbing a collection box.

I didn't know what to do with them. Some of my men wanted to shoot them, but I promised to hurt the first man that touched them, and then looked around for Perkins.

"What are we going to do with the prisoners?" I asked when I sighted him.

He came close and whispered in my ear and I noticed he had been playing around some garlic farm.

"There's a fruit-company tug down at the wharf, and you might capture it—all peaceably, you understand—and ship the king and his officers over to Nicaragua. They'll be safe there. Captain's an American. You must do it, seems to me, to keep your men from murdering these poor, defenseless people."

I thought he was putting it up to me pretty strong and was about to tell him so, when it struck me that if it was my men who were raising all the rumpus it was really up to me to keep order. So I took the king and the fat general, the chief of police and three or four others, and went to the wharf. There was a howling mob in front and they kept yelling *"Viva el Americano! Viva la revolución!"*

I made my men surround the king and the others and we crowded through and down on to what they called a pier. Sure enough, there was a tug with steam up. A mat of smoke hung over her and she spouted steam as if she had been expecting us.

"You'll have to surrender this tug for a while, in the name of law and order," I said to a man whom I took to be the captain.

He grinned as if it were all a joke.

"Over my dead body!" he replied, still stretching his face. Then: "Do I understand you to say that if I do not let you have the tug you will use force?"

"Sure!" I answered, grinning back.

"Then I capitulate to superior force," the skipper came back, bowing with his hand across his silver watch-chain, and we put our prisoners aboard and the tug pulled away to put them out of the country as I ordered.

I thought I would go back up to the palace and see if Perkins could tell me anything about my machinery. It seemed a good time to get it, so as to have it ready to go to work with on the next morning. The crowd went with me and kept shouting all the time, and shooting off those old Springfields until their shoulders were sore. A Springfield can kick some, you know, and to fire one off a few times really proves a man a patriot. We ran into a disorganized mob coming our way, and heard shooting up in front.

"What's up?" I asked a fellow next me, but before he could answer Perkins came loping along with his hat in his hand

(Continued on Page 64)

She Talked Poughkeepsie English, Having Served Three Years in Vassar College

THE TEDDYSEE—By Wallace Irwin

Book the First

I. THE GODLIKE TEDYSSES SETTETH OUT FOR OBLIVION, BUT MISSETH THE TRAIN

IT SEEMS that Jove, who on Olympus sat
Picking his teeth with thousand-volted shafts—
The date was March 4, 1909—
Looked down on burning Washington and cried:
"Juno, it seemeth me this Teddy Boy
Hath kicked the Short-and-Ugs about enough.
See how his chariot rageth through the smoke
Squashing Tillmanicus, bumping Uncle Joe,
Prodding the wolf Aldrichas till he snarls—
Now and again he swingeth on some Trust
E'en as J. Johnson poked the giant Jeff.
Minerva's spectacles and Vulcan's teeth
He wears for slaughter—O Tedysses bold!
Loud ringeth thy bullful 'Bully!' through the land.
Wall Street doth throw a fit when thou dost sneeze;
Smashed lies the Gang, and men are sick of blood."
The white-armed Juno, powdering her nose,
From Heaven looked down upon the messy scene.
She spoke: "'Tis easy to be rid of Ted.
Men vanish when the gods say '23!'
What I propose, O Zeus, is simply this:
Send this Tedysses on some wild-moose chase
To Europe, via Congo, Swaziland,
Mombasa and a string of black-face stop-offs
Not found in New York Central railway guides,
Twelve months to wander—and I'll bet my sandals,
If Afric lions do not do their duty,
The Mighty Noise of Sagamorea's hill
Will find Oblivion in some other way."

Thus Juno spake while jovial-smiling Jove
The button pressed, called Mercury and cried:
"Boy, take this ticket to Tedysses—scoot!"
Fleet Hermes bore the pasteboard, which was marked
"Good for One First-Class Passage to Oblivion."

Oblivion! O ye gods, high overhead,
Ye cannot shove a card like that on Ted!

II. MERCURY DELIVERETH THE TICKET AND TEDYSSES BREAKETH AWAY

"Penelope, Penelope!"
The brave Tedysses cried—
And when he called Penelope
'Twas generally known that he
Meant Taftica, his bride—
"O fair and fat Penelope,
I'm going for to go
To wild and woolly Afrikee,
Where elephants and reptiles be
And pizen skeeters grow.
But I'll come back, Penelope,
As sure as you are born—
There ain't a snake can puncture me:
My cuticule
Is like a mule
And skeeter-proof my pores they be;
While my rough-riding vertebrae
Would stop a rhino's horn."

"My hero!" cried Penelope,
"The rhino what collides with thee
Will surely crack his horn."

"But, ere I go, Penelope,"
The brave Tedysses said,
"These last instructions take from me:
Shun Nelson A., Sereno P.,
And uncular Josephus C.,
When they come making eyes at thee,
Awishing for to wed.
Our little son Giffordius
In trust with thee I leave.
He is a Nature-loving cuss
And oft for me he'll grieve.
And if some Moneyed Interest
Molests my Gifford P.,
Ah, press him tightly to thy breast,
And think, oh, think of me!"

Penelope she tightly pressed
The Constitution to her breast
And sighed: "I'll think of thee!"

Tedysses cleared his golden throat
And dropped a godlike tear.
"My Policies you'll kindly tote
When I am gone, my dear.

I cannot name them all to you,
Because they're such a lot—
There's several just finished new
And some that I've forgot.
But if, when I return to thee,
My Policies intact I see,
I'll know that you've been true to me—
If not—why, then you've not."

"My own, my Party Spouse," said she,
"Perhaps I'll be quite true to thee—
Perhaps, again, I'll not."

III. GODLIKE EXPLOITS OF TEDYSSES IN ETHIOPIA

(This here chapter I omit—
It is laid in Afric's clime,
Where Our Hero's gun doth hit
Fourteen jungles at a time.
Wounded lions he enrages—
Oh, you know the stuff I mean!
You can find it in the pages
Of a Current Magazine.)

IV. THE MUCH-WANDERING TEDYSSES HEARETH THE CALL OF THE TAME; SO HE HIKETH TO CAIRO AND CALLETH DOWN THE BLACK-AND-TAN INSURGENTS

On the shores of Africay
Bold Tedysses now doth stand
With a hippo dead and gray
Resting lightly in his hand.
There's a look of Far Away
On his brow of high command.
For his ear
Seems to hear
Something marvelously queer
In the distant U. S. A.
Something like a "thump-thump-thump!"
Followed by a ghastly Bump!!
"O ye gods and little fish!
O ye snails of Oyster Bay!
Faith, this soundeth quite suspish-
ious to one so far away!
Has Penelope, forsook,
By some Handsome Trust been took?
Have the Predatories snook
With my Conservation Book?
Is the Big Stick now a crook?
Has the Square Deal got the hook?
Fain on Congress would I look!"
Fear disturbed his plexus solar
As he ground each perfect molar,
As he stood in thought a while.
Then he hoofed it many a mile
Down the lotos-bearing Nile.
Holy Egypt!
Such a break-up
Of a shake-up
And a wake-up!
Not since Joseph, son of Jacob,
Prophesied long years of drouth
Has a stranger, bent on touring,
Hit old Nilus, long enduring,
Such a wallop in the mouth.

'Midst the mummies and the scarabs
Teddy lectured baby Arabs
On "The Strenuous Endeavor."
While the poor, astonished Sphinx
Gasped with shrinks and winks and blinks
At this flood of Modern Thinks,
Groaning hoarsely, "Well, I never!"
Teddy next, with manner urgent,
Called down many a black Insurgent,
Many a Murdock hued like jet,
Many a dusky La Follette
Who had come with hope paretic
That they'd "get the sympathetic."
"Down!" cried Ted; "Egyptian Smarty!
Join the Regulation Party!"
At these words there rose a chorus
Of prolonged Egyptian powwows
As they barked round Theodorus
Like a pack of angry bowwows.
And they'd surely got his goat
If Our Hero, still undaunted,
Hadn't packed his pelts and jaunted
By the early morning boat.

And the day that he departed
Rose a chant of hope which started
From the mystic fane of Isis:
"Rise, O Nile! We've passed the Crisis."

V. TEDYSSES HEARETH THE SIRENS AND ADMIRETH THEIR VOICES

To Italy, to Italy
Tedysses took his way,
The land of ease, the land of fleas,
Where Poverty is gay;
The land of bowers and carven towers
Where Art's undying name
Both permeates and penetrates—
And Garlic does the same.
'Twas in the sea near Italy
That Ted received a shock.

"On yonder tide," the sailors cried,
"There lies the Sirens' Rock.
And if we hear the Sirens' song
Ourselves we'll so forget
Our bark will snag upon a crag
And sink into the wet."
So seven sacks of sealing-wax
Tedysses straightway got,
And in the ears of all the crew
He poured it boiling hot,
Then tight and fast unto a mast
He bound him with a thong,
And, thus secure, he wooed the lure
Of that sweet Siren Song.

On the beaches sat three peaches
Thrice by Nature blessed.
One was labeled "Solid East,"
Another "Solid West."
But of the three the fairest she
Who sang, with rosy mouth,
A bright refrain of Dixie strain—
She was the Solid South.

Herewith I reproduce those strains which floated o'er the deck
Until our godlike hero almost broke his godlike neck:

SONG OF THE SIRENS

O you restless Teddy, giving
Free advice to France and Rome,
Do you know the Cost of Living
Is advancing 'way back home?
That the Tact of Taft has never
Saved a rumpus—and we guess
That the Finest Tariff Ever
Is a mighty awful mess?
Do you know the Trusts are thicker
And the forests growing thinner?
Then why linger, Ted, and bicker
With a bunch of Kings at dinner?

Home again, O Teddy!
Back to the long love-feast!
There's a great big heart in the great big West
And another in the little old East.

(Continued on Page 66)

ONE WAY OUT

A Middle-Class New Englander Emigrates to America

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER was killed in the Revolution; my grandfather fought in the War of 1812; my father sacrificed his health in the Civil War; but I, though born in New England, am the first of my family to emigrate to this country—the United States of America. That sounds like a riddle or a paradox. It isn't; it's a plain statement of fact.

For the sake of convenience let me call myself Carleton. I've no desire to make public my life for the sake of notoriety. My only idea in writing these personal details is the hope that they may help some poor devil out of the same hole in which I found myself mired fifteen years ago. For that purpose Carleton is as good a name as any.

My people were all honest, plodding, middle-class Americans. They stuck where they were born, accepted their duties as they came, earned a respectable living, and died without having enough money left to make a will worth while. They were all privates in the ranks. But they were the best type of private—honest, intelligent and loyal unto death. The records of their lives aren't interesting, but they are as open as daylight. My father seems at first to have had a bit more ambition stirring within him than his ancestors, but he returned from the Civil War subdued and sick, and became head clerk and confidential man to an old-established lumber firm. Here he earned a decent living, married and occupied a comfortable home. My mother died when I was ten, and after that Father sold his house and we boarded. It was a dreary life for both of us, but, obeying the family tradition, Father accepted it stoically. No one in our family ever married twice. With the death of the wife and mother the home ceased, and there was an end of it.

I remember my father with some pride. He was a tall, old-fashioned-looking man with a great deal of quiet dignity. I think his love for my mother must have been deep, for he talked to me of her a great deal and seemed much more concerned about my future on her account than on either his own or mine. I think it was she—she was a woman of some spirit—who persuaded him to send me to college. With this in mind he invested his scant savings in a wildcat mining scheme, lost, and died.

My Start in Life

AT EIGHTEEN, then, I was left with the only capital that succeeding generations of my family ever inherited—a common-school education and a big, sound physique. I missed my father, but I was not disheartened by being thrown on my own resources. The prospect revealed the world to me in a more romantic light than I had ever seen it. I stepped out from the confines of the boarding-house into the freedom of the whole round earth. I had no particular ambition beyond earning a comfortable living, and I was sure enough at eighteen of being able to do this. Indeed I found several chances open to me to go in as office-boy and learn the business. But a chum of mine who had entered the employ of the United Woolen Company saw another vacancy in the clerical department there and persuaded me to join him. I began at five dollars a week. I soon found that I was nothing but a human adding machine; but the hours were short, my associates pleasant, and I felt a certain pride in being part of this vast enterprise, which occupied a whole downtown office block.

The next ten years were pleasant enough. My salary was advanced steadily to twenty dollars and I lived better and dressed better than ever before in my life. Without being extravagant or dissipating I spent my modest income as fast as it increased. Every raise found a new demand. Had I been forehanded and inclined to save, it would have been at the sacrifice of the only friends I had—my office associates. I remember that when I was finally advanced another five dollars I half-heartedly resolved to put this amount in the bank weekly. But at this point the crowd joined a small country club and I had either to follow or to drop out of their lives.

However, I've never regretted this extravagance, if for no other reason than because it was there I met the girl who became my wife. My best reason for remaining anonymous is the opportunity it will give me to tell about her. I want to feel free to talk about Ruth. I want to feel free to rave about her if so inclined. She objects even under this disguise, but here I must have an uncramped hand. The whole scheme of my life, beginning, middle and end, swings around her. Without her inspiration I don't like to think what the end of me might have been.

I was twenty-eight when I met Ruth, and she was eighteen. She came out to the club one afternoon, on a Saturday, to watch a tennis match in which I was playing. From the moment I caught sight of her dear, serious face I never played better. After beating my man in love sets I was introduced to her, and after that there was nothing else of so great consequence in my life.

Ruth's family, too, was distinctly middle-class, in the sense that none of them ever had done anything to distinguish themselves either for good or bad. Her parents lived on a small farm in New Hampshire, and when I met her she had just been graduated from the village academy and had come to town to visit an aunt. She was a woman such as my mother would have liked; clear and laughing on the surface, but with great depths hidden among the golden shallows. Her experience had all been among the meadows and mountains, so that she was simple and direct and fearless in her acts and thoughts.

"There's Our Nest Egg," She Announced

Six months later I received a substantial raise of three hundred dollars, and a week after this we were married. I found a little house in the suburbs for which I paid forty dollars a month rent. To furnish it I bought a thousand dollars' worth of furniture on the installment plan, and we settled down very happily and peacefully without even the speck of a cloud on the horizon. Ruth was a fine cook and refused to have a servant in the house. We paid cash for everything, and if nothing much was left over, why, we didn't care. We had enough to pay all our bills, with something for extras.

Those days were as perfect as it ever falls to the lot of the average matter-of-fact man to live. My salary came as regularly as an annuity, there was every prospect for advancement, and little by little we paid for the furniture. Ruth had a keen zest for life and helped me live every day to its fullest. We had so much fun just by ourselves that we didn't get acquainted with our neighbors very rapidly. We had no need of neighbors.

We were in town a good deal in the evenings. Ruth used to meet me at the office, and we would take dinner together at some little French restaurant and then go to a theater or a concert. City life was all new to her and she got into things in such a way as to make them all new to me. She used to perch on the edge of her seat at the theater so breathless, so responsive, that I often saw the old-timers there watch her instead of the show. I often did myself. And sometimes it seemed to me as though the whole company acted to her alone. (When Ruth read this she declared it was all nonsense. But it's a fact.)

There came a time in about a year when we didn't go out so much. Then I watched her with a new emotion as she grew eager and breathless over so small a matter as the knitting of a tiny pair of socks. I had more time now to meet my neighbors and found them a pleasant, companionable lot. There was a bank clerk, a young lawyer, an insurance man, and two or three others of about my own age who were working for various corporations. We were all earning about the same salaries and had about the same type of comfortable house. Still there were differences and you could tell, more by the wives than the husbands, those whose income went above two thousand. We had a neighborhood club where the men met of an evening and there were whist parties, dances and golf tournaments. On the whole the women were good to Ruth and often dropped in with whispered advice.

Expenses Take a Jump

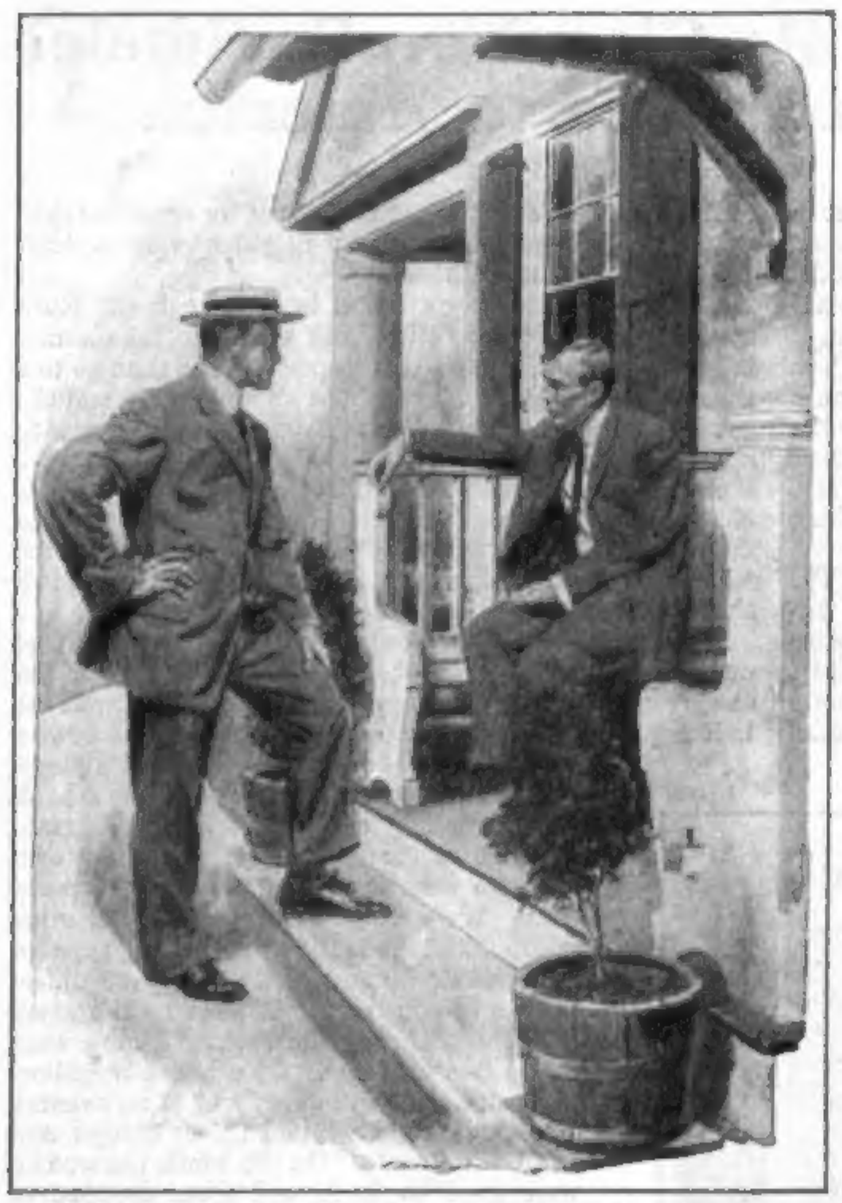
I THOUGHT I had touched the climax of life when I married Ruth, but when the boy came he lifted me a notch higher. And with him he brought me a new wife in Ruth, without taking one whit from the old. Sweetheart, wife and mother now, she revealed to me new depths of womanhood.

But from this point on I found my salary of fifteen hundred strained a bit. We had paid for all our furniture, but the expense of doctor and nurse was large and I found it necessary to hire a servant. With that our household expenses took a big jump. The girl, in spite of Ruth's supervision, wasted as much as she used. However, we didn't go out at all, and so made both ends meet.

During the next five years I never did any better than that. With the boy's future looming up I realized now as never before the necessity of getting a little ahead of the game. But, though we cut down as much as possible, the prices of everything rose just enough to absorb our economies. Not only that, but little by little we had been more and more forced into the social life of the neighborhood. Personally I didn't care about the dinners and parties, but Ruth did, and I saw it was her right to have them. We couldn't decline one invitation without declining all, and this would have meant social exile for her. But it cost money. It cost a lot of money. We had to do our part in return, and this soon came to be a big item in the year's expenses.

I began to look forward with some anxiety for the next raise. At the office I hunted for extra work with an eye upon the place above; but, though I found the work, nothing came of it except longer hours. In fact I began to think myself lucky to hold the job I already had. Mechanical adding machines had cost a dozen men their positions; a card system of bookkeeping made it possible to discharge another dozen, while an off year in woolens sent two or three more flying. Occasionally when work picked up again a young man was taken on to fill the place of one of the discharged men. The company always saved a few hundred dollars by such a shift, and so far as any one could see the work went on just as well.

While these moves were ominous, as I can see now in looking back, they did not disturb me very much at the time. My life at home was too happy to admit of much worrying. Neither the wife, the boy, nor I was sick a day, and if at times we were a trifle pinched it was wonderful how rich Ruth contrived to make us all feel. We were both very content in watching the boy grow. It seemed but a jiffy before he was out of long dresses into short, out



"Let Me See, You Went Off to Australia or Somewhere, Didn't You, Carleton?"

of these into rompers, out of these into trousers. Before we knew it he was going to school. It was lonesome for the wife after he began to trudge off every day and she looked forward to Saturdays as eagerly as he did. It wasn't long before his playmates had him out of the house even on that day. But Sunday we had him to ourselves.

Hard Work to Make Ends Meet

EVERY night when I came home Ruth used to run over for me all his adventures of the day. Then I began to notice a wistful expression in her eyes. I knew what it meant. I had my own heart hunger. But, good Lord, as it was I hadn't yet been able to save a dollar! We were simply holding on tight and drifting. I didn't dare say anything even when one night she whispered:

"He's all we have, Billy—just one."

Just one. I'd have liked a house full too. But it would only have meant running our heads into a noose.

So for five years I had to go downtown knowing I was leaving her all alone in the house with the one away at school. And what a mother she was! She ought to have had one by her side all the time.

As the one grew older his expenses increased. The only way to meet them was by cutting down our own. I gave up smoking and made my old clothes do an extra year. Ruth spent half her time in bargain hunting and saved still more by taking it out of herself. Poor little woman, she worked harder for a quarter than I did. But the boy had made many new friends, and these brought still further obligations. The social functions increased through him. Once again I tried to see some way out of these, but there was none. The boy had to do as his friends did or live a hermit; the wife had to do as her friends did, and I had to do as my friends did. The price of independence in this close-knit neighborhood was isolation. We managed it all as economically as possible, but the utmost we were able to do was to keep out of debt. The old grim fact came with renewed force—I hadn't been able to save a dollar.

There was just one ray of hope for me—the job ahead. That would mean twenty-five hundred dollars a year. For the next five years Ruth and I used to comfort ourselves by discussing what we would do when this came to us. It was pleasant food for dreams. It took the edge off the immediate thought of danger. In the meanwhile I resigned from the country club.

In this way, then, we lived until I was thirty-eight and Ruth was twenty-eight and the boy was nine. For the last few months I had been doing night work without extra pay and so was practically exiled from the boy except on Sundays. He was not developing the way I wanted to see him. The local grammar school was almost a private school for the neighborhood. I should have preferred to have it more cosmopolitan. The boy was rubbing up against only his own kind and this was making him a bit soft, both physically and mentally. He was also getting a bit querulous and autocratic. Ruth saw it, but with only one . . . Well, on Sundays I took the boy with me on long cross-country jaunts and did a good deal of talking. But it rolled off like water off a duck. He lacked energy and initiative. He was becoming distinctly more middle-class than either of us, with some of the faults of the so-called upper class thrown in. He chattered about Harvard, not as an opportunity, but as a class privilege. I didn't like it. But before I had time to worry much about this the crash came that I had not been wise enough to foresee.

II

ONE Saturday afternoon, after we had been paid off, Morse, the head of the department, whose job I had been eying enviously for five years now, called me into his office. For three minutes I saw all my hopes realized; for three minutes I walked dizzily with my whole life justified. I could hardly catch my breath as I followed him. I didn't realize until then how big a load I had been carrying. As a drowning man is said to see visions of his whole past life, I saw visions of my whole future. I saw Ruth's eager face lifted to mine as I told her the good news; I saw the boy taken from his commonplace surroundings and doing himself proud in some big preparatory school where he brushed up against a variety of other boys; I saw—God pity me for the fool I was—other children at home to take his place. I can say that for three minutes I have lived.

Morse seated himself in the chair before his desk and, bending over his papers, talked without looking at me. He was a small fellow. I don't suppose a beefy man ever quite gets over a certain feeling of superiority before a small man. I could have picked up Morse in one hand with ease.

"Carleton," he began, "I've got to cut down your salary five hundred dollars."

It came like a blow in the face. I don't think I answered.

"Sorry," he added, "but Evans says he can double up on your work and offers to do it for two hundred dollars more."

I repeated that name Evans over and over. He was the man under me. Then I saw my mistake. While watching the man ahead of me I had neglected to watch the man behind me. Evans and I had been good friends. I liked him. He was about twenty, and a hard worker.

"Well?" said Morse.

I recovered my wind.

"Good God," I cried, "I can't live on any less than I'm getting now!"

"Then you resign?" he asked quickly.

For a second I saw red. I wanted to take this pigmy by the throat. I wanted to shake him. He didn't give me time before exclaiming:

"Very well, Carleton. I'll give you an order for two weeks' pay in advance."

The next thing I knew I was in the outer office with the order in my hand. I saw Evans at his desk. I guess I must have looked queer, for at first he shrank away from me. Then he came to my side.

"Carleton," he said, "what's the matter?"

"I guess you know," I answered.

"You aren't fired?"

I bucked up at this. I tried to speak naturally.

"Yes," I said, "I'm fired."

"But that isn't right, Carleton," he protested. "I didn't think it would come to that. I went to Morse and told him I wanted to get married and needed more money. He asked me if I thought I could do your work. I said yes. I'd have said yes if he'd asked me whether I could do the president's work. But—come back and let me explain it to Morse."

It was white of him, wasn't it? But I saw clearly enough that he was only fighting for his right to love as I was fighting for mine. I don't know that I should have been as generous as he was—ten years ago. He had started toward the door when I called him back.

"Don't go in there," I warned. "The first thing you know you'll be doing my work without your two hundred."

"That's so," he answered. "But what are you going to do now?"

"Get another job," I answered.

One of the great blessings of my life is the fact that it has always been easy to report bad news to Ruth. I never had to break things gently to her. She always took a blow standing up, like a man. So now I boarded my train and went straight to the house and told her. She listened quietly and then took my hand, patting it for a moment without saying anything. Finally she smiled at me.

"Well, Billy," she said, "it can't be helped, can it? So good luck to Evans and his bride."

When a woman is as brave as that it stirs up all the fighting blood in a man. Looking into her steady blue eyes I felt that I had exaggerated my misfortune. Thirty-eight is not old and I was able-bodied. I might land something even better than that which I had lost. So instead of a night of misery I actually felt almost glad.

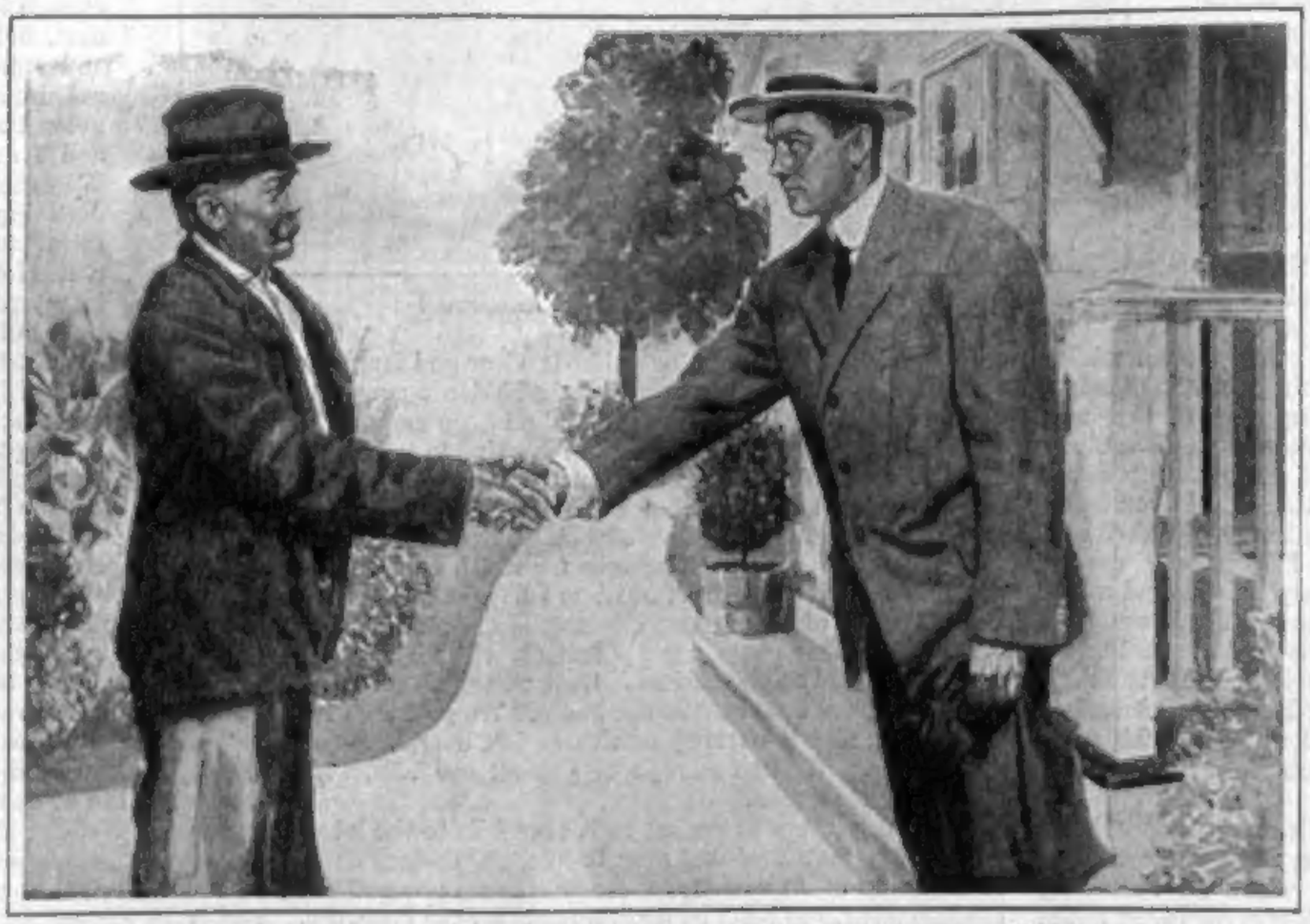
A Hunt for a New Job

I STARTED in town the next day in high hope. But when I got off the train I began to wonder just where I was going. What sort of a job was I going to apply for? What was my profession, anyway? I sat down in the station to think the problem over.

For twenty years now I had been a cog in the clerical machinery of the United Woolen Company. I was known as a United Woolen man. But just what else had this experience made of me? I was not a bookkeeper. I knew no more about keeping a full set of books than my boy. I had handled only strings of United Woolen figures; that meant nothing outside that particular office. I was not a stenographer, or an accountant, or a secretary. I had been called a clerk in the directory. But what did that mean? What the devil was I, after twenty years of hard work?

The question started the sweat to my forehead. But I pulled myself together again. At least I was an able-bodied man. I was willing to work, had a record of honesty and faithfulness, and was intelligent as men go. I didn't care what I did, so long as it gave me a living wage. Surely, then, there must be some place for me in this alert, hustling city.

I bought a paper and turned to "Help Wanted." I felt encouraged at sight of the long column. I read it through carefully. Half of the positions demanded technical training; a fourth of them demanded special experience; the rest



"Pat, You Shall Have the Money Within a Week. I'm Going to Sell Out and Emigrate"

asked for young men. I couldn't answer the requirements of one of them. Again the question was forced in upon me—what the devil was I?

I didn't know which way to turn. There wasn't a relative in a position to help me; there wasn't one of my neighbors to whom I felt free to turn in such a crisis. Their respect for me depended upon my ability to maintain my social position. They could do nothing anyway.

In the course of my work with the United Woolen Company I had learned the names of a dozen houses with which the firm did business. I resolved to make the rounds of these for a starter. It seemed like a poor chance, but it was the only thing that suggested itself.

With waits and delays this took me two weeks. At the end of that time two questions were burned into my brain: "What can you do?" and "How old are you?" The latter question came as a new revelation. It seems that from a business point of view I was considered an old man. My good strong body counted for nothing; my past training counted for nothing; my willingness to undertake any task counted for nothing. I was too old. No one wanted to bother with a beginner over eighteen or twenty. The market demanded youth—youth with the years ahead that I had already sold. Wherever I stumbled by chance upon a vacant position I found waiting there half a dozen stalwart youngsters. They looked as I had looked when I joined the United Woolen Company. I offered to do the same work at the same wages as the youngsters, but the managers didn't want me. They didn't want a man around with wrinkles in his face. Moreover, they were looking to the future. They didn't intend to adjust a man into their machinery only to have him die in a dozen years. I wasn't a good risk. Moreover, I wouldn't be so easily trained, and with a wider experience might prove more bothersome. At thirty-eight I was too old to make a beginning. The verdict was unanimous. And yet I had a physique like an ox and there wasn't a gray hair in my head. I came out of the last of those offices with my fists clenched.

In the meanwhile I had used up my advance salary and was, for the first time in my life, running into debt. Having always paid my bills weekly I had no credit whatever. Even at the end of the third week I knew that the grocery man and butcher were beginning to fidget. The neighbors had by this time learned of my plight and were gossiping. And yet in the midst of all this I had some of the finest hours with my wife I had ever known.

The Tyranny of the Neighbors

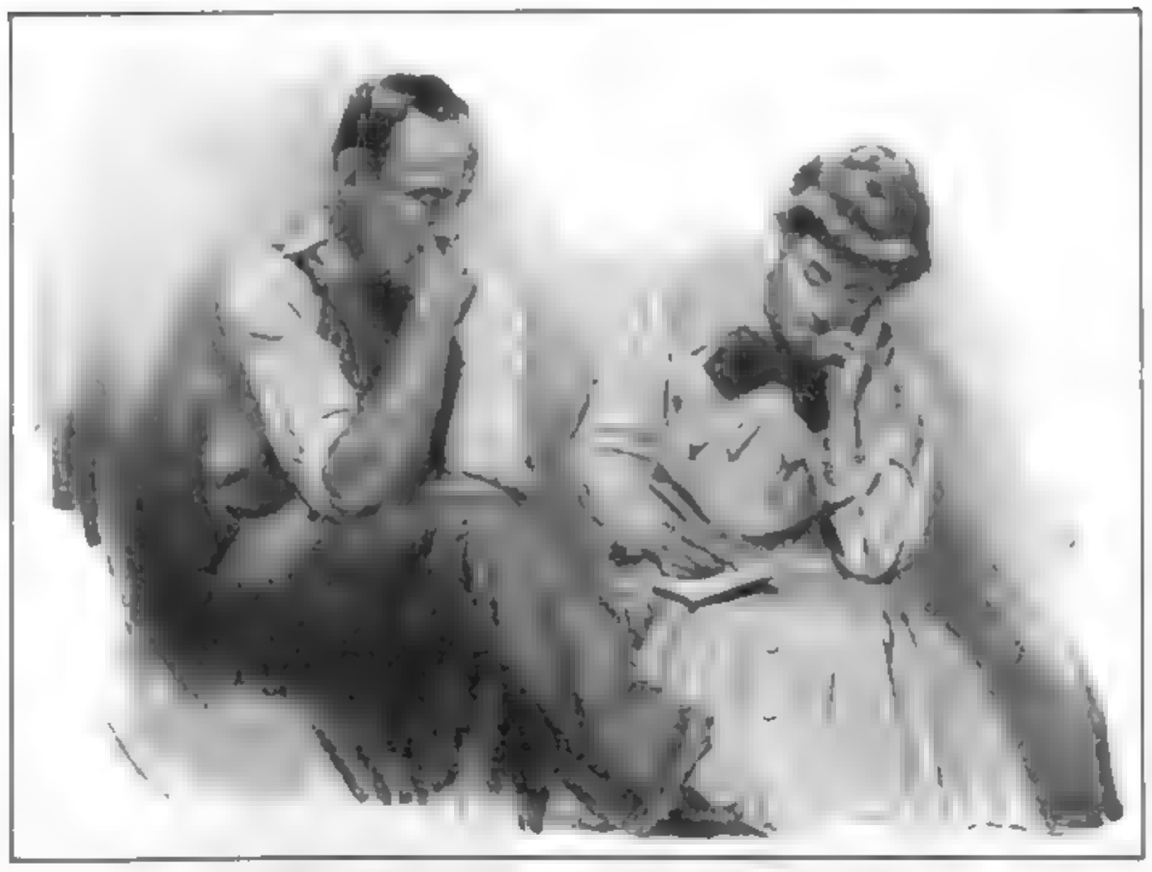
SHE sent me away every morning with fresh hope and greeted me at night with a cheerfulness that was like wine. And she did this without any show of false optimism. She was not blind to the seriousness of our present position, but she exhibited a confidence in me that did not admit of doubt or fear. There was something almost awesomely beautiful about standing by her side and facing the approaching storm. She used to place her small hands upon my back and exclaim:

"Why, Billy, there's work for shoulders like those."

It made me feel like a giant.

So another month passed. I subscribed to an employment bureau, but the only offer I received was to act as a sort of bouncer in a barroom. I suppose my height and weight and reputation for sobriety recommended me there. There was five dollars a week in it, and as far as I alone was concerned I would have taken it. That sum would at least buy bread, and though it may sound incredible the problem of getting enough to eat was fast becoming acute. The provision men became daily more suspicious. We cut down on everything, but it was only a question of time when they would refuse to extend our credit. And all around me my neighbors went their cheerful ways and waited for me to work it out. But whenever I thought of the barroom job and the money it would bring I could see them shake their heads.

It was hell. It was the deepest of all deep hells—the middle-class hell. There was nothing theatrical about it—no fireworks or red lights. It was plain, dull, sodden. Here was my position: work in my own class I couldn't get; work as a young man I was too old to get; work as just plain physical labor these same middle-class neighbors refused to allow me to undertake. I couldn't black my neighbors' boots without social ostracism, though Pasquale, who kept the stand in the United Woolen building, once confided to me that he cleared some twenty-five dollars a week. I couldn't mow my neighbors' front lawns or deliver milk at their doors, though there was food in it. That was honest work—clean work; but if I



"We're Going to Save—If It's Only Ten Cents a Week"

attempted it would they play golf with me? Personally I didn't care. I would have taken a job that day. But there were the wife and boy. They were held in ransom. It's all very well to talk about scorning the conventions, to philosophize about the dignity of honest work, to quote "a man's a man for a' that"; but associates of their own kind mean more to a woman and a growing boy than they do to a man. At least I thought so at that time. When I saw my wife surrounded by well-bred, well-dressed women they seemed to me an essential part of her life. What else did living mean for her? When my boy brought home with him other boys of his age and kind—though to me they did not represent the highest type—I felt under obligations to retain those friends for him. I had begot him into this set. It seemed barbarous to do anything that would allow them to point the finger at him.

I felt a yearning for some primeval employment. I hungered to join the army or go to sea. But here again were the wife and boy. I felt like going into the Northwest and preëmpting a homestead. That was a saner idea, but it took capital and I didn't have enough. I was tied hand and foot. It was like one of those nightmares where in the face of danger you are suddenly struck dumb and immovable.

I was beginning to look wild-eyed. Ruth and I were living on bread, without butter, and canned soup. I sneaked in town with a few books and sold them for enough to keep the boy supplied with meat. My shoes were worn out at the bottom and my clothes were getting decidedly seedy. The men with whom I was in the habit of riding to town in the morning gave me as wide a berth as though I had the leprosy. I guess they were afraid my hard luck was catching. God pity them, many of them were dangerously near the rim of this same hell themselves.

One morning my wife came to me reluctantly, but with her usual courage, and said:

"Billy, the grocery man didn't bring our order last night." It was like a sword-thrust. It made me desperate. But the worst of the middle-class hell is that there is nothing to fight back at. There you are. I couldn't say anything. There was no answer. My eyes must have looked queer, for Ruth came nearer and whispered:

"Don't go in town today, Billy."

I had on my hat and had gathered up two or three more volumes in my green bag. I looked at the trim little house that had been my home for so long. The rent would be due next month. I looked at the other trim little houses around me. Was it actually possible that a man could starve in such a community? It seemed like a Satanic joke. Why, every year this country was absorbing immigrants by the thousand. They did not go hungry. They waxed fat and prosperous. There was Pasquale, the bootblack, who was earning as much as I ever did.

We were standing on the porch. I took Ruth in my arms and kissed her. She drew back with a modest protest that the neighbors might see. The word neighbors goaded me. I shook my fist at their trim little houses and voiced a passion that had slowly been gathering strength.

"Damn the neighbors!" I cried.

Ruth was startled. I don't often swear.

"Have they been talking about you?" she asked suddenly, her mouth hardening.

"I don't know. I don't care. But they hold you in ransom like bloody Moroccan pirates."

"How do they, Billy?"

"They won't let me work without taking it out of you and the boy."

Her head dropped for a second at mention of the boy, but it was soon lifted.

"Let's get away from them," she gasped. "Let's go where there are no neighbors."

"Would you?" I asked.

"I'd go to the ends of the earth with you, Billy," she answered quietly.

How plucky she was! I couldn't help but smile as I answered, more to myself:

"We haven't even the carfare to go to the ends of the earth, Ruth. It will take all we have to pay our bills."

"All we have?" she asked.

No, not that. They could get only a little bit of what she and I had. They could take our belongings, that's all. And they hadn't got those yet.

But I had begun to hate those neighbors with a fierce, unreasoning hatred. In silence they dictated, without assisting. For ten years I had lived with them, played with them, been an integral part of their lives, and now they were worse than useless to me. There wasn't one of them big enough to receive me into his home for myself alone, apart from the work I did. There wasn't a true brother among them.

Our lives turn upon little things. They turn swiftly. Within fifteen minutes I had solved my problem in a fashion as unexpected as it was radical.

How Murphy Made Good

GOING down the path to town bitterly and blindly, I met Murphy. The latter was a man with not a gray hair in his head who was a sort of man-of-all-work for the neighborhood. He took care of my furnace and fussed about the grounds when I was tied up at the office with night work. He stopped me with rather a shamefaced air.

"Beg pardon, sor," he began, "but I've got a bill comin' due on the new house ——"

I remembered that I owed him some fifteen dollars. I had in my pocket just ten cents over my carfare. But what arrested my attention was the mention of a new house.

"You mean to tell me that you're putting up a house?"

"The bit of a rint, sor, in —— Street."

The contrast was dramatic. The man who emptied my ashes was erecting tenements and I was looking for work that would bring me in food. My people had lived in this country some two hundred years or more, and Murphy

I Felt the Joy of the Pioneer

had probably not been here over thirty. There was something wrong about this, but I seemed to be getting hold of an idea.

"How old are you, Murphy?" I asked.

"Goin' on sixty, sor."

"You came to America broke?"

"Dead broke, sor."

"You have a wife and children?"

"A woman and six childer."

Six! Think of it! And I had one.

"Children in school?"

I asked it almost in hope that here at least I would hold the advantage.

"Two of them in college, sor."

He spoke it proudly. Well he might. But to me it was confusing.

"And you have enough left over to put up a house?" I stammered.

"It's better than the bank," Murphy said apologetically.

"And you aren't an old man yet," I murmured.

"Old, sor?"

"Why you're young and strong and independent, Murphy. You're ——" But I guess I talked a bit wild. I don't know what I said. I was breathless—lightheaded. I wanted to get back to Ruth.

"Pat," I said, seizing his hand—"Pat, you shall have the money within a week. I'm going to sell out and emigrate."

"Emigrate?" he gasped. "Where to?"

I laughed. The solution now seemed so easy.

"Why, to America, Pat. To America where you came thirty years ago." I left him staring at me. I hurried into the house with my heart in my throat.

III

I FOUND Ruth in the sitting room with her chin in her hands and her white forehead knotted in a frown. She didn't hear me come in, but when I touched her arm she jumped up, ashamed to think I had caught her looking even puzzled. But at sight of my face her expression changed in a flash.

"Oh, Billy," she cried, "it's good news?"

"It's a way out—if you approve," I answered.

"I do, Billy," she answered without waiting to hear.

"Then listen," I said. "If we were living in England or Ireland or France or Germany and found life as hard as

"Yes, I'm Fired"

this and some one left us five hundred dollars what would you advise doing?"

"Why, we'd emigrate, Billy," she said instantly.

"Exactly. Where to?"

"To America."

"Right," I cried. "And we'd be one out of a thousand if we didn't make good, wouldn't we?"

"Why, every one succeeds who comes here from somewhere else," she exclaimed.

"And why do they?" I demanded, getting excited with my idea. "Why do they? There are a dozen reasons. One is because they come as pioneers—with all the enthusiasm and eagerness of adventurers. Life is fresh and romantic to them over here. Hardships only add zest to the game. Another reason is that it is all a fine big gamble to them. They have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It's the same spirit that drives young New Englanders out West, to try their luck in Alaska, to preëmpt homesteads in the Northwest, to till the prairies. Another reason is that they come over here free—unbound by conventions. They can work as they please, live as they please. They haven't any caste to hamper them. Another reason is that, being all on the same great adventure, they are all brothers. They pull together. Still another reason is that as emigrants the whole United States stands ready to help them with schools and playgrounds and hospitals and parks."

I paused for breath. She cut in excitedly:

"Then we're going out West?"

"No; we haven't the capital for that. By selling all our things we can pay up and have a few hundreds over, but that wouldn't take us to Chicago. I'm not going ten miles from home."

"Where then, Billy?"

"You've seen the big ships come in along the water-front? They are bringing over hundreds every year and landing them right on those docks. Those people have had to cross the ocean to reach that point, but our ancestors made the voyage for us two hundred years ago. We're within ten miles of the wharf now."

She couldn't make out what I was driving at.

"Why, wife o' mine," I ran on, "all we've got to do is to pack up, go down to the dock and start from there. We've got to join the emigrants and follow them into the city. Those are the only people who are finding America today. We've got to take up life among them; work as they work; live as they live. Why, I feel my back muscles straining even now; I feel the tingle of coming down the gangplank with our fortunes to make in this land of opportunity. Pasquale has done it; Murphy has done it. Don't you think I can too?"

She looked up at me. I had never seen her face more beautiful, though in the days to come God granted me to see it many times just as beautiful. It was flushed and eager. She clutched my arm. Then she whispered:

"My man—my wonderful, good man!"

The primitive appellation was in itself like a whiff of salt air. It bore me back to the days when a husband's

(Continued on Page 40)

OLD FARMS FOR NEW

By CARL CROW

WHEN young Tolliver started to sell cheap new farmland to farmers who owned high-priced old farmland he considered the proposition absurdly simple. He looked at it from the viewpoint of the map and prospectus. Up there in those blue-and-yellow states is farmland worth one hundred dollars an acre, with a farmer crowded on every forty acres and wishing he could get a deed to a little more of it. Down in the lower left-hand corner of the map are a couple of pink-and-green states, where farmland is worth ten to twenty-five dollars an acre, and every farmer hopes some one will take a part of it off his hands, because he has more than he can take care of and wants neighbors. Several railroads connect these spots on the map, and Tolliver thought the task of inducing thrifty farmers to change their locations would be as easy as encouraging water to run downhill. With this idea he started out.

"Why don't you sell this farm of yours and buy some of the cheap Western land?" he asked of an old farmer friend as the latter pulled up his mules alongside of the country road. "It's just as good," he continued; "and you can buy five acres for what you have to pay for one here."

"Yaas," said the farmer; "I know about that Western land. My wife's cousin went out there prospectin' twenty years ago, and he said you couldn't raise anything on it but horned toads."

"He was mistaken. The land is just as good as this."

"Mebbe so, but he said it was terrible droughty; and then they have so many cycleones. My wife's terrible afraid of cycleones. I guess I'll stay here. Git up!" And he larruped the mules and drove on.

Tolliver found his work discouraging. One farmer said Western land was too sandy; another was afraid the high winds would blow the seed out of the ground; another had read in the papers that Western soil was thin. Tolliver made occasional trips to see the land he was trying to sell. He came back enthusiastic with its possibilities and bringing new proofs for the doubting and the indifferent. He had stories of wonderful crops grown from sod land and of settlers who had been able to pay for their land out of the first crop. In his pockets he carried photographs of giant cornstalks, of thriving wheatfields, and of alfalfa that grew so fast the hay-balers could not take care of it. At great inconvenience he brought a bushel of the soil back with him and in it grew a cornstalk that was the marvel of all who passed his office door. No customers came in response to these inquiries. The farmers did not want to move, for they possessed the content of simple-minded and fairly prosperous people.

But while he was talking along the country roads and on the street corners when farmers came to town for their mail, another force was at work to wreak discontent and create desire for a change. Late spring rains came, and before this damage was repaired the drought stole upon them. Day after day passed with a cloudless sky, and then the hot winds blasted the corn until the leaves rattled against the stalks, and the farmer's last prayer at night and first hope in the morning was for rain. The pasturage died and harvest-time finally came with a harvest that was a tragic jest.

Discontent spread and was followed by the eternal hope that happiness and prosperity lie beyond the horizon. Tolliver was no longer the seeker, but the sought for. Those who in the promise of the early season had scorned his efforts came now to ask him to repeat them, to look at the photographs and run speculative fingertips over maps. They listened so eagerly that one might have thought they hoped to escape drought and bad seasons by the purchase of a railway ticket. Tolliver organized homeseeking parties, journeyed to the land of promise, and profited much by his commission.

Men who make a business to satisfy land hunger by the sale of new farmlands have found that this hunger is most fickle. A community, after listening to and laughing at offers for a year, will furnish the most eager customers. It is not always a crop failure that does it. Often a more subtle cause brings about the community feeling of discontent and sends many hurrying away to newer lands. Sometimes the community has become overcrowded; at other times it is merely the fever of speculation and adventure, the same hope of fortune in far-off land that lured the forty-niners across the plains and is now luring European peasants across the sea to take jobs in Chicago packing-houses and Pittsburgh steel mills. People have been moving ever since Adam and Eve emigrated from the Garden of Eden. The manner of their going was not of their own choosing, but in the modern development of the real estate business it would have been inevitable. No matter how fine the climate, how excellent the crops, there is always, at the other end of a railway journey, a country where these are excelled. What more natural than that this should be in a new country—a land of promise?

Tolliver soon learned what his older competitors had learned before, that it is exceedingly difficult to induce a single farmer to leave his old home for a new one. Emigrants have always traveled in bands, whether traveling from Egypt to Canaan or from Boone County, Missouri, to Swisher County, Texas. The railroads recognize this fact, and in their efforts to settle up new farmlands along their lines grant homeseeker-rates at regular intervals throughout the year. In this way the homeseekers are gathered in groups, and in successful seasons fill entire trains, to the exclusion of other passengers.

John Simmons lived on a black-land farm in central Missouri, owning eighty acres, worth eight thousand dollars. Tolliver urged on him the advantage of selling this and, with the money received, purchasing eight hundred acres in Texas, which Tolliver was able to prove would some time be worth one hundred dollars an acre. While this advance in value was going on Simmons would have the use of ten times the amount of land that he now owned and the advantages of the superior climate, which is the common property of all American communities. His logic was unanswerable. On the other hand, Simmons didn't like the idea of moving to a place where the neighbors would be strangers and the prevailing politics might be of a new brand. Probably no amount of argument would have induced him to leave on the inspection trip Tolliver urged if he had not heard that his neighbor, Sam Woods, had completed arrangements for the journey. By

a singular coincidence Woods came to the same decision after hearing that Simmons had decided to go. With these two as charter members of the party, Tolliver was able to arouse the adventurous spirits of others, and within a week he started toward Texas with a party of twelve.

With a party of this kind on his hands the salesman for new farms often finds that he must sell all or none, and his tactics of salesmanship must be shifted accordingly. Often all tacitly agreed to settle in the same place, thereby naturally insuring each other against strange neighbors. A crowd of this kind will visit twenty tracts of land; in the diversity of opinions the agent will despair of making a sale. Each one hesitates, waiting for the other to make a choice; but when the agent succeeds in convincing one the others quickly fall in line. Oftentimes the single farmer who, in search of farmland, takes the first journey of his life, finds himself homesick as soon as the excitement of the trip begins to pall. When an attack of this kind comes the agent may as well give him up, for he would not buy the best farmland in Iowa at ten dollars an acre. He chews nervously on the cigar the agent gives him and begins to show the keenest interest in the time returning trains leave. Before the agent has time to show him over the property he is homeward-bound.

"Yes, I saw that land down there," he tells his neighbors. "It may be all right, but I tell you I don't like the country. This is good enough for me." With a crowd these attacks of homesickness are reduced to a minimum.

An energetic colonization company bought a large amount of Southwestern land and spent much money advertising it to farmers in certain sections of the North. They carried on the campaign vigorously, sending salesmen to follow up every inquiry received and appointing many local agents in the farming communities. As a result of these efforts a party of twenty-five prospective customers was formed. They were placed aboard a train in Chicago under the care of a representative of the company and started for the Southwest, where their arrival was awaited by a band of the company's most expert salesmen.

Stealing a Rival's Prospects

THE train was scarcely out of Chicago when an affable and breezy stranger began to make acquaintances in the party, and before they reached St. Louis he was calling most of them by their first names. He disclosed himself as a Texas ranchman, an old cattleman, who had recognized the changing times and was now doing quite a bit of farming himself. In illustration of this he exhibited a few kodak pictures showing luxuriant growths of alfalfa and corn and cowpeas, and, by way of contrast, steers and cowboys and branding pens, which were now being replaced by the workhorse, the hired hand and the barnyard.

His stories of thousand-acre fields, of steam-plows and carload-shipments of hogs gave the eighty-acre farmers of the North a wholesome respect for him; and one of them asked him what he thought of the land of the El Dorado Colonization Company, to which they were bound.

"You've been reading land advertisements?" he suggested, with a chuckle.

They admitted they had.

"Well, don't believe what they tell you until you see it," he advised. "There's all kinds of land in Texas. Some of it will grow several crops a year. Some of it is so full of alkali that it would burn the soles of your shoes off on a wet day. Some of it is so droughty that the horned toads die of hydrophobia and snakes go crazy and commit suicide. And some of it, gentlemen, is God's own garden spot, where even the hired hands grow rich. That's the kind I own."

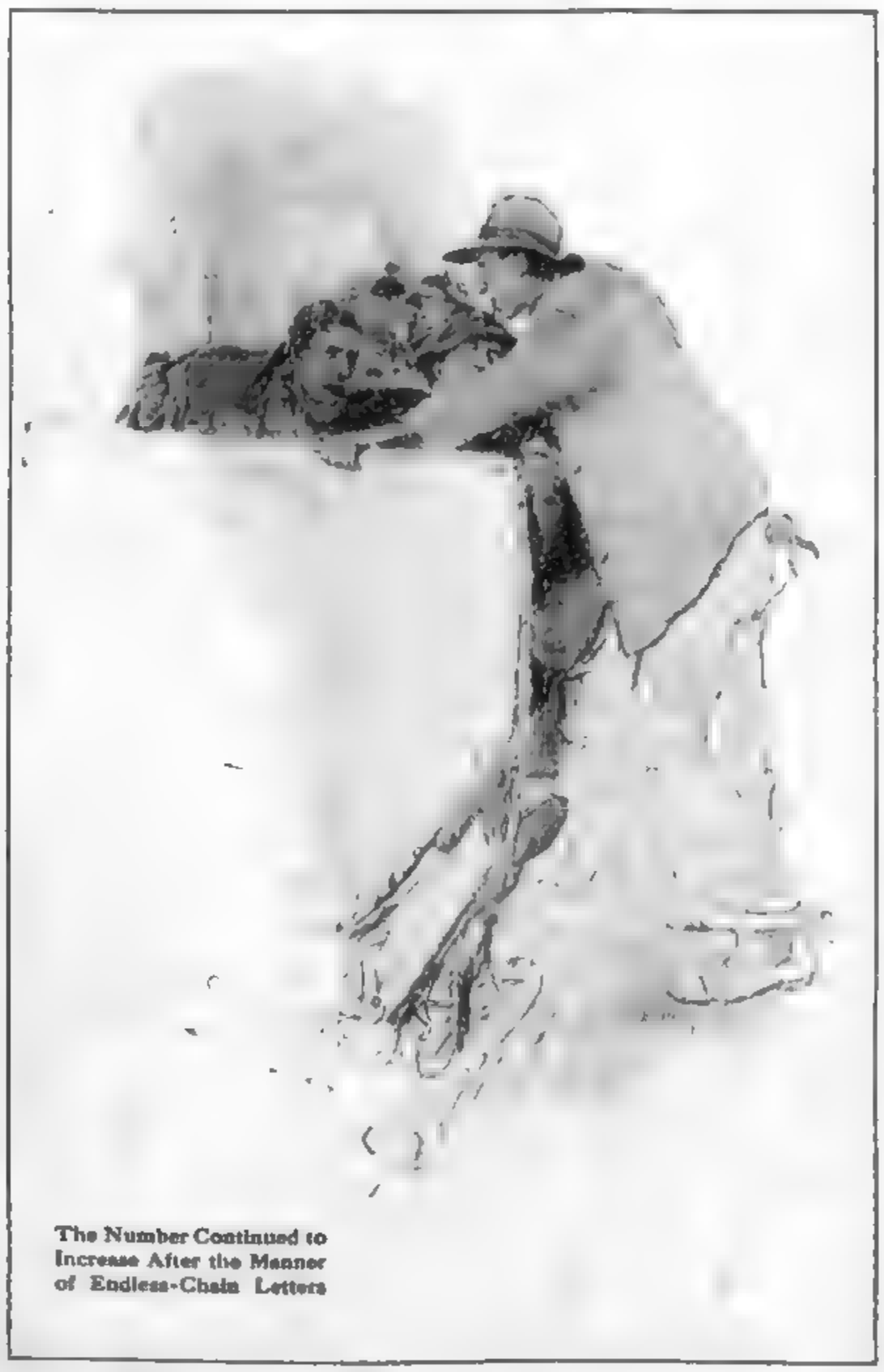
"Is any of that land for sale?" asked one.

"None of mine is," said the ranchman emphatically; "but I believe an adjoining tract is for sale. You boys'd better come down and see me while you are here, and you may be able to make a deal. My neighbor is not selling any farms, but you folks might club together and buy a few sections, and divide it up to suit yourselves. You would get a bargain in that way, and you can spend a lot more for railroad fare without finding any better land."

During most of the journey the Colonization Company's agent had been in the stateroom playing poker with a shoe drummer. He knew nothing of the insurgent movement until he reached Fort Worth, when twenty members of the party announced their intention of going to look at some other land and promised to join him later. Before he had time to protest, the ranchman, with a bunch of tickets in his hand, had ushered his party aboard a train. A week later the wandering twenty did rejoin the agent, to have their tickets validated; but meantime they had secured deeds to five sections of land. It was the recurrence of incidents like this that brought the private car into the farmland business. The success of any colonization project can usually be measured by the number of prospective customers it is possible to bring on board a train bound for the land. With a sales force properly organized, a certain percentage of sales will be made during the year. The most difficult and often the most expensive part of the organization is that which concerns itself with locating prospective customers and inducing them to buy a railway ticket. Obviously it is unprofitable to lose them to some cross rival who knows neither the Ten Commandments nor the rules of the game.

Now the prospective purchaser is as free from the influences of ruinous competition as he is when inside Mr. Sam Black's "gents'" furnishing-goods store intent on the purchase of a pair of socks. He buys his railway ticket from the land company agent, and with it an invitation that entitles him to all of the privileges of the private car operated by the land company. At the train he is not thrown with other passengers, where strange agents may seize upon him and poison his mind as to the value of the land he is about to purchase. He is ushered into the private car, where negroes stand ready to black his boots, serve his meals or supply him with cigars and drinks. At the end of the journey big automobiles are waiting to transport him to the new farms, where he is entertained at the company hotel. In the absence of a hotel controlled by the land company, tents are often erected on the ground and excellent meals served free. It will not do to trust the visitors to the local hotels, for it is there mostly that rival agents congregate. Nothing short of a railroad wreck gives the rival agent an opportunity at the prospect until the land is sold or he returns to his home.

With a sale in prospect, the immigrant is carefully entertained. Joseph Smith, wandering through an Indian-infested wilderness in search of more tolerant views on matrimony, would be welcomed with trains of special cars today. Moses and his tribe, fleeing with Egyptian loot, could command the services of several railroad systems now and in forty hours could reach any of a hundred promised lands, with three meals a day along the route.



The Number Continued to Increase After the Manner of Endless-Chain Letters

The automobile helped the game along wonderfully, for it is important to bring the customer to the new farm in a pleasant frame of mind, and even one who has spent a lifetime living on a dusty country road doesn't enjoy a ride over one on a hot afternoon. The more tedious the journey the more unfavorable are the impressions of the visitor, and more sales are spoiled by poor horses than by poor land. With a good, swift automobile these difficulties are avoided. Comfortably seated in the tonneau the visitors speed toward the farm unmindful of distance or dust.

"How long did it take us to get out here?" asks the agent on arrival.

"Twenty minutes," replies some one.

"Close in to town, you see," comments the agent. The distance is ten miles, as the purchaser painfully discovers the first time he tries to make the trip with a heavy, loaded wagon.

In the new farmland business there are two schools of promotion: the selling and the developing school. The motto of one is: "Unload the property as soon as you can. Sell and get the money." The motto of the other is: "Sell slowly and develop the property."

It is largely due to the selling-school of agents that the new farmland acquired the bad name it bears. By aggressive salesmanship methods and salted ranches they are able to dispose of a large amount of land in a short time. Farmers move in from a locality where climate and soil conditions are entirely different. A drought follows a few favorable seasons. The lean kine soon devour the fat kine, and the farmers go scurrying back to the old homestead, whose rocky hillsides are located near friends who will give aid in time of distress. After that a decade passes before the land regains the good name it has lost.

Land is more easily salted for farmers than mines for gold investors. The man who sold seaside lots that could be seen only at low tide has become a national figure. No less resourceful is the agent who sells land with soil two inches thick to hard-headed farmers for farming purposes. With a practical knowledge of agriculture the trick is easy. Buckets of water and enough nitrate of soda and other fertilizers will grow luxuriant crops in a gravel pit during a long period of drought. Thus nurtured, the salesman is able to show to prospective customers a miniature farm that could capture all the premiums at a county fair. The cost of maintenance of a plant of this kind exceeds by many hundred dollars the value of the farm products, but the by-product of commissions offsets the loss.

Object Lessons for Farmers

THIS kind of farm is in sharp contrast to the demonstration farms maintained by some of the development-school of land promoters. These astute gentlemen realize the fact that when a farmer moves into a new country he, though he seldom realizes it, has much to learn. Many who have moved to a new country have gone hungry through ignorance of the fact that a few inches difference in the average annual rainfall makes a great deal of difference in the necessary method of cultivation. The demonstration farm is designed as an ever-present object-lesson for these farmers. Sometimes it is maintained at the expense of the company; more often a successful farmer, who is familiar with local conditions, is induced to undertake the work. With these arrangements made, the prudent developer is satisfied with a slow settlement of the land. He knows how rapidly a newly settled farm community may be abandoned, and works more anxiously to prevent crop failure than he does to make new sales. He knows that if the purchasers are successful their letters to the folks back home will be worth more to him than a hundred agents, and will bring other customers. Then an occasional drought may come without serious effects.

The owner of a large tract of Western land spent five thousand dollars advertising it. As a result he secured five families whose total purchases exceeded the amount of his advertising bill by only a few thousand dollars. However, the promoter was well content with the success of his campaign. The five families came from different communities, and a few years later they began sending back for their old neighbors. These, in turn, sent for other neighbors, and the number continued to increase after the manner of endless-chain letters.

Some land agents who work on this plan go far away to secure their customers, touring Europe to sell farmlands in Western states. A naturalized Russian has made several fortunes in this way. Every few years he buys a

(Concluded on Page 68)

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

As Played by a Literary Idler and a Bucolic Maiden

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

She Loved His Letters

I

HARRISON JONES used to come down to the dingy, dusty old city-room of the Record office with snow on his boots and his coat collar turned up. Then, rubbing his hands until his fingers were warm enough to use them, he would sit down to his typewriter and hammer out something of this sort, as dirty copy-boys passed to and fro:

"I am cruising off the coast of Florida, trying to make up my mind whether to put in at Miami for a few days or sail on to Havana. I suppose it is the *dolce far niente* influence of this indolent Southern sunshine, for I find it exceedingly difficult to decide. There are so many objections to both places. At this season of the year I always find Miami rather a bore, and Havana is no longer quaint or interesting. It reeks with a vulgar horde of *nouveaux riches*, like all the other winter resorts on this side. To be sure, one ought to love one's compatriots, one supposes, and yet—why is it that one always regards them with such amused contempt? After all they are a kindly ingenuous folk, and they never have done me any harm, except for their nasal voices, and that, I presume, they cannot help."

Then borrowing a cigarette from a near-by reporter and warming to his work: "To aid my atrophied mental processes," he hammered along industriously, "I've just sent my man Higgins below for a cigar and a mint julep. Higgins is the best valet I ever had, and I really don't know how I could live without him. He knows my ways so well, and he is, I fancy, the only Englishman in the world who can mix a mint julep worthy of the name. (I should no more think of letting one of the stewards attempt this delicate concoction than I should let one of the blackened engineers tie my cravat.) I always have a box of growing mint put on board the yacht with the other supplies. I like the woodland odor in mid-ocean, and it lends a charming touch of color to the afterdeck . . . ." and so on.

Then when he had pulled the last page out of the typewriter he would say "How's this?" to the man he had borrowed the cigarette from, and read with apparent seriousness what he had written, in his inimitably fastidious voice and exquisite intonation, breaking in occasionally with a whimsical interruption: "What do you think of my valet and his mint juleps, eh? Hope you appreciate that delicate touch about the cigar. It was a cigarette, though, I touched you for. . . . Well, say, don't you think this dope ought to give them an uplift?—hey, what?"

And it did. His weekly column, signed "An Idler," was taken seriously by many good people out in the "provinces" and by not a few in the sophisticated city itself.

And why not? It was better done than most real idlers could have done it; being not merely better written, but with more of the glamour of grandeur, the atmosphere of ease and affluence. For Jones, you see, in his dingy newspaper office, had the advantage of perspective—a great advantage in art. It gave him a more sympathetic appreciation of what would appeal to the imagination of those who worship the Golden Calf from afar. And yet Jones knew whereof he wrote. For there had been a time in his career when he had enjoyed the privilege of scrutinizing the Golden Calf at close range, in all its expensive bulk, sleek flanks, jeweled eyes, finely carved tail and cloven hoof. So he could tell—and did—just how many stripes should run down the spokes of a brougham wheel, and could elucidate the difference between a second-man and a footman so clearly that the very newest rich, and even those who weren't rich at all, could see it at a glance.

Jones knew all sorts of important things like that. Perhaps, indeed, he was really a more reliable authority on the dignity and responsibility of wealth than the wealthy. For while he was acquiring esoteric information about possessions with his talent for observation, they were merely acquiring the possessions with their commercial talents. It takes all kinds to make up a world, as has been well said.

The fact that "Jonesie" had "seen better days" no longer prejudiced the rest of the staff against him. He had lived it down. Naturally they pitied him for being a "society reporter"; they said he was too good for such emasculated reporting. But he couldn't help it. It was the only kind of work he could do well.

Jonesie's better days, meaning rather bad ones, had come and gone in his gay and generous youth, when just out of college, where his career had been full of promise never fulfilled. He had been a soloist in the glee club, had written the music for the dramatic association, had played the star part in the production, had edited the humorous magazine, had led the cheers at the big games.

Well, his popularity with both sexes had killed him. So he was now capitalizing his death, which seems right and reasonable for those who can do it. Far better than mourning over it. Once he had written a society novel (was he not qualified to do so?) clever, frothy, brilliant in local color, bristling with action, but unsuccessful. It was not even popular. It is not so easy as it looks. So, finally he had become a society reporter, called Society Editor by courtesy; and instead of brilliant fiction he wrote about brilliant functions, aided by a young woman assistant to record the clothes and names of those present—still leading cheers, you see, even though this game was not particularly stirring or congenial to him. Meanwhile, he was still a well-set-up, good-looking fellow, more like a Gibson picture, as it happened, than many of the "club-men" and "society favorites" whose important service to humanity it was his lot to eulogize for the loud scorn or silent envy of those who cared to read.

There had been a time, so ran the gossip in the office, when he could have married money, had he been so disposed. But as he had not married money, nor made it, perhaps it was only just that he should glorify those who spent it, whether they made it themselves or not. For it often happens that he who declines to worship the Golden Calf is compelled to serve it—unwillingly, perhaps, but with outward grace and piety—to keep from being trodden beneath its feet.

Meanwhile, and between services, hard-working Jonesie turned out his weekly column about himself as he was not but might have been, and called it, not without humor, "The Musings of an Idler." It gave wings not only to his own imagination—and yachts too—but to the imaginations of his readers as well. Some of them loved it, some of them hated it; and the precociously cynical young author got as much fun out of the respectful letters timidly requesting advice in regard to fashions, etiquette and the decorous treatment of servants, as he did out of the indignant protests of those irritated by "An Idler's" superlative snobbishness.

"The poor goats!" he would say with a quizzical smile. He was rather indulgent with the former class of correspondents, and answered them politely, if patronizingly. They would not have liked it if he had not patronized them, so it was true politeness. But he loved to rile the others, and threw it on worse than ever in his next week's column. "They are really the worse goats of the two," he would say, his eyes, still fine eyes, twinkling. "The others are goats and know it. These are goats and don't know it." For under An Idler's seeming snobbishness there lay a delightful ripple of ironic laughter for a chosen few who had ears delicate enough to hear between the lines. "I am a national benefactor," he would declare with mock pride. "I am a godsend to the newly rich stepping heavenward; I show 'em how to spend it. I am a horrible example to the highbrows who despise the vanity of riches; I give 'em a stuffed shirt to hammer. And I am romance to those who have neither money nor brains, but who wish they had money and don't know they haven't brains; I give them something to dream about."

II

NOW Jones himself—and here was a thing none of the men or women in the office suspected—the real Jonesie dreamed of something entirely different. He dreamed of going down home some day and buying a farm and raising peanuts and never looking New York in the face again. He hated it. He knew its ambitions, its pleasures, its absurdities—none better. He despised them all. But like many another entertainer, from the days of highly sophisticated—and low paid—court jesters ironically clad in caps and bells, down to the days—and nights—of painted ladies in cafés, he had to do the thing he hated, and pretend to like it. True, they don't always hate it—at first. Neither did he, at first.

He had been born in a small town in the South, of an old Southern family. "Did you ever hear of a Southerner who wasn't?" he used to ask with a whimsical smile. "Our family is directly descended from Adam. We can prove it by the old family Bible in our old historic Southern mansion, built on Main Street in 1881."

Back home there was a girl. There usually is. She did not know that he was a society reporter, called editor by courtesy. None of them knew that, down home. Down home he was still considered the brilliant success he always had been, a member of the social and literary "élite," as they called it, of the great city. Why not? Wasn't his mother a Harrison? Hadn't he written a book? Wasn't he one of the editors of a great metropolitan newspaper?

Now sometimes after they have gone to the city to carve a career they tire of writing to the girl at home, even when the career proves too tough to carve. But

"We Were So Young, So Innocent, So Happy and So Unaware of It"

Harrison Jones had kept it up. At first merely because he knew she liked to get his letters—not all professional writers are so generous with their wares—but now because he, too, liked to get hers. It was about the only illusion he had retained.

He had not seen her for years. He hoped never to see her again, but once a week he sent her a brilliant man-of-the-world letter. He had begun that way when younger and had to keep up the bluff. He would refer with cynical familiarity to the gay life of the city, and then in the next sentence, with literary sentimentality, to the idyllic life of the country, "those happy days of our lost youth, when all we had to do was to step across the street, and up the box-bordered path, and there, in the cool shadow of the tall white columns, was a certain Somebody waiting and glad to see us. Ah, those were happy days, and we would gladly give all we may have won in the world since to bring them back!"

She thought that that was a good deal to give. But she thought it rather nice of him to say so, even if he didn't mean a word of it. If he meant it he would come back, at least for an occasional visit, she thought, smiling a little wistfully, never suspecting that it was the only sincere note in his letter. What kept him away was not the position he had gained in the great world of New York, but the position he might lose in the little world at home. He was still the pride of the family down there. "We're long on pride," he once remarked to his friend, the financial editor. "That's about all we've got left." The farther off you hold an illusion the easier it is to hold. Colonel Montgomery, the florid editor of the local weekly down home, still referred to him as "an ornament to the community, our bright particular star."

"And there're about enough fallen stars already," said the society reporter with his engaging smile.

Now the girl—her name was Betty—did not take their early romance very seriously. To tell the truth, she had had several other romances since, which, somehow or other, she had taken even less seriously. But she loved his letters. They gave her an intimate glimpse of that great, glittering, glamouring world she still dreamed of seeing—while he was dreaming of a peanut plantation with her as his partner. She was very proud of their friendship. "I reckon you know that," she wrote. "You always were more conceited than most people down here gave you credit for," she added teasingly, "so, dear me, what must you be by this time!" But all the same she was flattered that he took the time and trouble to write to her, and she let him see that too. "I know you're in great demand," said she with a woman's unerring intuition.

"That's right," said the society reporter to himself, "I am in pretty great demand these days." For it was the height of the season and there were many functions he had to attend—without an invitation.

"Social duties," he replied in his next letter, "do keep one rather busy, but they're a dreadful bore, and it's such a relief to have a good friend like you to talk to, a true friend with whom one can be one's real self." . . . "And I'll try hard not to let my success make me too conceited," he added to himself.

Some day, she supposed, these letters would have to be published. The public would demand it. So, being a far-sighted young woman, she kept them flattened out in a letter file, which would make them easier for practical printers to handle than if they were folded in envelopes and tied with a sentimental blue ribbon. She would be known to posterity as one of the "women who had influenced him." Well, it was better to hang on to the coat-tails of Fame than never to get near it at all, thought Betty. She wondered, smiling, how many others there were. This did not disturb her—they aren't always so jealous as we like to think—but it made her very curious. Sometimes when she read a particularly fine flight she smilingly suspected him of realizing the literary destiny of his letters. It was the artistic temperament. She had read about the artistic temperament in books. They can't help it. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his charming letters, displayed the same literary consciousness, and she adored Robert Louis Stevenson, in many ways a finer artist than Harrison Jones. She told him even that. For she did not propose, with a toss of her pretty head, to let him think that she took him too seriously, even though she was only a little country girl in the "provinces."

"Why don't you describe your own brilliant life up there?" she asked him, thinking perhaps of the others who clung to coat-tails. "Tell me about your friends, your habitat, your environment, your *mise en scène*." You see she could be literary too. "You are so impersonal, so impalpable, far more nebulous to me than the characters in your book. When, by the way, is your next book coming out? It's high time, I think. Has success turned your head and made you lazy? Or are you taking several years to it, in order to give us a masterpiece? But, in either case, don't be afraid of being egotistical. I like it. I'm egotistical myself. I like myself so much." Too much, perhaps, to have married any unnebulous man, you see.

"I lead a foolish, futile existence," he replied, playing with her mood, "like hundreds of others of my sort: a little work, a little play, and a great deal of regret. As for self-revelation, why write about any one so uninteresting! I prefer to express myself in my work, nearly all of which is now anonymous. I sometimes think it is the only way to write, the only way one can feel free to be oneself, without the prying gaze of the vulgar mob. In my letters—well, I'd rather think and write about you and your environment, the dear old days, the dear old friends. Is Lucy going to marry that naval officer? Look out for naval officers! I remember once at Kiel when the Kaiser came on board our yacht . . . "

"Betty, You Haven't Changed a Bit."
Said the Society Reporter

This sounded like the musings of "An Idler," so full of worldly wisdom, tolerant satire, broad experience, exotic taste. Finally she asked him if that was not a pseudonym for Harrison Jones. He replied: "I must acknowledge the soft impeachment. But don't think badly of me for it. It's a relaxation. I find I never enjoy the full flavor of any experience until I write about it. It is not psychically consummated, it is not assimilated by the subconscious, as it were, until I've scribbled something about it. We are queer creatures!" and to himself: "We sure are!" he added, smiling.

Think badly of him for it! She loved him for it. "I read every line of it every week," she wrote enthusiastically. "I thought it was you all along! What a charming life you lead; while I have stayed on here in this poky old hole, playing the part of a village belle and heartily sick of the rôle. I am not the tomboy you used to know—no, nor the gentle bucolic beauty you seem to think. I am becoming a dreadfully cynical, sophisticated old maid."

"Sophisticated" almost brought tears to the cynical eye of the smiling reporter. He knew his blithe, impressible little correspondent pretty well, despite the space of years. He knew the wholesome joys, the sound sorrows, the normal lives of the kindly, neighborly men and women of the little old town by the river—he knew them and envied them—perhaps too much!

"I am not the least contented with the idyllic scenes of youth—your youth and mine," she went on. "Pastoral peace is getting on my nerves. I am wild to see the great world, to mingle with interesting people (like you, sir), to know the latest books and their authors, to hear the latest scandal and its causes, to meet people I read about, to see things I dream about. I am sick to death of this vicarious existence. I want to live!"

"Vicarious existence!" said the "Idler" to himself, as he bent industriously over his typewriter again and grinned at what he had written about the indecency of marrying on less than twenty thousand dollars a year, while dirty copy-boys passed to and fro.

III

THEN one day, without previous warning, there came a letter from her, postmarked New York, which gave him a start and was destined to color the complexion of their correspondence.

"Well, here I am at last," she wrote gayly, "in your wonderful city, breathing your atmosphere, living your life! I am visiting friends on the Avenue—your Avenue—of which you write so fondly, so patronizingly. But don't be alarmed—I sha'n't tell you the number. You would think it your duty to come and see me. I know my place! I know how much in demand you are. Besides," she added with perhaps a little vaingloriousness, "they have arranged so many things for me to do that I have scarcely an hour I can call my own."

Who were these friends on the Avenue? There were only two families from down home who were now "New Yorkers," but neither of them had a house on the Avenue—as yet. She had never written to him of any other friends in New York. He was puzzled and he was relieved. He wanted to see her, but he did not want her to see him.

A week later came another letter, still from New York and still without an address. "I saw you last evening at the opera," she wrote teasingly, "looking very bored and distinguished as you glanced up at the boxes with a calmly critical air. Searching for inspiration? I'll read next week's Idler with more zest than ever."

It gave him a curious sensation to find that they had been so near each other after all these years, that she had seen him, that he had missed seeing her. And with it came another curious sensation, one he had not felt in almost as many years: Hardened society reporter as he was, he felt his cheeks burn as he read her unsuspecting, girlish words. The more or less inspiring names of "those present" were the "inspiration" he had been searching the boxes for, to be recorded in the society column next morning along with appropriate credit to the accompanying raiment and several assorted bushels of equally modest jewelry.

"Once you looked straight at me," her letter raced on. "It certainly did give me a start. But I was in the shadow in the back of the box, so you did not recognize me. Maybe you would not care to now. How impressive you've grown! Such a man of the world, such an air of having done everything, seen everybody—but you're better-looking than ever! I suppose you're tired of having women tell you that—but you are, all the same. I said to myself, 'That is the boy who used to go with us on picnics and strawrides,' but I couldn't believe it then; I can hardly believe it now."

What was she doing in boxes at the opera? She prattled knowingly of "the Freddie So-and-Sos"; she even displayed a little inside knowledge of what lay behind the glitter and the glamour, of what the music and the lights and the perfume of roses were supposed to dispel or conceal. She was too sweet and fresh to know all this. It made him frown, it made him smile.

But there was still no clue to her whereabouts, and he was glad of that. If he met her he could not keep up the illusion, and that would be uncomfortable for both of them. He would wait until she was safe at home again, then write her a beautiful reproach in the worldly manner she seemed to like, and their correspondence could then go on as formerly. It seems he was missing this weekly "luxury of self-expression."

But as her letters continued from New York the mystery increased. She described her impressions of the Avenue "from my window," incidents "while driving in the Park the other day," and she described them correctly too. She was having a glorious time. She was flying high. She was living. But she said no more about his coming to

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EARNINGS OF AVIATORS

By JOHN MITCHELL

FORTUNES have been made, and that quickly, by a few of the men who were first in the air with flying machines. Probably there has been no more spectacular rise to affluence than that of the plucky little Frenchman, Louis Paulhan, who less than two years ago was a mechanic at a machinist's bench in France, earning fifteen dollars a week and glad to get that. Now he has accumulated about two hundred thousand dollars, and has announced that he has retired from exhibition flying and will devote himself to aeroplane manufacture. There is money in that too, for Louis Blériot and the Voisin brothers have made more out of selling aeroplanes than they ever made flying them; in fact, the Voisins never flew for prizes at all, and Blériot, though he made a wonderful reputation and did some spectacular flights, won comparatively little money by the exhibitions that nearly cost him his life.

First of all air men, in point of having accumulated money, will come the Wrights. They were never actually poor, but at the start they were far from well-to-do, and they had to work for a living making bicycles in Dayton. They also ran a small paper at one time, and, until they had risen to international fame, they were practically unknown in their native town. Those who did know them thought—well, they thought about what most people thought a decade ago of men who wasted their time with flying machines. Their sister, Miss Katharine Wright, phrased it pretty well while she was nursing Orville after his one serious accident at Fort Myer, in 1908. She was talking of the general appreciation that had been shown, and laughingly said:

"I don't think I am particularly touchy; but, do you know, it is the greatest satisfaction of all not to be referred to back home as 'that poor girl with the two crazy brothers!'"

The Wrights are pretty canny business men at that. They did not need much money and consequently they could afford to wait and have it come to them. They have no expensive tastes; they do not care a rap about Society—that is, the sort spelled with a capital S—and they would rather talk to an interesting costermonger than to an uninteresting king.

How a Big Check Went Begging

WHEN Wilbur first went abroad with the flying machine the brothers required some money, and they drove a bargain with an American financier who has a reputation for never getting the bad end of a bargain. However, they came out of the deal unscathed, principally owing to the fact that they had a written agreement in their own very plain wording. They are simple, plain people, but they stand in no need of a guardian in a business deal.

In France they sold their invention to the Lazarre-Weyler syndicate for one hundred thousand dollars. The company that began to manufacture their machines in France had enough orders to return them a satisfactory dividend on the first year's business, and both the Wrights

Wilbur Wright

spoke regretfully when the company wanted to risk Count de Lambert, one of the few accomplished aeroplanists at that time, in the attempt to make the flight over the English Channel, afterward accomplished by Blériot. The Wrights said: "What is the use of risking a certainty for an uncertainty? The prize and the prestige are not worth it." Then the Wrights went to Italy. They sold one machine to the Italian Government, probably for thirty thousand dollars, the price they received from the United States; but just what they received, and whether they sold any rights in addition to the one machine, they have never said.

In Germany they sold the patent rights to a commercial syndicate of which the Kaiser was a patron and in which he is a stockholder. This company now has two big factories outside of Berlin and has more orders than it can fill. The Wrights also got one hundred thousand dollars out of this deal.

The manufacturing rights to the machine were given in England to the Short Company, which is now turning out machines on a percentage basis.

Meantime the brothers had sold one machine to the United States Government for thirty thousand dollars, and the War Department could not understand why they never applied for the money. When Orville was hurt at Fort Myer nobody knew anything of the Wright finances, for they were not given to talking. The machine had done practically all the War Department wanted, and there was a suggestion in Congress that any or all of the thirty thousand dollars would be paid the inventors if they just said the word. This was an extraordinary thing, for the Government is not given to paying in advance; but they did not say the word. During the next summer they came back to Washington, completed the test flights and went out to College Park, where they taught two officers to fly. Still they said nothing about the money. General Allen, the chief signal officer of the army, said:

"Really, this is the most remarkable case I have ever had to deal with. Contractors invariably want part of their money as soon as they have done part of their work. That check for thirty thousand dollars is waiting for Mr. Wright, and he can have it any time he calls for it."

Finally, one day when he was in the War Department on other business, it was gently suggested to him that he could get the check any time he wanted it. Then he took it, said nothing and put it in his billbook. Not even the Washington correspondents, who were writing of the flights every day, knew when the money was paid over.

Following the sale of the Wright machine to the Government the big Wright Aeroplane Company, with a capital of one million dollars, was organized in the United States. Nobody knew how the stock was divided, but the general impression is that the Wrights hold fifty-one per cent of it. Besides that, they both are officers of the company and probably among the few salaried officers.

Many offers to go into exhibitions were declined by them before the company was formed. There was one offer made while they were at Fort Myer of one thousand dollars a flight for a series of flights. But they merely smiled at it, and Orville said rather diffidently: "We don't care about that sort of thing, you know." Of course, at that time they had reached a point where they did not have to do anything they did not want to do.

The Wrights are not millionaires. Probably they never will be. They have said that all they want is a comfortable income to live on and a laboratory where they can experiment, because there are other problems connected with mechanical flight that they want to work out. However, they are removed from the danger of immediate want and the chances are that if they had their own way nobody would ever hear of them again outside of scientific circles.

How Paulhan Made His Fortune

PAULHAN is a different sort of man, but he has made a fortune and is enjoying it. He was of the French peasant class. He went to sea and was a sailor before the mast. Then he went with a circus and was a tightrope-walker and clown. Finally the relentless maw of French conscription got him and he served his term as a private in the army. It was here that he was thrown in contact with aeronautics. Fortunately enough for him, he served under Colonel Renard in the aerostatic section, which does for the French army what our signal corps does for America. He was not only taken up on a number of trips in the French army dirigibles but was thrown in personal contact with Santos-Dumont, Farman, Delagrange and others who were attracted by the bright little enlisted man and gave him a chance to study the scientific side of the aviation problem.

Paulhan is not deficient in this sort of learning, but he said he did not aspire to be known as a scientist, an aeroplane constructor or anything of that sort. He felt that he had it in him to become an accomplished aerial chauffeur, and that was the end toward which he worked.

After his experience in the army he was taken on as a mechanic in the Voisin factory at Paris, at the munificent salary of seventy-five francs—fifteen dollars—a week. This was such a raise that he felt competent to support a wife and accordingly possessed himself of one. He built models, and one of these won the first prize in the model competition of the Aero Club of France, in 1905. He afterward constructed a cheap flying toy and organized a company to push it and sell it. Paris was model-mad at the time and the toy aeroplane went well enough and added a little to the none too liberal income of the Paulhan family. Still the little man had not got his start.

Finally, in the winter of 1909, he entered another model contest in the Aero Club of France. The first prize was a man-carrying Voisin aeroplane, but minus the motor. Paulhan won the model contest, but his troubles were not over. He could not afford to buy a motor and there were no manufacturers who would give him terms liberal enough for him to accept. Eventually, an engineering firm consented to try him with a motor and after long waiting he got it installed and made his first trial on the parade grounds at Issy, June 28, 1909. During that afternoon he made a number of flights, some of them up to one thousand feet. In less than a week he was flying in circles and flying high. His control of an aeroplane seemed to be instinctive, and was due in all probability to his experience as a tightrope-walker and as a sailor. He had acquired also what Wilbur Wright calls "the feel of the air" during his many trips in the dirigibles of the French army.

It was on July 10, 1909, that he made his first public appearance at a racing meet at Douai. Here he did some

Glenn H. Curtiss

high flying and was the center of attraction, but he got only five hundred dollars for his work during the meet. However, this was wealth. Then he began to try for records. In three weeks after he had made his first flight he beat the then existing height record by going up four hundred feet. It may be remembered that the height record at that time was one hundred and ninety feet, held by Wilbur Wright. He had made it the previous year when heights were measured by captive balloons. Now it is necessary to triangulate on an aviator and work out his height with a pencil.

Within a month Paulhan had made a name for himself in France and could command one thousand dollars for any single meeting. These meets usually lasted three days. He flew at Douai and Vichy and Dunkirk, and then went to Blackpool, England, where he added twenty-five hundred dollars more to his bank account. Still he was little known outside of France, and when he went to the big meet at Rheims, just a year ago, he was a totally unknown quantity. He made his mark there on the day that President Fallières visited the exhibition. There was a strong wind blowing and it was feared that there would be no flights at all. But Paulhan went up in a wind that was blowing thirty kilometers and made a flight of fifty kilometers. Even when the news of the flight was cabled to the United States it was announced that it had been accomplished by "a man named Paulhan, a novice who wanted to show off before the French President."

It is true that he was more or less of a novice, but he gathered in five thousand dollars in prizes at the meeting, taking the second for altitude, the second for endurance, and the third for speed. Latham was the man who beat him for height, with an altitude of five hundred and eight feet. It was a seesaw contest all summer—that fight for height; for no sooner would one of the two men set a mark than the other would beat it.

Paulhan had profitable engagements all summer. At Ostend, on October 16, 1909, he won his first big single prize—five thousand dollars—for a flight of forty-seven and a half kilometers over the beach. He started for the United States in December, having been selected as the best of the foreign aviators that the management could get for the big midwinter meet in Los Angeles, in January. By this time he had accumulated a fortune of fifty thousand dollars, which was doing pretty well for a mechanic who had been working six months before for wages of fifteen dollars a week.

The management at Los Angeles had to bid high to get him to cross the ocean at all, and he was guaranteed twenty thousand dollars for the trip. His name was not much of an attraction in America at that time, and it was a serious question then whether he was worth the money.

Records Broken at Every Meet

ANYHOW he came, and his first act at Los Angeles was to set the altitude mark at forty-one hundred and sixty-five feet, winning the first prize of three thousand dollars. He also won the endurance prize of two thousand dollars with a flight of 75.77 miles. He was up on this flight one hour and fifty-eight and a half minutes. He took the second prize of two thousand dollars in the speed contest. He also gathered in a prize of one thousand dollars for three laps of the course with a passenger. This made a total of eight thousand dollars in prizes for the meet, and then he started off in a series of exhibitions that netted him fifty thousand dollars more, when he was driven out of the country by litigation with the Wrights.

Meantime there was an attractive prize in England waiting for any one who would pick it up. Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, the wealthy owner of the Daily Mail, had a year before offered a prize of fifty thousand dollars for the first flight of a heavier-than-air machine from London to Manchester. At the time the prize was offered it seemed a problematical feat. It really was offered for the encouragement of aviation among Englishmen, but, like the other big prize for the first crossing of the Channel, it was won by a Frenchman. At the time Paulhan made the flight for the prize there was no question that the journey could be made. The only question was as to who would do it first. But there was no time limit placed on the offer when the prize was first announced, and the Mail gamely stuck to the offer even after it was a foregone conclusion that it would be won by the first aviator who made a serious attempt.

Henri Farman

There was one trial by Captain S. F. Cody, the American aviator who is working for the British War Office. He had covered forty miles in a cross-country flight and felt that he was qualified to go after the big prize for the Manchester flight; but he had gone only a few miles when he was forced to come down by some telegraph wires. He made no further attempt.

Just at the time Paulhan was to make the trial for the prize there was a young Englishman who set out after it too. He was Grahame-White, well known in the flying colony that had been established at Eastchurch, but unknown as an aviator outside of England. He was wealthy and did not particularly need the money, but he wanted to uphold the sporting reputation of the country. He made a plucky attempt on April 25th of this year, but was forced to abandon it by bad weather and an accident to his machine. He made repairs as quickly as possible and, Paulhan having arrived on the ground at the same time, the race partook more of the character of an actual contest than flights at that time had usually taken.

Paulhan made the flight in twelve hours and twelve minutes, including time lost by his one stop at Lichfield. He landed at Manchester at 5.03 on April 27th. White pursued him about three-quarters of the way, but was driven down by the storm. Paulhan was almost frozen, but managed to go the route.

The next day the check was handed to him by M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at London. Lord Northcliffe, who donated the prize, was out of town. There was a big luncheon to celebrate the victory. White was one of the guests. He had already sent a telegram of congratulation to his successful rival, and made a graceful speech after the luncheon, saying that "the best man had won." But the general opinion was that there was no "best," for, as White's fellow-countryman has said, "two strong men stood face to face," and that wiped out all difference of personality or nationality.

How Glenn Curtiss Made His Reputation

SINCE that time Paulhan has done no exhibition flying, but has built him a nice little aeroplane factory in Paris, and there he is turning them out for those who want to fly.

Glenn H. Curtiss is the man, next to the Wrights, who has made more money out of aeroplanes than any one else in America. He has been in the game something over two years and has made money enough on which to retire if he wants to. He apparently does not want to, but he has promised his wife to give up exhibition flights, and he will devote more time now to building aeroplanes than to flying them.

Curtiss was a motorcycle and gas-engine builder before he was an aviator. He still holds the record for the fastest mile ever traveled by a human being. It was made in the automobile races at Ormond Beach with a forty-horsepower motorcycle. The time was twenty-seven and two-fifths seconds. That was before he turned his attention to aeroplanes, but if he had known as much about them then as he does now he probably would have put planes on the motorcycle and it certainly would have gone off the ground.

Curtiss made his first flights in the old Junebug, at Hammondsport, New York, in June, 1908. He was then the mechanical engineer of the American Aerial Experiment Association, organized by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame. Lieutenant Thomas Selfridge, the secretary of the little association, was killed in an aeroplane accident with Orville Wright, at Fort Myer, Virginia, September 17, 1908. The other two members of the association, F. W. Baldwin and J. A. D. McCurdy, are now running an aeroplane factory of their own in Canada and are reported to be making money.

Curtiss made a number of flights at Hammondsport, but there was nothing known about him in the world at large until he was sent abroad in the summer of 1909 as the representative of the Aero Club of America in the tournament at Rheims, France. It was here that he sprang into international fame. He won the Gordon Bennett speed cup and its accompanying prize of ten thousand dollars, doing the 12.42 miles in fifteen minutes fifty and three-fifths seconds. He was not even considered a serious competitor for the prize till he had won it. He waited till all the others had done their best and then went out and did a little better. It was one of the only three flights that he made during the meet. Then he went to Brescia, Italy, and accumulated three thousand dollars more in prizes, including speed and the quick start. He has reduced the

(Concluded on Page 33)

Grahame-White, the English Aviator

Louis Paulhan, Who Rose From Obscurity in Six Months

THE SHADOW

By John R. McMahon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

After the Fall of the Cinder He Crawled on Hands and Knees

AT LAST the Subject had been thrown off his guard by a device of masterly cunning. He rode uptown in a Broadway car, thinking that he was alone except for casual fellow-passengers. He did not notice a dwarfed, seamy-faced youth huddled between a fat woman and an elderly man. This youth, known as the Runt and also as Operative No. 26, was indeed an insignificant-looking object—dozy-eyed, pale, a little fuzz sprouting on his weak chin—altogether a type of the inefficient office-boy. If he had looked a little more miserable in face and garb he would have excited pity or aversion, and that would have interfered with his occupation. The Runt was colorless, negative, a cipher on dwarfed legs, an ideal Shadow.

The Subject, a well-dressed, young, handsome man with a black mustache, read his newspaper complacently because he thought he had eluded his pursuers.

"I tell you, sir, that man is wise—he knows we're trying to put a Shadow on him," declared the head of the detective agency on the previous evening.

"Why do you think so, Rogers?" asked the Client, of kindly face, with whitening eyebrows. The interview was taking place in his richly furnished library.

"I know so, sir, because of the way he jumps on and off street cars after he leaves your office for the day. He jumps on a car, rides a couple of blocks toward the Battery, gets off and takes another one going uptown. If any one else boards the uptown car right after him he hops off and repeats the game. It's certainly no use to have a man follow him when he sees and knows that some one is following him."

"But how does he know, Rogers? What made him suspect?"

"If you'll answer some questions, sir, perhaps I can tell you," replied the detective.

"Certainly—ask them."

"Where do you keep our reports?"

"In my inside coat pocket. They come, as you know, in my personal mail at home. I open the letters myself, read them and put them in my pocket. They're all here yet."

"Do you change your coat in the evening?"

"My wife—look here, Rogers, this is too absurd ——" The Client's soft, even voice broke into a nervous laugh. "Yes, my wife does bring me my smoking-jacket and hangs up this coat in the closet. Afterward I take the coat up to our bedroom. The door of our bedroom is, of course, locked."

The detective said nothing. His smooth, large face under iron-gray hair was expressionless. He seemed to be looking at nothing in particular, but he glanced at a painting of a tall, girlish-eyed woman with blond curls, which hung on the opposite wall. He had safeguarded that picture, along with many wedding presents, two years ago.

"Dear"—a silvery voice with a lisp in it floated into the library—"may I speak with you?"

"Yes, darling. Right away—in three minutes." The Client rose, closed the library door and turned to the detective a face of distress. "Rogers, I hate this whole business! I wouldn't let my wife know about it for the world. The man I am having shadowed is a guest in our home, a member of the same clubs that I belong to. He is no ordinary employee. He has the stuff of a partner in him. It's ridiculous that he should ruin himself for the sake of a few hundred-dollar bills. The leak is elsewhere. I'm sorry I ever asked you to look after him with the rest."

"If you wish, sir, we'll quit right now."

The Client sat down and smoothed his whitening eyebrows with delicate fingertips.

"But, Rogers—you say he knows. He is avoiding some one or something. If we drop the matter now I won't feel right. I want him exonerated."

"I'll get you the facts, sir, whatever they are. It's not my business to exonerate people."

"Can you do it, now that he is 'wise,' as you say?"

"Yes, sir, I have thought of a scheme. It will take several men to get it going. I'll put the best Shadow in New York on him."

"He's going out of town for a few days—starts tomorrow night."

"That's all right, sir. I think we'll hold him, wherever he goes."

"You haven't told me yet how he knows, Rogers."

"I have a guess, sir, but it isn't worth telling you."

"Perhaps there is a leak in your office."

"Quite possibly," replied the detective coolly. "One of my operatives may be selling out. Such things happen. . . . Ah! . . . After this the daily reports will be sent to you at one of your clubs, and you will please burn each report as soon as you read it. I will keep an extra copy for you."

The two men looked at each other for several moments. A pallor spread on the kindly face of the Client, and his well-kept hand resting on the carved mahogany table trembled.

"Very well," he said quietly, his voice a little strained, as he rose to end the interview.

So it was that at the close of business hours the following afternoon four operatives stood at the four corners of a lower Broadway block and waited for the Subject. Each operative had studied the Subject at his desk through an opera-glass in an adjoining office building. A flashily dressed, large operative was stationed on the upper downtown corner. The other operatives, including the Runt, were small men, properly attired for their work. The Subject came out and swung aboard a downtown car. He was promptly followed by the big operative. He turned on the man and swore at him. The operative swore back, then jumped from the car, joined the next man on the corner below and walked around the corner with him. The Subject forthwith left the car, assured himself that the two men were actually going toward the North River, crossed the street and boarded an uptown car. No one else took the uptown car at the same time. The third operative made no move. But at the next corner the Runt leaped aboard. And the Subject complacently read his newspaper, thinking he had eluded pursuit.

Near the gray church spire that sentinels the curving avenue of trade the Subject left the car by the front door and entered a department store. The dozy-eyed youth, having left the car by the rear door, followed him among a crowd of shoppers. The tall, well-built man with the black mustache was conspicuous in the crowd of women; the dwarfed youth was unnoticeable. In fact the Runt had some trouble in pushing his way through the serried ranks of bargain hunters, who ignored him. He dodged and squirmed along, keeping his eye on the black derby hat ahead. When the man entered an elevator he waited for a protective layer of women to accumulate around him and then allowed himself to be squeezed into the car. A stout woman whose bundles rested on the Runt's shoulders asked him if he was looking for his mother.

The Subject bought an alligator valise, silk underwear and other things, and ordered them sent immediately to his bachelor apartments. The Shadow, who was near by, took note of each article and its price. To learn the size of the bill used in payment he scurried up to the saleagirl and whispered:

"Say, did that guy pass you a bad fifty?"

"No, it was a twenty," she replied in astonishment, and he dodged away in the crowd of shoppers.

Out in the street, walking toward Union Square, the follower made a close study of the Subject's back and of his gait as seen from behind. Once these features were impressed on his mind he would never forget them, and he would be sure not to lose the quarry in any usual circumstances. He saw that the Subject hitched his right shoulder as he lunged along, that he lifted his feet well and hit the pavement decisively with the heels of his tan oxfords. He noticed also the hang of the coat over the hips, the visible width of collar, the length of the back head and the straight, close trim of the dark hair under the black derby.

Where there were many people in the street the Shadow hastened forward and was only a few yards behind the Subject. At the thin places in the human current he loitered and dropped back. The advances and retreats were perfectly conducted; they anticipated the swirling cross stream of Fourteenth Street and the scantily populated pavement along the park lawn. The dozy eyes were always on the man ahead. Those eyes were tireless. An ordinary pair of eyes would be fatigued by half an hour's pursuit of an object moving through the crowded streets, but the Runt's small, pale-gray, reddish-lidded eyes had a record for seven hours of almost continuous observation.

The Subject headed for Fifth Avenue. He seemed bent on a casual stroll. But he suddenly entered an office building. As he ran forward the Runt's heart sank within him. He saw the quarry walking into an express elevator. It would be unsafe—there were not enough passengers—to enter the elevator with him. The building had entrances far apart on two streets, and it was impossible to command both entrances either from within or without. The Runt knew it was his duty to telephone the office for help; a second Shadow might arrive in time to catch the Subject going out. In fact it was, all through, a job for two operatives, who would work alternately close and far from the Subject. But the Runt craved the honor of handling this job alone. He wanted to do all the work and get all the credit. He hoped that the man with the black mustache would come down visible to him.

When three-quarters of an hour passed with no sign of the Subject among the throng of home-going tenants, the cold sweat came out on the Runt's forehead. He had made a "bum lose." He had "lost the dog." He was disgraced. He might be discharged—and blacklisted among the agencies. He, the Runt, had made a "bum lose"! His seamy face showed deep chagrin, even grief.

The proper thing now was to inform the office. Half a dozen operatives would be sent out to the Subject's clubs and his other likely haunts in order to pick him up.

They Were Too Engrossed in Each Other to Pay Attention to Anything Else

Before announcing his failure to the office the Runt decided, as a forlorn hope, to try the pickup himself, over the wire. He went to a telephone booth and called for the Subject's bachelor apartments.

"Hello, this is ——'s department store," announced the Runt in his thin, squeaky voice. "We want to know if Mr. —— got that bag and things he wanted sent right away. We sent 'em. . . . What? Yes, he said he'd be home to take them. We don't want a mistake. . . . In half an hour? Thanks."

Gladness filling his heart, the Runt threw down the receiver. He went out, engaged a taxicab—showing the driver that he had the money—and was whirled up to the street of the bachelor apartments. He stood in a doorway on the opposite side of the street. After fifteen minutes the Subject came along afoot and entered the apartment building. Then there was a long wait. The street lamps were lighted, it was after dinnertime and the Shadow was hungry. But the joy of having regained his quarry and of waiting for him was some compensation for the lack of food. He chewed up a cigarette, not daring to smoke it. A colored hall-boy, whistling, came out of the building and, angling across the street, stopped at the Shadow's lurking place. The boy asked the Runt whether he was a tout for a gambling house or poolroom, and chatted about the vices of the tenants. The Runt, finding that the boy could tell him nothing useful about the Subject, said that he had just been discharged from the poolroom where he worked and was panhandling for a living. He asked the boy for five cents. The negro gave the Runt five cents and passed on.

An hour and a half later a taxicab drew up. The Subject, wearing a light top coat, appeared with the alligator bag and entered the cab. There was no other vehicle in sight. The Runt darted from his hiding place just as the taxicab was well under way and attached himself, a colorless human limpet, to its back. When the cab approached a North River ferry he slipped off and waited for the passenger to alight.

"I Might Have Finished My Years Without Knowing, Happily"

At the ticket office of the railroad station across the river the Shadow was fifth in the queue behind the Subject. The moment that the "dog" had bought his ticket and moved on, the Shadow squirmed out of the line, got ahead of the foremost man and, thrusting his seamy face against the bars of the ticket window, squeaked:

"Gimme the same,"

The ticket seller looked at him a moment, while the men behind growled and swore, then he stamped a ticket and handed it out after carefully examining the bill offered by the Runt, who saw in the cash drawer the denomination of the bill the Subject had presented

The quarry entered the smoker of the express and took a seat in the front end of the car. The Shadow found a seat in the rear across the aisle. When the train vendor came along he bought enough candy and peanuts for a meal and some more to keep in his pockets for emergencies. He also bought a newspaper with which to shield his face in case the Subject should walk back through the car.

As the train sped through the night, the Runt wrote his daily report with lead pencil on plain paper, unsigned except with the number 26, and recorded every detail accurately, including the cost of the Subject's purchases in the department store, the numbers of the two taxicabs, the number of his own railroad ticket, the time and place of each event. He also wrote an expense account that charged carfare, telephone, taxicab hire and tip to chauffeur, ferriage and cost of food on train. After reflection he added fifty cents for cost of "cover"—an item of honest graft which he knew the manager would allow him if he did his work well. The expense account, a check on the general report, had to be accurate except for the "cover" item. The report was inclosed in an envelope addressed to a post-office box.

After these labors the Runt, drawing his hat over his eyes, leaned back in his seat and went to sleep. That is, he slept while the train continued at high speed, but whenever the vibrations lessened and the rail clicks lost their rapid staccato he was instantly awake. He did not trust the Subject to ride to the station indicated by his ticket; the man might slip off anywhere.

As he fell periodically asleep the Shadow had a feeling of satisfaction, almost happiness, because the "dog" was right there ahead of him and he could not get away.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when, awakened by a slackening of speed, the operative saw the Subject leave his seat, bag in hand, and walk out of the front door. He slipped back to the rear platform. The train was slowing up before crossing a long trestle on a curve. There was a tiny railroad station on this side of the trestle. While he was looking the Subject tossed his bag on the platform and leaped after it.

The Runt's first impulse was to jump, but the Subject was standing on the platform watching the train moving past, as if he suspected it carried a follower, so the Runt decided not to act upon this impulse.

Disconsolate, the Runt saw the receding light of the station and the tall figure of the man swallowed up in the darkness. The train had no regular stop for an hour.

It was not a "bum lose" this time, yet it was a bad lose, and the Shadow's heart ached.

As the train rumbled across the trestle it occurred to him that he might bribe the conductor to slow down on the other side of the ravine and let him get off. He saw the conductor and mumbling an excuse about dropping a piece of jewelry out of a window—which the conductor did not believe—offered him five dollars to slow down the train. The conductor said it was worth ten dollars and walked ahead, saying he would be back in a moment. The Runt, filled with resentment at the extortionate attitude of the conductor, jerked the emergency cord and, as the air brakes snarled, jumped into the ditch, ran up the embankment and hid behind some bushes. But the conductor understood that he had been outwitted and the train stopped only for an instant.

The Runt walked back on the track and made his way over the timbers of the trestle, a slow and perilous journey. The ties were far apart. A cinder dislodged by his steps took several seconds to splash into a stream beneath. After the fall of the cinder he crawled on hands and knees.

When he arrived at the tiny station there was no one about. He had almost expected this. He lay down on a waiting-room bench to sleep.

At daybreak he prowled around the station. He dropped his report in a mail-box. He saw half a dozen frame houses, of which one, opposite the platform, bore the legend, "Hotel." A girl was making a fire in the hotel kitchen and a chin-whiskered man was sweeping out the bar room. After looking at the register and talking with the girl and the chin-whiskered man, who was the proprietor, the Runt became convinced that the Subject was not in the hotel. He wandered back to the station. The baggage room was open and he looked into it. The first thing that he saw was the alligator bag.

His seamy features did not show any emotion, for the station agent was looking at him. He went back to the hotel and engaged a room that had a window facing the station. After a quick breakfast he went to his room, ostensibly to bed, and sat behind the cheap lace curtains at the window, watching the baggage room. Thus he sat and watched for many hours. He smoked cigarettes and meditated on the evenings of pleasure he had spent in New York and Chicago.

Late in the afternoon a buckboard stopped at the station and the alligator bag was handed to the driver. The Runt slipped downstairs and intercepted the buckboard around the corner of the road. He asked the driver for a lift. As he climbed in the countryman asked him how far he wanted to go. The Runt parried the question until he found out where the buckboard was going, and then he said that he happened to be going to the same place. The driver freely gave a quantity of useful information.

After a four-mile drive they arrived at the foot of a lake. There was a small steamboat at a wharf. The buckboard driver put the alligator bag aboard the steamboat. The Runt went aboard.

That night the operative's dozy eyes enlarged with joy as he saw the Subject in the dining room of a small, fashionable hotel at the head of the lake. The tall, handsome man with the black mustache was eating his dinner with zealous unconcern. Having learned the location of the Subject's room from a bell-boy, the Shadow obtained a room across the corridor from it. He disarmed the suspicions of the hotel clerk as to his financial responsibility and otherwise by paying for his room in advance and by telling a story of a rich father with whom he had quarreled, but who would probably come to the hotel in a few days to make up and send his errant heir back to college.

For the rôle of a wealthy young collegian, a guest in a fashionable hotel, the Runt knew he was somewhat lacking. However, after he had bathed, been shaved and manicured, had his clothes pressed, his shoes polished, and had donned clean linen lent by the hotel barber, he could pass for a type of the academic cipher seen in the music halls and bar rooms of college towns.

The Subject, smoking a cigar, went out afoot in the evening. The Runt followed him at a distance and quickened his steps when he saw that the walk led toward the lake and the steamboat landing. A motorboat was at the wharf. The man stepped into it; the engine chugged and the boat was gone. The Shadow reconciled himself to wait. In half an hour the motorboat returned with no one in it except the man who operated it. The Shadow spoke to him, learned that the boat ferried to a clubhouse on an island, and engaged passage.

"It's a high-toned gambling joint," said the boatman. "You can't often get in unless they know you, but you tell 'em you come from the hotel, an' flash your roll."

The Runt, ashore on the island, skirmished about the one-storied, white-painted clubhouse. Through an open window, beside which there was a lilac bush, he saw a large, well-lighted room in which a dozen men, standing or sitting around a table, were playing roulette. The table was at the farther end of the room. The Subject was among those standing, and he was just taking a bill from his wallet to pay for a stack of chips. The Runt swiftly drew a pair of opera-glasses from his pocket. He aimed the glasses through the lilac bush and saw the denomination of the bill that the Subject gave to the croupier. The game lasted for several hours and the Runt faithfully watched it, noting the size of all the bills which the Subject exchanged for chips.

The next morning at the hotel, while the Subject slept a fact verified by inspection of the keyhole in his door—the

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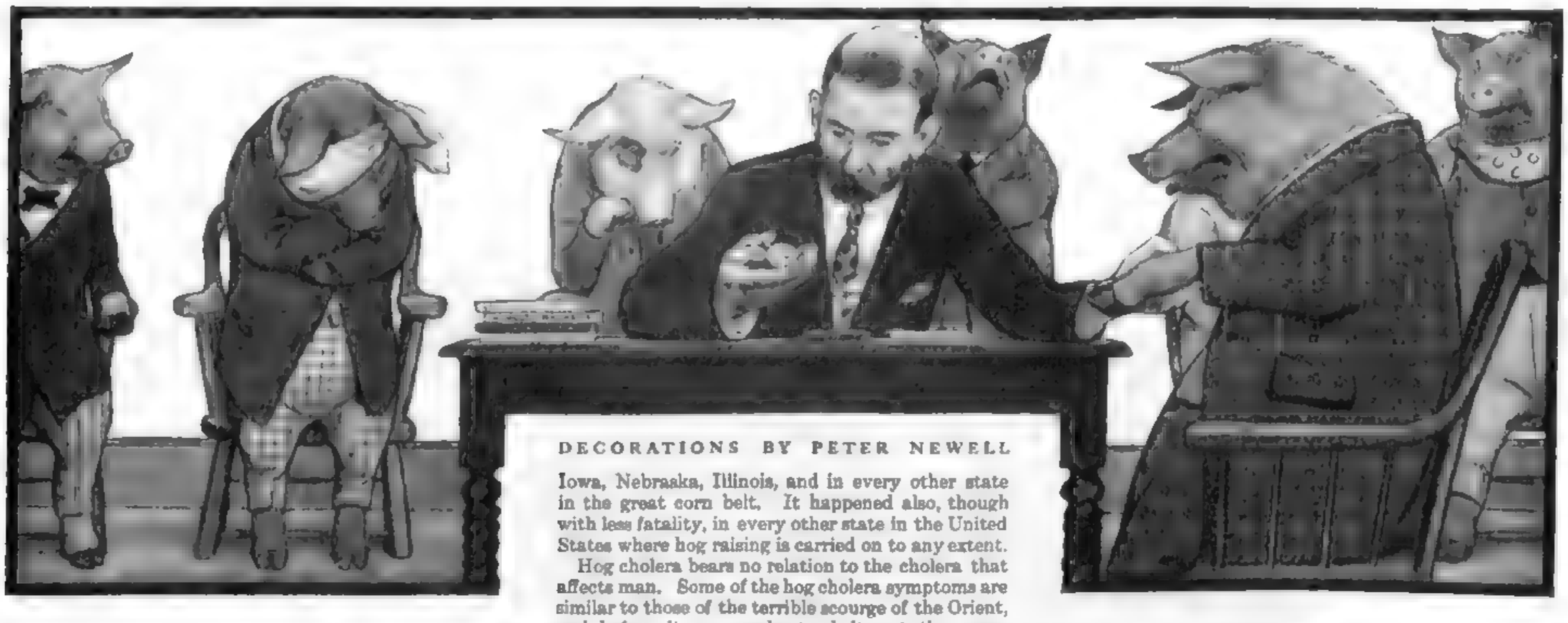
AN INVISIBLE MURDERER

The Problem of Cheap Pork—By Samuel M. Evans



DECORATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

AN OLD sow is like a Government bond: every pig she produces is a coupon to clip." It was a prosperous Kansas farmer speaking to one of his business associates as the two walked about the farmer's large fields early in the spring of 1905. The farmer was also president of several banks, and his farms, like his banks, paid interest on every cent of money laid out. He pointed to a field of healthy young pigs, fattening for the market, and smiled. "My bonds pay bigger interest than those of our Uncle Sam," he added, and led the way to the brood-pens where he was carrying on experiments in the production of heavier swine, through breeding for better pork-producers. "See that fine fat fellow over there?" he asked, pointing to an immense Poland-China shoat, rolling in pork. The other man nodded. "Well, his mother is just an ordinary sow," the enthusiast declared, "and two years ago her pigs were just ordinary pigs. Next year I shall have sold all those little fellows out there in the field, and there'll be as many more in their places just like this fat fellow here. They cost no more to produce or to feed and they make more pork. The coupons from this bond will pay me a higher rate of interest than they did last year, and then I'll get some more coupons just like them."

There were just two hundred and ten pigs in the Kansas farmer's field and fifty-eight other swine, including brood-sows and pure-bred boars. Within forty days after the conversation just related, and just before some of the pigs had been finished for the market, a malady broke out among the herds. It could not be traced to any particular place, but seemed to come, like a thief in the night, unannounced. It spread with astonishing rapidity and felled its victims with almost incredible swiftness and precision. Of the young pigs two hundred and seven out of the two hundred and ten died; of the other fifty-eight all were killed but one.

Losses That Mount Into Millions

THE Kansas banker tried it again next year and the malady took off seventy per cent of his herds. The pure-breds were rarely among the survivors, and he gave up his attempt to breed better pork because the risk was too great to justify the additional expense of importing finer strains of pork blood. The following year he gave up hog raising entirely, subdivided his farm and sold it in small tracts. Some of the men who purchased farms tried hog raising, but they made only a spasmodic success of it. It seemed as if the malady lay in wait for them to get a good start and then it would make its appearance from a clear sky and take its toll of death. Hog raising was a discouraging proposition in the face of the risk of losing entire herds from this malady. It was hog cholera, the plague that annually exacts a toll of from twenty-five million to forty million dollars from the people of the United States; one of the big controlling factors in the price of our fresh pork and breakfast bacon. For what happened to the Kansas swine breeder that year happened also in Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, and in every other state in the great corn belt. It happened also, though with less fatality, in every other state in the United States where hog raising is carried on to any extent.

Hog cholera bears no relation to the cholera that affects man. Some of the hog cholera symptoms are similar to those of the terrible scourge of the Orient, and before it was understood it got the name of hog cholera. It is a highly contagious disease and attacks swine in every country of the world. It appears to be a modern malady, having first been reported in Ohio in 1833. American scientists say that it was brought to Ohio from Europe with some swine that had been imported into Ohio that year to improve the domestic breed. European scientists declare that it was brought to that continent from America, and that it did not appear in Europe until long after it had been virulent in this country. The absence of any intelligent diagnosis of animal diseases at that early date makes it impossible to settle this point. It is highly probable that this disease, like most others, has existed on the earth for centuries, and it is not improbable that the devils that caused the swine in the time of Christ to plunge into the Sea of Galilee were in reality the germs of hog cholera.

The fact that hog cholera was not described until a recent date is probably due to the fact that it runs so swift a course in its victims and leaves clews to its identity that are apt to be confounded, even by experts, with the traces of other plagues. It seems certain that, from whatever hiding-place the plague may have come forth to destroy swine in Ohio in 1833, this state was the original center of infection in this country. The disease occurred in several other states between 1833 and 1846, and in the ten years following 1846 it gained in virulence and spread over a considerable number of states. Between 1846 and 1855 over ninety outbreaks were recorded in a large number of states, and new centers of infection were established from which the malady eventually spread into every state of the Union to begin the work of destruction that, until this year, has been such a menace to profitable pork production in the United States.

The malady was first described by Dr. George Sutton, of Aurora, Dearborn County, Indiana, where he had an excellent opportunity to study it in virulent outbreaks between 1850 and 1858. In 1861 Dr. Edwin M. Snow, of Providence, Rhode Island, contributed a paper on hog cholera for the annual report of the United States Department of Agriculture. In 1875 Dr. James Law contributed a paper to the department's annual report, giving the first fairly complete description of the disease, and in 1877 Dr. H. J. Detmers, a veterinary surgeon, contributed another paper. What a difficult task confronted these early investigators can easily be recognized when it is remembered that the science of modern medicine was yet unborn and that even human beings were being treated largely by guesswork. The difficulty of investigating the case of the hog can be realized, for to put a hog to bed, look at his tongue, feel his pulse, take his temperature and ask him how he feels is a job fraught with obstacles.

About the only way these men could get at the problem was to observe the action of sick animals during the course of the disease and to make post-mortem examinations of their organs. This method possesses the disadvantage of not doing any good to the individual patient selected for the treatment, but it formed the basis of subsequent investigations that have finally offered a solution of the problem. The early investigators found that the disease manifested itself either in the lungs or in the intestines of the hog by small perforations of these organs, through which profuse bleeding had occurred before death. There was a wide difference of opinion as to the chief characteristics of the malady, some declaring the disease to be intestinal and others calling it "epizoötic influenza."

In 1878 Congress provided its first appropriation for the investigation of swine diseases, giving ten thousand dollars for this purpose.

This was one of the first investigations into the causes of animal diseases made by the Government. The beginnings of the work in that year led to experiments that eventually revolutionized the position of medical science with respect to contagious diseases. The work has been continued, with but few interruptions, up to the present date, and we now have sufficient knowledge to enable us absolutely to control hog cholera and eventually to stamp it out. It was just at that time that Pasteur, the famous French savant, had announced the result of his researches in bacteria fermentation, and Lister had already been inspired to lay the foundations of antiseptic surgery. Koch was then at work on experiments through which he definitely discovered bacteria as the causative agents of anthrax in cattle, for which Pasteur eventually evolved a vaccine and became involved in his famous controversy with Koch. The light had just begun to be thrown into the dark mysteries of bacteriology through the lens of the microscope, and the sciences of medicine and surgery were entering upon the new era that has brought so much to alleviate human suffering.

The Work of American Scientists

AND so, as soon as the ten thousand dollars became available, in 1878, nine men were set to work to hunt out the germ that caused hog cholera. The story of the search for this germ, which has not even ended yet, is the most absorbing of all those romances of the laboratory that have revolutionized medical science since Koch and Pasteur began peering into their microscopes. This investigation has marked the first work done in America under the stimulus of what had been accomplished by Pasteur in France and Koch in Germany, and has been on the front line of the progress of the science of bacteriology in America ever since. Of the nine men who started the hunt only two held their appointments for more than two months, and consequently not much could be accomplished. Several facts were established, however, beyond question: that there was only one plaguelike disease of swine in this country and that it was probable that the disease was contagious; and further, that none of the remedies in vogue had any effect whatever on the malady.

Of the nine investigators, Dr. James Law, of New York, and Dr. H. J. Detmers, of Illinois, worked in the laboratory, and their work laid the foundation of the hunt for the germ. Doctor Law called to his aid those friends of mankind, rabbits, rats and guinea-pigs, and Doctor Detmers

did most of his work with the microscope. Doctor Law thought he had succeeded in communicating the disease to rabbits and rats, but no positive evidence was adduced to show this, because the germ of the malady had not then been isolated. Doctor Detmers declared that he had discovered this germ, and he called it *bacillus suis*. It is only fair to state that, several months prior to 1878, Doctor Klein, of London, had published the results of investigations that led him to believe that the swine plague of England was caused by bacteria. Though the conclusions of Law and Detmers have since been proved to be erroneous, their investigations called the attention of American medical science to bacteriological research as a field where the hidden mysteries of this class of diseases might be discovered.

The investigations were continued by Law and Detmers in 1879, and in 1880 Dr. D. E. Salmon, who was appointed chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in 1884, joined them in their hunt. Doctor Law tried to produce a vaccine for hog cholera by lessening the virulence of the causative virus as Pasteur had done in treating anthrax, but he was not successful. This is not to be wondered at, because the germ itself had not then been discovered and the conditions under which the investigators worked were discouraging. The science of bacteriology was then in its infancy. No well-equipped laboratory, filled with modern apparatus, was at their command such as can now be seen in the new marble building of the Department of Agriculture at Washington; and it appears that neither the officials of the Department of Agriculture nor the members of Congress appreciated the need for scientific equipment if the problems of animal diseases were to be solved.

A Short-Lived Triumph

WRITING of those days, Doctor Salmon later said: "It was not to be expected that a chemist would go into a sorghum field and discover the proportion of cane sugar in the sorghum cane without apparatus or laboratory facilities; but it was expected that the veterinarian would make much more difficult and delicate investigations than those with no other aids than an axe, a butcher-knife, a scalpel and a microscope." Even under these adverse surroundings the scientific spirit that brooks no defeat was kept alive, and in 1883 Doctor Salmon secured permission to fit up an unoccupied room under the roof of the old Agricultural Department building, at Washington, as a laboratory, and to rent a few acres of land in the suburbs of the city on which to keep animals for experimental purposes. In 1883 and 1884 epidemics of cattle diseases required attention from the Government experts, and it was not until 1885 that the crude laboratory under the roof gave forth its first results.

In that year it was announced that Salmon and Theobald Smith had discovered the germ of hog cholera. It was given a proper Latin name, which means hog-cholera germ, classified, described and photographed, and the data put down in the rogues' gallery of germ enemies. Salmon and Smith had found this germ present in the majority of animals that had died of hog cholera. When it was injected into the veins or fed in large quantities to well hogs, it gave rise to a disease that had the characteristic symptoms of hog cholera, and when the animals died it could again be recovered in large quantities from their organs, showing that its multiplication in the blood of the animal was the cause of death. Furthermore, guinea-pigs injected with the germ died, and the germ was found to be present in their bodies. This was considered evidence that the germ was the causative agent of the disease. European scientists confirmed the experiments and it was believed the world over that the destroyer had been found.

Then the efforts of the American investigators were turned to the production of a vaccine that should render animals immune from the attacks of the destroyer. Pasteur had at that time produced his vaccine for anthrax in cattle. He did it by attenuating the virus of the disease—that is, by lessening its virulence. The attenuation was secured through inoculating smaller animals successively with the germ of anthrax; the germ used in each case being the germ found in the blood of the smaller animals. Pasteur discovered that the organism in this way lost its power to destroy larger animals. After the process had been continued to a certain point the germ would not destroy animals larger than mice. When this weakened virus was introduced into the blood of cattle it would render them immune from anthrax. The reason for this was that the weakened virus stimulated the production of antitoxin in the blood of the animal, whereas virus of full virulence would overwhelm the antitoxin faster than it could be produced by the defensive mechanism of the animal's blood and so cause death. The theory upon which Pasteur worked, which has been accepted as true by the scientific world, was that the bacteria produce a toxin or poison that kills the animal; and that the blood of the animal produces an antitoxin to offset the toxin poison. If the weakened virus were introduced into the animal's blood, however, it would merely stimulate the production of the defensive antitoxin, and this would thereafter protect the animal against attacks of the disease. Salmon and Smith worked on this theory for hog cholera, but they were unable to produce a weakened virus of the hog-cholera bacillus.

About this time Beumer and Peiper, in Germany, had discovered that typhoid fever could be produced in the lower animals by inoculating them with a virus in which all the bacteria had been killed by chemicals, but which still contained the poison produced by the bacteria. They proved this by killing the bacteria and inoculating this sterile virus, which would produce the disease only in proportion to the quantity of toxin poison inoculated, showing that the disease was due to the toxin; because, if bacteria had been introduced, a small number would have multiplied in the blood of the animal and produced the disease in as great virulence as a large number. Salmon and Smith tried this method of producing vaccine for hog cholera, sterilizing the virus by heat instead of by chemicals, but it also failed. The method of sterilizing virus by heat, however, has since been adopted in all the bacteriological laboratories of the world and it revolutionized the work that was being done by Pasteur's students. Because this method of sterilizing was adopted by Pasteur, the general impression was created that he originated it, but the discovery was made in Washington, in the laboratory under the roof of the old building of the Department of Agriculture.

All the efforts to produce a vaccine for hog cholera made in those early years and subsequently by Salmon and Smith were failures, and the problem was apparently no nearer to a solution than it was at first. The reason was that the hog-cholera bacillus discovered by Salmon and Smith was not the germ that really causes the disease.

How this was suspected and eventually worked out is the second chapter in the search for the murderer, which has even now proved futile. Dr. E. A. de Schweinitz, then head of the biochemic laboratory of the Department of Agriculture, was the first to raise a suspicion that the hog-cholera bacillus was innocent of the deaths that had been laid at its door. He was doing some work in southwestern Iowa in 1897 and 1898 during an outbreak of hog cholera and noticed that some hogs injected with the hog-cholera bacillus did not communicate the disease to their fellows. This investigator also noted that after an animal had recovered from an injection of the hog-cholera germ it was immune from further attacks of the germ, but was not immune from attacks of the disease in the field. He suspected that the real cause of the disease was an animal parasite similar to that which causes Texas fever in cattle.

His assistant, Dr. Marion Dorset, checked up the observations made in Iowa and they suggested a number of puzzling questions. Could the disease produced by the hog-cholera bacillus be really hog cholera? If so, why did not an attack of it render the animal immune from hog cholera as it exists in the field, and why was it not contagious as is the natural disease? Doctor de Schweinitz was taken sick and during his prolonged illness Doctor Dorset discovered that blood from sick hogs would produce the disease much more readily than the hog-cholera bacillus.

After he made this discovery Doctor Dorset planned a series of experiments to answer the puzzling questions, and they resulted in the writing of a new chapter in the history of bacteriology. Assisted by Dr. W. B. Niles in the field, and Dr. C. N. Bryde and Dr. B. M. Bolton in the laboratory, Doctor Dorset repeated the earlier experiments of the American scientists and confirmed their results. Doctor Dorset discovered that the hog-cholera bacillus would rarely produce the disease if merely injected under the skin of well hogs; that it had to be injected into the veins or fed in large quantities. Blood from a hog sick of the disease would produce the malady if injected in very small quantities simply under the skin. Furthermore, an attack of the disease produced by the hog-cholera bacillus did not render hogs immune from the natural disease as found in the field, whereas an attack of the disease produced by the blood of sick hogs did render them immune; and, finally, the disease caused by the germ was not contagious as was the disease produced by the blood of the sick animals and as was also the natural disease, hog cholera.

The Bacillus Still at Large

WHEN these points were proved beyond question Doctor Dorset made up his mind that there was something else in the blood of sick hogs that caused the disease besides the hog-cholera bacillus. What was this? Blood from sick animals was carefully filtered until all the hog-cholera germs had been removed. No germs visible under the highest-power microscope could be discovered. Yet this filtered blood would produce hog cholera in all its virulence. The theory that the blood contained a toxin that produced the disease was not tenable, because small quantities would make a hog as sick as would large quantities, showing that the blood contained a living organism that multiplied. Furthermore, the disease produced by the filtered blood was contagious to a high degree, and the invisible organism seemed to have the power of multiplying and increasing in virulence just as do other bacteria.

The highest-power microscope that has yet been invented will magnify an object a little over four thousand diameters. In the field of vision under a microscope are bacteria of all sizes, ranging from very large to those so small that they cannot be seen under the high-power lenses, though they can be photographed. It is not reasonable to suppose that the size of germs is limited to the field of vision that happens to have been thus far secured by man. It had already been declared that foot-and-mouth disease and yellow fever were caused by an invisible organism, and in 1903, after two years of careful work, Doctor Dorset and his associate announced that the cause of hog cholera was an invisible germ capable of passing through the finest filters yet invented and incapable of being seen under the highest-power microscopes. Doctor de Schweinitz died in 1904 without having been able to participate in any of these experiments and Doctor Dorset was made chief of the biochemic laboratories.

In 1905 Doctor Dorset published the full record of his experiments and the scientific world seized upon them with eagerness because they overturned the theory of hog cholera that had been held up to that time. Blood containing the invisible murderer had been passed through a filter, then a hog, then a filter, then a hog, and finally through a filter, and it still retained its

(Continued on Page 87)

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

When Spades Were Trumps—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OFFERED

A man of leisure, possessing ample means, a portion of which he desires to use in any plan of betterment that may commend itself to him, wishes to avail himself of outside suggestions, being disappointed in the results of past endeavor on his own initiative. Will pay five hundred pounds sterling to any person furnishing a practical idea; an idea which, when carried out, will prove beneficial to humanity. No personal interview can be accorded under any circumstances. Competitors must abide by the decision of the man who pays the money. Address Berkin and Duncannon, Solicitors, Old Jewry, London, E. C.

THE above advertisement had appeared in all the leading newspapers of Great Britain, and now Lord Stranleigh was standing the brunt of it. He had let loose a white avalanche upon himself. Every postman brought in a sackful of letters forwarded from London, and some of them brought two. These communications, by order of Blake, were dumped in a corner of the large parlor, the broad balcony of which overlooked the sea.

Stranleigh, both hands deep in his pockets, gazed at the ever-increasing heap with an expression of dismay.

"If this keeps on much longer, Blake," he said, "we'll have the police down on us, certain that we are engaged in some fraudulent enterprise. It is only an arrant swindle that can call out such an immediate and voluminous response from the gullible British public."

"Five hundred pounds is a tempting bait, my lord," said Blake, who, knees on the floor, was making an ineffectual effort to sort out the letters.

"I suppose it is, yet it seems amazing that so small an amount should produce such an appalling result. If I'd advertised for some one to lend me five hundred pounds I don't suppose the population would be tumbling over one another, anxious to accommodate me, and yet this is a rich country."

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that," replied the philosophic Blake. "If you advertised in your own name you could get all the money you demanded. 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

"In my own name, yes. That's just the trouble. The secrecy I had hoped to preserve is itself suspicious. I feel the all-seeing eye of the Post-Office upon me, and I dread the police station."

"You don't need to dread it," cried Blake, as he rose and brushed the knees of his trousers, abandoning his task in despair. "I'm the person who would bear the brunt. These letters are all redirected to me. This house is leased in my name. I beg you to observe that the solicitors in London have abandoned the task of redirecting by hand, and the later letters are all decorated by a rubber stamp bearing the words, 'E. J. Blake, Saltwater House, Marine Parade, Lyme Regis.' No," concluded the flippant Blake, "the aristocracy in this case goes scatheless, and it's me for the prison cell, as my American friends remark."

"My dear Blake, if you'd read less American slang, and peruse, as I do, the classics of our own time, *par exemple*, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, you would comprehend the inadequacy of such protection as you offer me. The Post-Office Department, besides acting as our modern argosy, is also a modern Argus (forgive the attempted pun). When it turns one of its hundred eyes upon the sudden augmentation of letters all readdressed from London to the same man at Lyme Regis, and calls in Sherlock Holmes, he will merely give one glance at E. J. Blake and, seeing his naïve, innocent, cherubic face, will instantly pass him by and speedily discover the real villain of the piece."

"I rather imagine," encouraged Blake, "that this plethora of letters will soon dwindle away and then cease."

They were both startled by a sharp double knock at the drawing-room door, the way from the street being left open so that the postal emissaries could come right up the stair without a preliminary use of the front knocker. A postman and two assistants entered, each carrying a well-filled bag, the contents of which visibly augmented the mountain on the floor. The postman, standing erect, mopped his brow with a handkerchief, sighed deeply, and paused as if to gather strength for the return.

Away They Went in a Body

Stranleigh put his hand in his pocket and drew out several golden sovereigns, which he presented to the postman.

"I wish," he said, "you'd divide that among all those who are doing this extra work."

The postman gratefully accepted, and with his two assistants retired.

"That's bribery," said Blake severely, "and will add considerably to your sentence."

"No; it is merely acting on the text, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Besides, if generous tips are to be earned, these men won't complain of the extra work. Now, Blake, what do you propose we should do? Engage a selection committee and set them at the work of opening these communications?"

"I think not. Too much publicity; too little efficiency. The task is less formidable than it seems. I'll sit down at this table and cut open letter after letter. A mere glance at each will show whether anything original is put forward. I imagine that the bulk of this correspondence can be classified in the begging-letter category, with which a capacious waste-paper basket may deal."

Blake picked up one of the letters, tore it open, scrutinized it for a moment and tossed it aside.

"There you have it," he said. "If you place at the disposal of the writer the amount you wish to expend he will distribute it among the deserving, after making personal investigation of their worth. For this service he will charge no salary, providing the five-hundred-pound reward is sent him by return."

"Generous man! Nevertheless, the waste-basket yawns."

There came another knock at the door, and a boy handed in four of the London morning papers, which showed that it was just past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Blake took the journals and gave them to Stranleigh.

"If you will seat yourself in that comfortable armchair on the balcony, and read the news, I'll see what impression I can make on this pile during the next two hours."

If Stranleigh instead of opening his morning papers, had gazed to the west, he would have seen part of the water-front of the most picturesque, unfashionable and unconventional seaside resort in England. Toward the end of the Parade, the Cobb made a sort of climax to it, Cobb being Lyme's name for a very stout wharf or breakwater which sticks out into the Channel and then turns to the east, inclosing a little harbor. No one knows when the Cobb was first built, although it is mentioned in a document bearing the date 1313, a doubly unlucky year, if we believe the superstition of its figuring; but the Cobb never can become ancient, because the wild sea sweeps it away every now and then, after which it must be rebuilt by the persevering British.

Alongside of it landed the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and so went inland to his defeat and his beheading, and on its granite surface a dozen followers of his were hanged.

Great things have happened on the Cobb, both in history and in fiction; one as real nowadays as the other. The Cobb might be called the A, B, C of the novelist, for Jane Austen, Walter Besant and Conan Doyle refer to doings there or thereabout in their respective books, Persuasion, 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, and Micah Clarke.

Although the Cobb does not figure in this story, it does in the next of the series, because young Lord Stranleigh, as he gazed at it, determined to—but that is another story, as Kipling says.

When the bells of the town struck twelve Stranleigh looked through the open window at his absorbed secretary, who sat like a statue in a heap of discarded letters which, when he had filled the waste-basket, he had thrown over his shoulder one by one as he visèed them. He now rested his elbow on the table, and was perusing some closely written foolscap sheets.

"Well, Blake," cried Stranleigh, "have you struck oil at last?"

"I rather think so," he replied, rising and with his feet shuffling the loose débris to another corner of the room. Then stepping out on the balcony he took a seat opposite his chief.

"This man," he said, "seems to be a literary person, who begins his letter in blank verse." Blake read:

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

Your advertisement states that you wish to benefit humanity. I claim no originality for my suggestion, but the time that has elapsed since it was first mooted gives you an opportunity of applying to it modern methods and modern thought, discarding what you may deem cumbrous and adding improvements from the knowledge of today. For encouragement, I ask you to read Rudyard Kipling's poem, Pharaoh and the Sergeant:

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game";

and the poem goes on to show how the sergeant made a rifleman from mud, "drilled a black man white and made a mummy fight."

If an Englishman, as is proved, attained such success with the semi-savage, ignorant Egyptian, in preparing him for the destructive art of war, how much more effective should be the result if an Englishman took his derelict fellow-citizens and trained them in the arts of peace; and if in doing so he taught Great Britain the way to become self-sustaining in the matter of food, how much greater would be his claim to our gratitude!

I find in chapter twelve of Robert Blatchford's book, Britain for the British, that one acre of our land yields twenty-eight bushels of wheat, while the same amount of land in certain parts of the United States gives eighty-seven to a hundred and fifteen bushels. Minnesota raises thirty-one tons of potatoes to the acre, while on the same surface Great Britain produces only six tons. Eight and a half bushels of wheat will feed one man for a year. By intensive culture, Major Hallet raised that amount of wheat on one-twentieth of an acre—that is, an acre produced the almost incredible quantity of a hundred and seventy bushels.

My proposal is this. Purchase fifty acres of fertile land, which just now is cheap enough, even in the vicinity of towns. Erect upon this land a quadrangular building, after the general plan of a monastery or an Oxford college

The side toward the road should be two stories high, containing a hall seating comfortably fifty men, a library, a dining-room, kitchens and everything pertaining thereto, a billiard room, a bowling alley; and all this fully equipped. The other three sides of the quadrangle should be occupied by a building one story in height, the roof of the inner side coming down to form a veranda or cloister round three sides of the quadrangle, the ends of which communicate by doors with the main building. These wings are to hold forty or fifty small apartments of two rooms each; one man, one apartment.

Divide the property into plots, which may measure anything you like, from forty feet square to an acre. In the first instance I suggest choosing forty unmarried men, human derelicts, but men not more than fifty years old, sound in wind and limb; in other words, men who can work if they want to. I'd give each a plot of land and shelter, with free board for at least a year, furnishing him also with a spade and whatever other horticultural implements the head gardener considered needful.

So far as drink is concerned, pure water and good sound beer would be provided. I should like at least ten per cent of the men to be habitual drunkards; and any other vice, such as thieving, foul language, combativeness, and so forth, would be welcomed in moderation, for our object is to learn whether or not a mud Englishman can be formed into a man.

The staff I should select with great care, insisting on honesty, strict temperance, and all the virtues that can be obtained for good pay. I consider very important the retaining of an expert accountant, who would set down all incomings and outgoings. The manager ought to be a clear-headed business man without any fads, and the instructing gardener thoroughly competent and up to date. Within a year you would be able to show what can be done with the land, and what with the men on the land.

Prince Kropotkin says that by one day's labor, on one-twentieth of an acre, one man can produce a year's bread for one man—that is, eight and a half bushels of wheat. With this as a basis to go on, a plan carrying out my suggestion might do the double duty of solving the question of the unemployed and proving that England can feed herself without foreign assistance.

Yours sincerely,

STILLSON CRANE.

Blake looked up from his reading, and saw that Lord Stranleigh was gazing dreamily out at the blue Channel, probably not listening to the end of the long letter.

"I'm afraid," he ventured, "that this does not interest you."

His lordship woke up with a smile.

"Oh, yes, it does; but it is merely Robert Owen's township community plan over again, or Fourier's system of phalanges uncomplicated by the family question."

"Then it has been tried before?"

"In a sort of way, yes; but never by a man of sense like myself."

"Then you think you could do the trick?"

"I'm perfectly certain that I couldn't."

"Oh! Why?"

"Because there is a missing ingredient that I am not allowed to use, while the sergeant in Kipling's poem was given that liberty. Kipling's intensely practical mind, an odd quality in a poet, indicates the vital point, and as you finished the letter I was just trying to remember those lines in the poem that hit the nail on the head. I cannot remember the first line, but the second, third and fourth were something like this:

There was faith and hope and whacking and despair,
While the Sergeant gave his orders and he combed old Pharaoh out;
And England didn't look to know or care.

"Isn't it 'While the Sergeant gave his cautions'?" suggested Blake.

"Perhaps it is. It's the whacking and the combing I'm thinking of, and the line:

Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick).

It's a good deal more than half the trick. England wouldn't allow us to comb these derelicts out. The sergeant had a great advantage over me. He worked in the silent desert, under the burning sun. I'd have to work in gossipy, prying, interfering England, under the rules of the County Council or the Local Government Board, which are worse than any tropical sun that ever struck a man with heat apoplexy. I might possess Roosevelt's big stick, but I should not be permitted to use it. Our phrase, 'Are we downhearted?' should be changed into 'Are we soft-hearted?' Yes, and soft-headed. The answer is found in the old rhyme, 'We are, we are, we are.'"

"Then this scheme is N. G.? Mr. Stillson Crane, of Manchester, doesn't get the five hundred pounds?"

"Oh, I didn't say that. I have always desired to build a monastery, and this idea of peopling it with secular monks, some of whom can steal and swear, rather appeals to me. I feel a sneaking admiration and envy of the lives lived by those monks who usefully toiled in the soil, and who taught ignorant peasants the intensive culture of their day. I frequently take a few moments off to curse the vandals who destroyed English monasteries and bereft our land of an architectural heritage so lovely. But let us get down to business. We are now at the beginning of September: could such a monastery as this man indicates be completed by the first of April, which strikes me as a most appropriate date?"

"I see no reason why it shouldn't," replied Blake.

"My Dorsetshire estate, ten miles away, could easily spare fifty acres, and its soil is good. I'll erect my phalanstery there. Now, Blake, you'll need to get busy. We've never before built a monastery, so we must select an architect who can unite exterior beauty with interior usefulness, and set him at the plans as speedily as possible."

"Whom do you suggest?" asked Blake.

"I've no suggestion to make. I don't know enough about the subject. We must have authoritative advice. Write to the editor of the British Architect, and he will name the best man for the job. Meanwhile, get in touch with Stillson Crane, of Manchester, and invite him to Lyme Regis. You and I will change places. I become the private secretary, you the capitalist. An interview with Crane will show us whether or not he is a practical man. The line in his letter about getting a manager without fads impresses me in his favor, and if personal contact supports that impression you will make arrangements for him to be superintendent."

Blake noted down these particulars on the back of the Manchester man's letter; then he said:

"If Crane is the capable man you expect him to be he will very soon learn that you are the capitalist, and not I."

"I don't think so. I shall prove a much more courteous, deferential private secretary than you are; but in any case you will see him first and report to me. Perhaps it would not be advisable for me to meet him at all, for I will now confess something that may surprise you. I intend devoting next spring and summer to the rôle of human derelict. I shall occupy two rooms in my phalanstery. I shall wield a spade under the gardening instructor."

"You won't stick to it for a week."

"There you go! I should never say so rude a thing as that to my employer. You see, Blake, I shall prove to be the most useless of the derelicts that will gather under the wing of the Crane. I produce as little that is useful as any one of this chain-gang, but I consume more than a thousand of them put together. I am myself a problem that England must solve in the near future. My fellow-tramps consume nothing much more than beer and sausages and mashed potatoes, when they can get these delicacies, but I'm a purple-and-fine-linen vagabond, equally useless and much more destructive. I've never garnered eight and a half bushels of wheat of my own growing, nor dug up six tons of potatoes; yet, in spite of your sneer regarding my early quitting, I'll bet you a sovereign that, to use a horticultural simile, I shall prove the last rose of summer left blooming alone, when my vagrant companions have stampeded and gone."

"I'm not a betting man," said Blake. "Now, what about this heap of letters? If Crane gets the five hundred it will be unnecessary to read any further."

"Not so, my dear Blake. You cannot evade your duties by any such plea as that. Every letter must at least be glanced at, and if there are any further suggestions that please me I will pay the promised price for them."

"I don't see where I am to get the time."

"You'll be busy for a week or two while plans are being drawn and contracts let, but after that the long winter is at your disposal. There goes the luncheon bell. Let us to our trenchers. This sea air has made me hungry."

. . . . . .

As a matter of fact, the new monastery was inaugurated on the first of March instead of the first of April. The instructing gardener had informed his ignorant employer that April was altogether too late in the year to begin horticultural work, and he himself, with a staff of hired laborers, set to work in the middle of February making preparations for the campaign, plowing the land that was to produce three hundred and forty bushels of wheat—that is, eight and a half bushels for each man, to be grown in a field of fourteen acres, for the head gardener scouted the idea of each man raising his own quantity of wheat on his own small allotment.

The men were all chosen from London, and a motley crew they were—none of them familiar with gardening or with country life. Stranleigh, dressed in corduroy and fustian, made a quite perfect theatrical laboring man who would have delighted the heart of a London stage manager, but who would not have deceived a farmer for one moment. Blake had seen to it that apartment number one was allotted to Stranleigh, number one being the two rooms next to the main building on the right-hand side. Thus Blake could call upon his chief without going down the cloisters or passing any other apartment.

Stillson Crane was a middle-aged man of most benevolent appearance. His long beard, which had once been black, was now tinged with gray. One could guess he was a lover of his fellowmen not only by his benign expression but by his clothes of solemn black, which fitted him so badly. He possessed the gift of tongues and was a most eloquent exhorter. Indeed, if the forty had followed the counsels of their Ali Baba, they would have been much more model citizens than they were.

The head gardener was a man who knew his business, but who speedily found that the business he had learned was not that which he was compelled chiefly to exercise. His principal duty proved to be keeping the men at work, because the moment he disappeared from one side of the building, the amateur horticulturists dropped their spades, filled up clay pipes, and, the better to enjoy their smoke, sat in a row with their backs against the phalanstery, ready to jump up in a hurry when a whistled signal warned them that the gardener was approaching.

Nevertheless, for the first week everything went on with reasonable smoothness; then the result of regular meals and excellent food began to exercise an effect. All hunger-cringing had departed from the men, and Stranleigh, who studied his fellow-workers with unobserved eagerness, regarded this as a good sign. They were standing on their feet, as the poet said, and would soon be ready to play the game. The game, however, developed through three crises: first, the tobacco crisis, then the drink crisis, and lastly the financial crisis.

Although Stranleigh occupied two rooms furnished exactly like all the others, and although he partook of the same food with people from whom he instinctively shrank, he allowed himself one luxury: several boxes of good cigars that Blake had procured for him and had hidden under the bed. One evening, after supper, as the young man sat in his room reading and enjoying his cigar, the door suddenly opened and a rather forbidding-looking ruffian, known as Bert Harrison, entered. Harrison had proved himself an expert work-shirker, whose allotment was the most backward in the community. He was something of a politician, and already exercised a good deal of influence upon his fellows. He harangued them, on occasion, over a mug of beer, pointing out how the country should be governed.

Stranleigh threw down his book and rose to his feet.

"I beg your pardon," he said mildly, "but I didn't hear you knock."

"Have You Struck Oil at Last?"

"Right you are, mate," cried Bert affably. "Don't need to worry about that, because I didn't knock. We're all comrades here, you know."

"I shouldn't think of entering your room without knocking," persisted Stranleigh.

"Oh, wouldn't you? It'd be all the same to me. Friend of mine is welcome, however he comes. But then, you see, I come official. I'm a delegation. What the brethren wants to know is where you get them cigars you smoke."

"I got them in London before I came here. Will you have one?"

Harrison accepted thankfully, lit the weed and expressed his satisfaction.

"This is a bit of all right," he cried admiringly. "This ain't no twopenny smoke. How much do they cost?"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea," said Stranleigh.

A broad smile illuminated the face of Bert Harrison. He expressed his enlightenment with a wink.

"Don't you fear, mate," he said. "No questions asked, but you do know how to pick out the goods. I thought them white, ladylike fingers of yours was made for something nippier than handling a spade. Well, talking about delegations, I'm asked by the comrades to make a strike for tobacco. Do you think old Longbeard will come down?"

"I shouldn't wonder, if it's put to him nicely."

"That's just the point, and so we thought you'd be the best man to do the chinning. There's five of us going in to see him now, and we want you to be spokesman."

"I don't mind. Tell me exactly what the demand is."

"Well, tobacco's just as much a necessity of life as beer is. The stuff the boys brought with them from London is all gone, and we've got no money to buy more, and so the lads are hungry for a smoke."

"I'm willing to put the case before Mr. Crane, but I rather think the head gardener will object."

"Why?"

"From some remarks he made in the field, he seems to think tobacco interferes with work."

"Oh, blow the work!" said Harrison. "If he objects we want you to talk him down. This state of things is cruel 'ard on smoking men. Even when a man gets into the workhouse he's allowed tobacco."

"Where's your delegation?"

"They're waiting outside."

"All right. Come along; we'll tackle old Crane."

Crane, Blake and the gardener received the committee, and Stranleigh placed before them the case for the smokers. Crane said nothing for a moment, but to Stranleigh's astonishment the gardener spoke in favor of the men.

"I think," he said, "that at least an ounce of tobacco should be allowed each man per day, but I want to superintend its distribution. I tell you what it is, men, those who do not do their share of work will not get their share of tobacco."

There was some grumbling at this, but Bert Harrison, in a bluff, manly way, accepted the proposition, and then the delegation filed outside, where Bert's four comrades at once rounded on him and complained bitterly of his supineness in agreeing to a condition so drastic.

"Why, you fatheads," said the leader, with unconcealed contempt, "don't you see that for forty men they'll get the tobacco down from London wholesale? That's all we need. Mentioning no names, there's them among us can pinch enough tobacco to give every man his share, gardener or no gardener," and once more he winked at Stranleigh.

This completely satisfied the delegation, who felt ashamed that so evident a solution had not occurred to them. The truth of Bert's remark was borne in upon Stranleigh when he rose next morning and found that his boxes of cigars had been stolen during the night.

In spite of Crane's indefatigable efforts, it was evident that the men loathed the country more and more as time went on. A grand piano had been provided in the lecture hall, on which at times Blake performed very admirably. A huge phonograph gave all the popular selections of the day, and occasionally Crane delivered moral lectures on self-help, on the uplift, and what-not, but speedily found himself without an audience when the men learned that attendance was not compulsory. These entertainments proved to be as inadequate a substitute for a low-down East-End music hall as sugared lemonade is for whisky on the palate of a confirmed drunkard.

When at last it became necessary to place a restriction on the consumption of beer a demand was made for stronger drink, and this being refused the men went on strike for a day and a half, succumbing at the end of that time through force of hunger, for it was "No work, no meals," a *ukase* which Harrison characterized as exceeding the vilest tyranny of Russia. Were they men or were they not? The authorities, ably aided by the cook, appeared to think they were not.

The failure of this strike secured quietness and reasonable obedience for about ten days. Then an *émeute* occurred that nearly brought about the closing of the phalanstery. One afternoon the men deserted in a body and made for Lyme Regis. It was now the month of April and the country was looking lovely, but although Browning wrote:

O to be in England
Now that April's there!

it is not insisted by any one that these men journeyed forth to enjoy the beauties of Nature. Country caution was no match for city cleverness, and in some manner, during their journey, the pilgrims accumulated money, which they used in purchasing the strong waters of Lyme Regis to such effect that four of them were locked away by the town constable. Blake, who followed in a motor car, paid the fines and costs next morning.

Later the magistrates investigated the phalanstery, but, influenced by the obvious good intentions of the reverend-looking Crane, they did nothing except warn him that if another such outbreak took place the establishment would be compulsorily closed. Thefts were reported along the route, and although no proofs were forthcoming Blake placed in the hands of the magistrates a check for the amount alleged to have been stolen.

The men next demanded that a certain amount of pocket-money should be dealt them, which request was acceded to, and a week later they made a strike for regular wages of not less than four shillings a day. They complained that they had really been working for nothing on somebody's land for somebody's benefit. These wages were refused, and Crane endeavored to explain to the men the object of this self-help community, but the meeting broke up in disorder and the earnest man was not listened to.

The forty promptly struck work, but once more were overcome by starvation, and although Bert Harrison declared this to be the favorite weapon of the capitalist, and offered to lead a raid upon the larder, the strike had gone too far. The hungry men knew that they could secure a meal, beer and tobacco at once if they gave in; so, to Bert's chagrin, they paid as little attention to his eloquence as they had to Crane's, and surrendered on the terms that a meal should be served forthwith. Having fed sumptuously and drunk to their satisfaction, they instantly inaugurated their final strike.

All except Stranleigh were gathered in the central hall when they gave their ultimatum to Crane, who was on the verge of tears. They began proceedings by great stampings of feet, and by singing in lusty chorus the song:

Eight hours' work,
Eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and
Eight shillings a day.

When Stillson Crane, E. J. Blake and the gardener took their places on the platform they were received with boisterous cheers, arising from plenty of good food and a sufficient quantity of beer.

Bert Harrison was the spokesman. He demanded immediate payment for each man of eight shillings for every day they had put in at this workhouse, as he called it; also conveyances to take them to the station, and their fares to London. Poor Crane, who could scarcely control his voice, rose and said briefly that he had resigned his position, and washing his hands of the whole affair he sat down. There was a great uproar at this, and charges of bad faith were hurled at the ex-manager; but Bert Harrison calmed the storm, and said if their terms were not instantly accepted they would proceed to destroy the building after helping themselves to its contents.

Blake arose and said curtly:

"You will now be addressed by one of yourselves: the man who can at once grant your request or refuse it. I beg to introduce the Honorable Earl of Stranleigh, owner of this estate and builder of this house."

There now mounted the platform a young man most exquisitely dressed. The uniform of this workhouse had been discarded for the costume of Piccadilly. The audience was too amazed to vociferate. They had not observed until Blake spoke that one of their number was missing, and they did not recognize that the immaculate person who confronted them was their fellow-workman.

"Gentlemen," began Stranleigh in his most conciliatory voice, but Harrison sprang to his feet.

"So this is the secret of the good cigars!"

"That were stolen? Yes," said Stranleigh, with a smile.

"Never mind about that, my fine cock-a-doodle-doo. Before we allow you to speak, will you agree to give us eight shillings a day and railway fare?"

"Yes," replied Stranleigh suavely, "if you force me to."

"We do force you."

"That is courageous," said Stranleigh, "when you realize that double your number of policemen surround this building. I am told that some of you are wanted very badly by the authorities, and I think you foolish to leave shelter and safety to go out once more into the cruel world. If you insist on eight shillings a day I shall, of course, accede to your request."

"We do insist," said Harrison, but in a much less truculent voice. There were no answering cheers behind him; the word "policemen" seemed to have paralyzed Bert's followers.

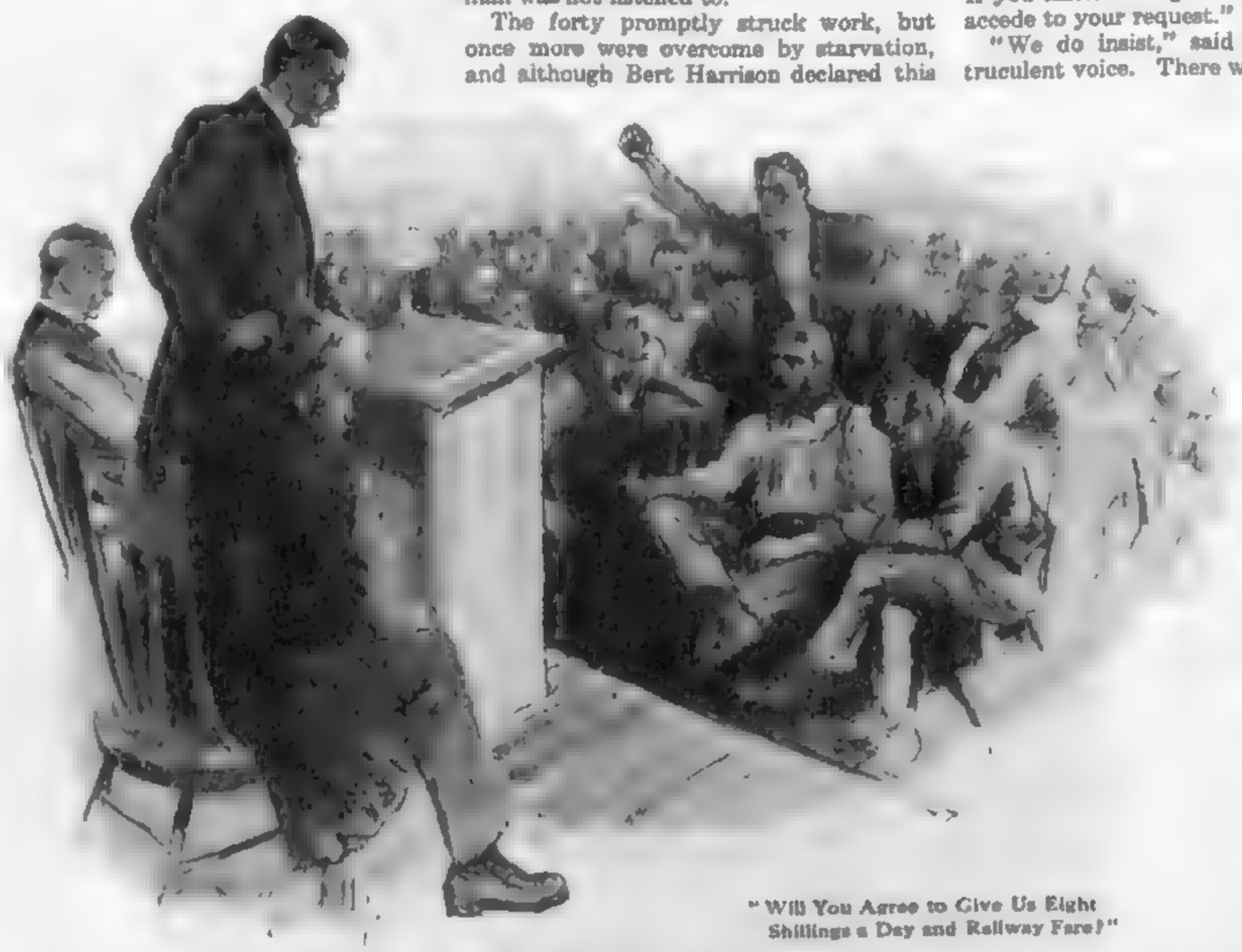
"Thank you, Mr. Harrison. That will save me a bit of money, as you would remark. Blake, how much did I say these men were to get?"

"A pound a day, my lord."

"Then just mark it down to eight shillings, Blake, and I hope Mr. Harrison's mob will not expostulate with him because of the reduction. Gentlemen, we have been merely trying an experiment, which comes to its conclusion with this meeting. It has cost me several thousands of pounds, but I don't in the least begrudge the outlay. I think I understand better than when I began your objections to the plan. You hate work, and so, I must confess, do I."

He looked somewhat ruefully at his calloused hands, then smiled at his silent audience.

"My friend, Mr. Stillson Crane, thought he could make real men of you. I didn't know whether that was possible or not, being a very ignorant person—in the position of the girl about whom Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote. She didn't know whether she could waltz or not, but would rather like to try. I imagine she failed at the waltzing as I have done at the regeneration business. In speaking of Mr. Crane, I, as one of his laborers, must pay a deserved tribute to his goodness of heart, to his uprightness, to his fine tact and kindness to us all, and I shall compensate him for his earnest labor on our behalf and his disappointment at the failure that has followed it.



"Will You Agree to Give Us Eight Shillings a Day and Railway Fare?"

(Concluded on Page 38)

THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XI

FOR three days the Shark beat stubbornly back and forth against a hard headwind and a short, choppy sea into which she drove her bow like a wedge, completely checking her way. The wind never exceeded the velocity that sailors call a fresh gale, but it held dead ahead, appearing with devilish persistency to follow the bow around when the schooner tacked, hanging fiendishly on the end of her raking jibboom.

Nobody aboard particularly cared. The Shark, if slow, was the height of comfort, even in a sea way, with very little angular heel and no motion to speak of, beyond the steady churning of her bow. In the cabin they read and played bridge, and Bell went into the galley and made certain horrible messes which were as usual sent forward to the crew, but unfailingly fell overboard en route.

Her two sisters had convinced Paula that she was free to marry the man she loved, whereupon Wood had formally demanded her hand of Captain Bell, who most cordially gave his consent. This occasion was made one of general celebration fore and aft. At dinner Bell grew genially mellow and made an excellent speech, after which the two young people appeared to fade gently from the popular view and find much service for secluded corners of the vessel.

"At any rate," Bell observed on the third day of the stubborn blow, "if we are not gettin' to wind'ard fast it's comfortin' to know that the Pilot-fish is doin' even worse. The chances are he hasn't tackled it. A little boat that size couldn't get north a mile a day in this chop."

Had the worthy naval man known that at that particular moment Mr. Applebo was booming up the Delaware River with a fair wind and tide, bound for the entrance of the Raritan Canal, which would eventually drop him out at South Amboy in the lower bay at New York, Bell's disgust might have led to an explosion dangerous to his health.

For the poet, on arriving at Old Point Comfort and learning that the Shark had sailed for Marblehead, Massachusetts, took a careful survey of the weather and decided to "go up inside." It was apparent that there was an easterly gale brewing and the storm signal was already flying from the station at Old Point. Applebo knew that under these conditions it would be a waste of time to go to sea and determined to outflank his host by taking the inland route as far as New York; then, if the weather was still contrary, to keep on east through the sounds: Long Island, Block Island, the Vineyard and Nantucket. This route would insure still water the whole distance from Hampton Roads to Cape Cod, while the northeaster then blowing outside would enable him to make one "long leg" of it, close-hauled, up the Chesapeake.

He was therefore nearly to the Raritan Canal before Bell had even laid Cape May abeam. Propelled by a four-mile breeze through the canal and the ebbing tide in the Raritan River the Daffodil was skimming around the end of Staten Island while the Shark was walloping about off Atlantic City, slatting and slamming in a calm.

The Daffodil caught a tow up the East River behind a brick barge and cast off at Randall's Island to catch the first of the ebb at Whitestone. Here, in company with a hundred or more coasting schooners known as "the ebb-tide fleet," she was favored by a roaring nor'wester that boomed her the whole length of the sound from Execution to Fisher's Island. Holding on eastward through the sounds she encountered fog and baffling breezes, in spite of which she rounded Cape Cod, crossed Massachusetts Bay and anchored off the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead some thirty-six hours before the Shark was sighted.

A fresh southeast breeze brought Bell careering around the cape and across the bay, thereby doing much to eliminate his disgust with the weather encountered earlier.

"Who wants to bet that we find the Pilot-fish at Marblehead?" he asked jocosely.

"I do," replied Hermione.

"Huh?"

"I'll bet you that he's beaten us out in spite of the weather. Come, now!"

"You're crazy. Huh! H'm!"

"And You Have the Nerve to Expect Me to Pay a Bet Like That?"

"Perhaps. But here's a chance for you to get square for that month's allowance that you are going to be stung for."

The others laughed, thinking that Hermione was having a little fun at her father's expense. As a matter of fact she was having more than they realized. Offshore sailors that they all were, Hermione was the only one who had thought of the "mudhole" route; but once having thought of it she was certain that Applebo would avail himself of it. In this case it needed but a glance at the charts to show Hermione, herself a good practical sailor, how tremendous an advantage it would give him.

"Huh!" growled Bell; "I can't take such a fool bet. It's not within the bounds of nautical possibility that a little tub like that should have overhauled us through that head chop! Then that nor'wester was just our meat. All we could pack under our four lowers. What's the matter with you?"

"All right," said Hermione coolly; "then take me on at odds."

"I'll give you ten to one, just to teach you a lesson," snapped her father.

"Done with you. Ten dollars to a hundred." And Hermione made a note of the bet and compelled her father to sign it, he muttering deep-sea blessings.

Wherefore one may picture the scene that took place when, at about four of a lovely August afternoon, the Shark came bowling into the little harbor of Marblehead to find the Daffodil lying serenely at anchor off the yacht club.

For an instant Bell was deprived of speech through sheer astonishment not unmixed with awe. When they had last sighted the yawl off Cape Charles she had still thirty miles to do against a strong tide before ever she fetched Old Point. By that time the tide would have begun to flow again, so that by the time that Applebo had learned their next port, and taken the water and stores of which he must have been in need after more than a week at sea, he would have had another thirty miles of headwind and tide, or a six-hour delay. Thereafter was to be considered the easterly blow—the thing was obviously impossible!

Then, in a flash, came the true solution. Bell slapped his fat thigh and let out a roar like a bull cachalot.

"That's it, by the jumpin' John Rogers! The scoundrel sneaked up inside!"

"Of course he did!" cried Hermione. "Why the dickens wouldn't he? That's the reason I made my bet!"

"Huh—h'm—hough!" Bell went off like a badly-made firework. "And you have the nerve to expect me to pay a bet like that? When he tows behind a jackass for who knows how many miles! Why not load his brute of a yawl on a flat car and be done with it? I won't pay!"

"Yes, you will, old boy!" said Hermione. "We bet on his being here, not on how he would come."

The others sided with her. Bell appealed to Wood, counting on support from a son-in-law elect.

"You are stung," said that young man. "All that you have got to do now is to pay up." Which Bell did, lamenting piteously.

"Tomorrow," said he, "I must run into Boston to see the lawyers. The day after that we make a run for Bermuda or St. Paul or Tristan da Cunha. I don't give three whoops and a holler! But I'll lose that yaller-crested gilly-flower if I have to lead him through the Northwest Passage!"

. . . . . .

That night Huntington Wood invited his host and hostesses to dine at the yacht club. The place was very gay, for although the yachting season was on its wane the hot weather had held and there were many yachts lying in the harbor. It was a lively room, a trifle more brilliant than select, as yachting contingents are apt to be, but rich in life and color and gayety.

The "sharks" were scarcely more than seated when Hermione, happening to glance toward the door, saw Applebo. "The Pilot-fish!" she whispered.

Applebo was quite alone. For a moment he stood in the doorway sleepily surveying the room. From here and there people at different tables caught sight of him, then whispered to their table companions, so that in that moment, brief as it was, the poet became the focus of every pair of eyes in the room.

One might have traveled far and failed to find so striking a figure. Applebo was in the regulation yachting costume for evening dress, the only eccentric feature being a somewhat voluminous black silk scarf of poetic or artistic pattern. His skin was clear as the water of the Great Dismal Swamp, and tanned to nearly the same tea color, with its golden lights. Antique ivory would best describe its tone. The amber eyes, darkly fringed, blinked sleepily from table to table, as though looking for a vacant place.

A peculiar silence had fallen on the room. Everybody was looking at Applebo, who for his part appeared as drowsily indifferent as a lion in the zoo. He was standing straight as a poplar, yet quite at ease and with no hint of stiffness or self-consciousness. As his slow scrutiny passed the table occupied by Wood and his party it paused for a moment. He smiled and slightly inclined his head, then crossed the room and took a single table in a far corner.

At Wood's table, which was in the center of the room, the captain was at one end, Paula at the other, Hermione facing the door, and Cécile and Wood directly confronting Applebo. Bell, as the poet entered, twisted about and gave him a goggle-eyed stare.

"He's thinner," announced Bell, with satisfaction; "a whole lot thinner! Good-looking fool, ain't he—huh?" He nodded at the others with the air of one discovering a new and surprising fact. "If you were to cut his thatch and poke him up a little with a sharp stick he might be even handsome—huh!—h'm!" He began to gurgle.

Cécile found it quite impossible to keep her eyes from Applebo. Try as she did, they kept straying back. For his part, the poet was looking dreamily into space, and when his dinner arrived it appeared to consist of a

succession of melons, which he devoured, one after the other, with infinite relish. Cécile estimated that he must have eaten at least six.

Occasionally he looked her way without appearing to see her. The melons were followed by snipe on toast. A considerable flock flew down the throat of the poet, in strange contradiction to his views on the killing of game.

From snipe, Cécile observed that his taste backed around the compass to fish. Bluefish were at their prime and Mr. Applebo took advantage of the fact quietly to devour the best part of the amidships section of a big one. This accomplished he licked his lips, looked at Cécile and blinked.

All of this took considerable time, during which Cécile's eyes were so constantly seeking Applebo that her companions began to notice it. Nobody said anything, however, until presently Hermione observed:

"Don't try to hypnotize him until he's finished eating, Cécile. Think how long the poor fellow must have been on tinned rations."

The others laughed. Bell glanced at the poet.

"Help!" cried he. "The chump is eatin' his dinner backward! He's on hors-d'œuvres now."

This was quite true, Mr. Applebo having caught sight of some anchovies at an adjoining table and conceived a relish for them.

In spite of Hermione's remark, Cécile found herself physically unable to keep her eyes away from him. He fascinated her. Looking about the room she saw that others shared in this peculiar desire to stare at Applebo, who for his part was as utterly oblivious to those about as if he had been in the cabin of his yawl. The man was strikingly singular. Cécile observed that he did not even sit at the table as did other folk. His back was arched like a bow, big shoulders hunched forward, chin thrust up so that the fringe of his long shaggy mane swept below his coat-collar, while his legs were bent under his chair, the toes hooked around the chairlegs from inside out. Though one could certainly find no fault with his appetite, he picked at his food in a curiously dainty way. This mannerism also suggested a cat, which animal, though never appearing to eat, can get away with a prodigious amount of food. Occasionally he looked up and blinked about him.

There were several attractive men in the room, all yachtsmen, straight-backed, squarely set, good-looking young chaps, but Cécile scarcely saw one of them. As the minutes passed and she continued to watch the poet there began to develop within her the same peculiar obsession of which she had been the prey after her visit to the Daffodil. This time it was stronger and tinged with a warmer personal interest. At Halifax, Old Point Comfort, and again that afternoon when the mail had come aboard, she had received an offering of verse. The Halifax poem, which had been mailed from Shoal Harbor, had impressed her deeply, less in its execution than in the thought conveyed, which was of an intensity that thrilled her. The realization of the long sea-miles which the little yawl had covered, the long sea-watches that the man opposite must have spent, the fog, wind, rain and calms—all of the details of an offshore voyage in a little shallop like the Daffodil—was merely to be near the object of his adoration, herself. There was a medieval romanticism about this steadfast devotion which took powerful hold of her sentimental side.

Before the dinner was half over Applebo's attraction for her had reached a point where it appeared to monopolize her whole consciousness. She lost interest in her food; her conversation diminished and what she said was abstracted. She was trying to get sufficient possession of herself to request Wood, in a casual way, to bring the poet over to their table, but was almost afraid of betraying the state of her emotions. These were such as most girls experience during their first season, which was for Cécile an entirely new experience. She longed to hear the deep, resonant, purring voice, but felt that if he spoke to her she would make herself ridiculous.

Hermione, facing her, observed enough of this suppressed agitation to arouse her to an ironic amusement.

"Look at Cécile," said she. "I warned her not to try to hypnotize the Pilot-fish. Now he has hypnotized her!"

Had Hermione known the actual state of her sister's feelings she would never, of course, have thus cruelly directed the general attention upon her. Instead, however, she ascribed Cécile's schoolgirl manner to curiosity and the mistaken idea that she was the object of the Pilot-fish's assiduity. Consequently she was a little startled at the sudden flame in her sister's cheeks and the resentment in her eyes when the others began to laugh.

Cécile for the moment lost her poise.

"It's all very well to laugh," said she vexedly; "but if you had been bombarded by verse, as I have by our friend yonder, you might exhibit some curiosity also."

The Poet Became the Focus of Every Pair of Eyes in the Room

Hermione's eyes opened very wide. She instantly understood the situation. Applebo, then, had been sending verses addressed to "Miss Cécile Bell," intended for herself, Hermione, and most naturally appropriated by her sister. She was filled by a sudden gust of anger.

Captain Bell, however, was staring at Cécile.

"What's that?" he demanded. "Been sending you verses? Why, confound his impudence, how long has he been doing that? I never heard of such cheek, and I'll go aboard his boat and tell him so."

"Oh, hush!" As usual the good captain had raised his voice to its quarterdeck pitch. "There was no harm in his doing so. The verses are quite innocent and some are rather pretty. It's merely his pose."

Bell began to eat and grumble. Wood laughed and glanced at Paula. Hermione, hot with irritation, lost her interest in the entrée. She wanted the verses which she knew had been meant for her, and in her mind she anathematized the Pilot-fish for his fatuous blunder, Cécile for her self-complacency, and herself for being so silly as to let the man persist in his error as to her identity.

"You might let the rest of us see 'em," grumbled Bell. "Hereafter, tack 'em up on the mainmast. Don't know, however, that I approve of my daughter's receivin' verses from a long-haired yellow tomcat."

"Nonsense!" said Cécile sharply, wishing that she had not spoken.

Bell subsided, glared, and savagely crunched the leg of a sora-rail. His eyes passed to Hermione.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "I believe Hermione's jealous! Look at the jade!"

Hermione was jealous, and her vivid cheeks and sapphire eyes showed it. But more than being jealous was she irritated, and disgusted as well at the whole absurd situation. She determined to abolish the poet as a Pilot-fish and that before she was twelve hours older.

Matters were in this nervous state when Applebo, having made his dessert of a plate of soup, arose suddenly and strode in a light-footed way toward the door. For a man of his size and weight he moved like a dancer. As he passed Wood's party he bowed, with a quick, flashing smile. Bell, who was gobbling a *filet au cœur d' artichaut*, looked after him with a sort of resentful admiration. Being short and fat and red and formerly black-haired, he found much to admire in the physical appearance of Applebo.

"Not a bad-looking chap," said he grudgingly. "Looks rather as I should think Heldstrom might have looked when he was a youngster."

Hermione was startled. She had never thought of it before, but what her father's keen eyes had discovered was quite true. There was a great deal about Applebo that suggested Heldstrom, and the voices of the two men were identical, barring the huskiness that many years of full-throated commands had put into the tones of Heldstrom.

"Have you decided on your next jump?" asked Wood of Bell.

Bell glanced around the table. "What do you all say to Bermuda?" he asked. "It ain't the season, of course, but it would be rather good fun to see if he tackles it."

"Bad time of year," said Hermione. "There's always a West Indian hurricane in August or September."

"Can't feaze us," said Bell.

"It might feaze the Pilot-fish," said Paula. "Suppose anything were to happen to him."

"There won't. He knows his business. There's a lot more danger on the coast than offshore anyway. If he follows us there I'll own myself outclassed. What d'ye say?"

"Bermuda!" answered Cécile, leaning forward on the table, her eyes very bright. Bell looked at Hermione.

"Bermuda!" said she, with a peculiar little smile.

"Paula?—oh, Paula doesn't count. She's too much in love. Bermuda, Buenos Aires, Hoboken—they all look alike to her. Wood?"

"Bermuda. I know of lots of things more to worry about than Harold."

"Bermuda it is then!" Bell raised his glass of champagne.

"Here she goes south! The Shark and the Daffodil. Bottoms . . . . . "

"Down!" cried the laughing chorus.

XII

BACK aboard the Shark, Paula and Huntington did what Hermione called their "wonderful disappearing act." Bell had lingered in the club to play poker, at which he was very good, and to drink whisky-and-soda, of which he stood in no need. Cécile retired, and Hermione went into the saloon, where she sat at a gravity writing-table, and after destroying some dozen or more sheets of expensive notepaper marked with the Shark's insigna she gave up the task in disgust and went to her room. Not being in the least sleepy, she curled up in a heap of cushions and tried to interest herself in a French play, but meeting with no success she flung aside the pamphlet, one of the Illustration supplements, and gave herself up to the topic that so occupied her mind. Needless to say, it was Mr. Applebo.

Unlike Cécile's meditations, which were apt to be self-indulgent, pleasant and profitless, those of Hermione were swift, ruthless and followed by prompt and decisive action. Half an hour of concentrated thought and she had extracted from her reflections three opinions and a resolve.

Of these opinions, the first was that Applebo was in love with nobody but himself and his Muse; that he found the situation piquant and amusing, and was having just as much fun out of it as were the "sharks."

The second opinion was that she, Hermione, had been very violently and dangerously attracted by the peculiar personality of Mr. Applebo, but that she had thoroughly overcome it.

The third opinion was that Cécile was also violently and dangerously attracted by the peculiar personality of Mr. Applebo, and was very far from having overcome it.

And the resolve was that she would write to Mr. Applebo to say that they had had enough of him, and would he kindly clear out!

Action always followed hot on the heels of Hermione's resolutions. She was a mature-minded girl and usually found no difficulty in crystallizing her thought into words. This was no doubt because her thought was a saturated solution and not the dilute, strained-out, indecisive brain-mush of so many of us. Hermione whipped out her writing-pad and indited swiftly the following:

Dear Mr. Applebo: Permit me to compliment you upon the able way in which you have demonstrated your admirable seamanship. It must be, and no doubt is, a source of great satisfaction to you to prove to us your capacities.

("That will cheer him up if he has one grain of modesty," thought Hermione.)

I must tell you, however, that in the opinion of some of us aboard the Shark the game has now gone quite far enough. We acknowledge your ability to cope with our vessel in soundings or out of them.

My father is planning to sail for Bermuda in two days, and I must request that you do not follow us. Your somewhat peculiar constancy is beginning to excite a little comment outside our immediate circle, and I think it better in many ways that it should be discontinued.

My father is inclined to resent your sending of verses to my sister Cécile, and perhaps it would be better to discontinue that attention also.

Sincerely yours,

HERMIONE CHESTER BELL.

Thought Hermione, having completed this hasty epistle: "There! Something tells me that he will read this and curl up his six-feet-two in a manner to arouse the envy of a chestnut-worm."

This heartless epistle achieved, Hermione decided for bed; but after undressing and snapping off her light, for the Shark had a dynamo, she found herself still wakeful. Wherefore she reilluminated and attacked the French play with greater interest, other preoccupations being disposed of. This play was one that, had her mother been alive, Hermione would never have been permitted to read. But the maternal vigilance of a Norwegian sailorman can hardly be expected to ransack the lockers of nineteen-year-old young ladies; wherefore Hermione was perusing a somewhat tarnished story with her red lip contemptuously curled when the little ship's clock in the saloon rang sharply four bells.

Hermione shoved the play through her porthole and was about to try for sleep again when she heard a rustling outside her door.

"Hermione!" said a low voice, which she recognized as Cécile's.

"Yes?"

The door opened and Cécile came in. Hermione, glancing with surprise at her sister, was startled at Cécile's pale and tragic beauty. Her shimmering hair was drawn severely back from her broad, low forehead, and hung in two heavy braids well below her waist. Her gray eyes, with their dark, encircling lashes, were like stars, but shadowed in a way that alarmed Hermione. Cécile wore her white embroidered kimono, which hung straight from her shoulders like the sacrificial robe of a Druidess. There was a bright red spot in each cheek, and her bosom was rising and falling rapidly. Cécile reminded Hermione of Goethe's Bride of Corinth—that is, in appearance.

"Cécile!" she cried. "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

The color flooded the face of Cécile.

"I am off my head, I think!" she answered. "I can't sleep; I can't think! I don't seem to belong to myself!"

"Cécile!" Hermione crossed the room and dropped on the transom beside her sister, who had sunk down among the cushions. "What is it, dear?"

Cécile caught her breath and choked back a sob. Tenderness in Hermione touched her, whereas in Paula she would have thought nothing of it. She pressed her hands over her eyes, then dropped both arms and looked intently at her sister.

"Hermione," she said, "are you in love with Harold Applebo?"

Hermione turned to her a very startled face.

"No!" she answered emphatically

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. I never met him but once in my life."

"Nor I," answered Cécile, and sprang to her feet; "but I am madly, insanely, desperately in love with him! It's silly, I know. It's unreasonable and unmaidenly—anything you like. But I can't think of anything but this man! What is it, Hermione? Am I crazy?"

She turned to her sister with a half sob. Hermione saw that Cécile's hands were clenched so tightly as to drive the fingernails into the delicate skin. Her face was colorless, except for two crimson spots on her cheeks and the red line of her lips.

Hermione was not only startled but tremendously surprised. She had always thought rather contemptuously of Cécile's possible capacity for deep feeling, and rather pityingly of Paula's, ultimately concluding that she, Hermione, was blessed, or cursed, with all that there was in the family.

"But, my dear," cried Hermione, "you never spoke to him but one day in your life."

"I know it," replied Cécile wearily. "I'm a crazy fool! It's quite shameless of me, is it not?" She gave a bitter little laugh. "The man has put a spell on me! I can't close my eyes without seeing that yellow mane and those sleepy amber eyes—and they are not so sleepy either, when you look closely. It's an obsession! What am I to do? And the worst of it is, I know that he has some sort of a tender sentiment for me. Oh, why doesn't he come over here and say so, instead of keeping me on pins and needles with his everlasting verses?"

Hermione looked thoughtfully at her sister. For an instant she was on the point of telling Cécile bluntly that the verses were actually intended for herself. But she was quite aware of her sister's unconscious vanity, and felt that to do so would arouse her undying resentment. So she merely asked:

"Do you really care for him? Or is it only a sort of infatuation?"

"So far, I don't see how it can be more than infatuation," replied Cécile frankly; "but I think that I might easily care, and care a great deal, when I came to know him. You can scarcely be said to be in love with a person you don't know. As it is, I sometimes feel as if I hated him! It is not even an infatuation. I am fascinated, I suppose, as you sometimes see a bird fascinated by a cat. There is something about his lazy, indifferent, catlike look and manner that makes me feel at times like whacking him!" She laughed nervously.

Hermione wrinkled her forehead and contemplated her sister in deep thought. Cécile watched her with that confident anxiety in which a patient might regard a very young but intelligent physician who has just been put in possession of a history of the case. In force of character and what is commonly called "strength," Hermione was easily the senior of the three sisters, for all of her trifling nineteen years of inexperience. Besides her natural intelligence, Hermione had a good deal of theoretic knowledge of the world, its men and women and the psychology of love, from the reading of books written by folk who ought to have understood their subject and had frequently obtained their knowledge at a considerable price. Wherefore, after a few moments of thought, she observed with all of the aplomb of forty years:

"When a girl feels as you do toward a man with whom she is not really in love it is time that he was told to clear out. Once removed from your life, you would very quickly get over it."

Cécile looked dissatisfied.

"But I am not sure that I want him out of my life," she said. "I should prefer that he came into it. The trouble is, he does neither one thing nor the other."

"Have you a clear idea of what you do want?" asked Hermione.

"No

"I have. What you would like would be to keep him dangling about to be ultimately reduced to the same pulpy substance into which you have converted so many others. It can't be done. He's a different breed of cat."

Cécile shivered. "Uncle Chris told me one day that this would happen to me." She sighed. "What shall I do, Hermione?"

"Nothing," said Hermione. "Leave it to me"

"To you!"

"Yes. I will settle the matter." Hermione's pretty mouth assumed the austerity of a schoolmarm's.

"What will you do?"

"I will request his resignation."

"Do you think that he will obey?"

"Of course. He is a gentleman, and he has assured us right along that whenever we got tired of him we had only to say the word. I will say it."

Cécile looked at her sister doubtfully. Hermione, returning the glance, observed that Cécile's eyelids were heavy. It was evident that she was feeling the reaction of her outburst and would now sleep. The recital of her woes had relieved the pressure within. But she was not entirely content with Hermione's solution.

"Do you think that he is in love with me, Hermione?" she asked, with an odd shyness.

"No. He is in love with nobody but himself. This thing amuses him. He is a natural-born seafarer with a soft streak in him, and nothing pleases him more than to sail around and lead a hard life and write mushy verse. He sent me fathoms of the same sort of harmless slush before transferring his delicate attentions to you. I chucked them back at him. Now go to bed."

Cécile arose wearily.

"I knew that he had sent you verses," she said, "but I thought that maybe he got our names mixed up."

The irony of this almost extorted a true statement of the case from Hermione. But she saw that Cécile had plainly had enough emotion for one seance

"Go to bed, dear," said she. "It's nearly five bells. Papa must be making a night of it. You will sleep now, I am sure."

Cécile kissed her, then drifted like a very lovely and disheveled ghost out into the dim-lit corridor

A few hours later, when Hermione went on deck for her morning row, the fog was so dense that it gave her an impression of being under water, and very soapy water at that. Heldstrom, who never appeared to sleep, greeted her with a shake of the head.

"Not this morning, yoong lady," said he. "Go back to bed."

"Oh, please!" begged Hermione "I love to row around in the fog."

Heldstrom assumed an expression of severity.

"Und I love not to have you," said he. "Vat if you row str-raight out to sea, und keep on r-rowing? Vat vould your fadder say to me for losing der skiff?"

Hermione laughed. "You are not very flattering to yourself as a teacher, Uncle Chris," said she. "If I were to do a landlubber trick

(Continued on Page 38)

Her Eyes are Blue as the Violet's Hue, Her Voice is a Carol of Bliss,
Her Teeth are Pearls From the Deep-Sea Worlds, Her Mouth is the Throne of a Kiss

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 8, 1910

The Cotton Bills Trouble

AN ENGLISH importer of cotton is buying that commodity in the United States. The American shipper loads the cotton on cars in Texas or Georgia and gets a bill of lading from the railroad. He then makes a draft for the price of the cotton on the English importer's bank at sixty or ninety days and attaches the bill of lading to the draft. That draft at once becomes bankable. The American shipper can get credit for it immediately, less the discount for sixty or ninety days, and use the money to buy more cotton. The American bank that buys the draft forwards it to England, and the English importer's bank on which the draft is drawn stamps it "accepted"—meaning that it guarantees to pay it at the end of the sixty or ninety days.

The draft thus becomes the obligation, not of an American shipper who is unknown beyond his own community, nor of an English importer who is known only locally, but of a big bank that is known everywhere. Any bank, not only in England but anywhere in Europe, will buy it in a moment. Naturally, therefore, it is discounted at a very low rate of interest. At this writing the discount rate for accepted bills in London is three per cent; in Paris, two and one-eighth per cent. In England and on the Continent, where this system of bank acceptances prevails, a vast quantity of commercial transactions is carried at a rate of interest no higher than that paid on Government bonds, because the paper representing those transactions, having been accepted by banks, is as readily marketable as a Government bond. Instead of lending a customer money outright, as our banks do, the English bank for a small commission lends him its credit. Having the bank's credit, he can go into the open market and borrow the money—by discounting the bank-accepted bill—at a very low rate.

Having been swindled out of several million dollars by forged bills of lading last year, the foreign bankers have refused to accept our unguaranteed bills of lading. Unless they can be satisfied on this point, our cotton industry will be shut out of the open discount markets of Europe and forced to pay a higher rate of interest for money to move the crop. But our national banks are forbidden by law to accept time bills. Thus we have no open discount market for bank-accepted bills and on many commercial transactions we pay dearer for money than we should if a system of bank acceptances prevailed.

The Maine Election

PRESS reports have it that the issues upon which Maine revolted from its long allegiance to the Republican party were local, but the statement is hardly accurate. One issue was the same as that in nearly every other Northern state, and in one of its phases, at least, the election was merely a part of the grand, united, nation-wide effort to pry the Republican party loose from swollen fortunes. In California, Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Washington and Vermont they used a crowbar; in Maine, a sledge-hammer; but the animating motive and the object in view were the same. California chased her Southern Pacific crowd out of the house. Maine kicked the house over. Both were aiming at an eviction and both accomplished it.

In light of the vigor with which this object has been pursued on both coasts and in the country between, it looks as though the party would be pried loose; but what will be left of it afterward probably depends a good deal upon the resistance encountered. That the titular head of the party—as Mr. Taft, for occult reasons, loves to style himself—chooses, on the whole, to resist the movement is an unfortunate circumstance. The worst of the President shows in his attitude toward the Insurgents. With Republican states one after another rising hotly against the régime that Aldrich and Cannon typify, his mild advice to forget "minor differences" and to try to keep the Democrats from capturing the offices is hardly the word of leadership that the circumstances require.

A Great Sport in Decay

THE shortened day and lengthened evening, with lamps lighted at dinnertime, bring a melancholy reminder that one of the world's greatest sports has, relatively speaking, suffered a decline. There are still some people who read in order to improve their minds; but they are merely utilitarian, pragmatic readers, to whom no credit whatever is due. They expect to be paid for reading. There is the vastly greater number of persons who read in order to keep awake until bedtime, because it is too cold to sit out-of-doors and reading is cheaper than going to the theater. To them, obviously, reading owes nothing. They take up with it merely because they can't as conveniently do anything else. But there are relatively fewer true sports who read from a pure, disinterested love of reading; who settle down with joy to a beautiful, thick, dull book on any subject under the sun and wade straight through it with all the unflagging zest of the genuine fisherman, to whom bites are merely unimportant incidents.

This is really one of the world's greatest sports. The thrill of finally discovering a flash of wit on page 487, or coming across a nugget of really interesting information at the end of Chapter XIV, Book VIII, is as rare and fine as the tug at the line for which one has patiently waited six hours and a half.

The true sportsmanly reader of other days explains some literary classics that modern readers who are not sports cannot account for; but, like many other great sports, this one is dreadfully expensive. A man must be a millionaire of time in order to pursue it.

Alligators in National Politics

ALLIGATORS are caught in the following manner: The hunters thrust a long, stout stick into the muddy hole where the beast reposes. The alligator, resenting that intrusion upon his privacy, shuts his powerful teeth upon the stick. As the hunters pull the stick it occurs to the saurian intellect that the enemy is trying to escape; so he bites all the harder, is duly dragged out of his hole, bound with ropes and presently skinned.

Practically the same method is employed in hunting standpat candidates. As it is a newspaper or magazine that actually prods them they mistake that mere implement for the enemy, and bite it. Obviously if the alligator comprehended the situation he would ignore the stick and devote undivided attention to discovering a practicable means of escape.

If the reactionaries, on the whole, had addressed themselves more exclusively to answering the attacks upon them, ignoring the medium in which the attacks appeared, they might have made a somewhat better showing; but in various instances they merely bit the prodding journalistic stick—while the hunters cheerfully tugged away at the other end of it, whetting their knives the while. The result is an interesting and valuable collection of hides; but a humane breast must sigh to see even a reactionary go through the process of losing his hide under so pitiful a misapprehension.

In exalted political circles at the National Capital last spring we were gravely informed that this so-called Insurgent movement was nothing more than a noise made by some newspapers and magazines for the purpose of increasing their circulation. As the campaign progressed it was really painful to see how fatuously the standpat mind clung to this delusion that its enemy was only the newspaper and magazine that voiced hostile public opinion.

Whenever a party or faction complains of a hostile conspiracy on the part of leading newspapers and magazines its day is so nearly done that it might as well go skin itself and save further needless expense.

Our Chaotic Trust Laws

FOR many years Armour, Swift and Morris have held a dominant position in the packing business. The Government has now had them indicted for maintaining a conspiracy in restraint of trade. The charge is that, instead of competing, they have agreed upon what they would bid for livestock and have managed the distribution of meat, through their branch houses, in harmony, so that no market would ever be overstocked and the price of meat depressed there. If convicted of this charge the packers are liable to a state's prison sentence.

About seven years ago it was believed in well-informed circles that the three big packers were preparing to consolidate in exactly the same way that the leading steel mills, sugar refineries, cracker factories, locomotive plants, ore smelters, glucose works, paper mills, and so on, had already consolidated. There would be a New Jersey "holding company" to which ownership of the three houses would be transferred. The plan, according to reports current at the time, was finally abandoned because the packers feared that to consolidate in standard trust form would provoke too much criticism.

If the packers had consolidated in standard trust form they would be in the same position as the Steel Trust, for example. There would be no question as to whether the several plants were competing. The fact that they were not competing, but were operated as a unit, would be patent and acknowledged. And no one talks of indicting the Steel Trust directors. The Government threatens to imprison Armour, Swift and Morris on the charge that they are maintaining a monopolistic position in the packing trade; but if they had made that monopolistic position open, secure and perpetual by forming a New Jersey "holding company," the criminal law, so far as it has yet been applied, would have nothing to say to them. For doing a thing informally they may be imprisoned; but for doing exactly the same thing formally, under a New Jersey charter, they would apparently be immune. This simply illustrates the chaotic attitude of the law and the Government toward industrial consolidation.

Business Men in Government

THAT successful business men should take a hand in governing our cities used to be the cry when city government was pretty largely in the hands of bartenders. Since then we have discovered that the most successful business man may be a most unsuccessful mayor, and that brilliant success in business sometimes proceeds precisely from the corruption of the bartenders' government. Great success in business would, in most cases, be a handicap rather than a help to a candidate.

But successful business men are taking a hand in city government nowadays, to everybody's satisfaction. In New York and some other cities they belong to a Bureau of Municipal Research; in Chicago to a Bureau of Public Efficiency. The object is to investigate city expenditures as though the municipality were a big private concern whose dividends depended upon getting a hundred cents' worth out of every dollar spent. Mr. Metz, for example, discovered that bookkeepers employed in his manufacturing establishment did, on an average day, five times as much work as bookkeepers employed by the city of New York. Different city departments, acting independently of one another, bought the same coal at widely varying prices, and all paid more than a private plant of the same capacity would pay. At scores of points there was waste of city money in ways that no well-managed private establishment would tolerate.

Here is the business man's special field, and it is a good sign of the times that he is willing, in several cities, to apply himself to municipal government within that field. As to the fields of government which are not in the line of his special training, he would be quite as apt to fail as to succeed.

The Literary Ogre

PHILOSOPHICAL critics have long speculated as to what would have happened if Jane Austen had introduced a Prince of the Blood into one of her novels; for in her chaste pages a baronet makes so tremendous a figure that it fairly staggers the mind to consider what even an unroyal duke would have been like. As to a royal personage, some writers maintain that whatever scene he was brought upon would inevitably have sunk to the center of the earth under his insupportable weight, while others argue that he would have burst like an overblown balloon and scattered himself all over the place.

As the critics do not agree, we have no sure guide to the correct literary treatment of Mr. Morgan. It is an open question whether, upon the printed page, he should be made to tip the earth or to blow up of his own immensity. After some fifteen years of unremitting and multitudinous literary labors we have Mr. Morgan stuffed out to a wholly unmanageable size.

Having attributed to him powers compared with which those enjoyed by Jupiter were utterly commonplace, to make him appear like a mere human being would, of course, be absurd. As a matter of fact, he is a mere human being, but matters of fact have no tangible relationship with our Morgan literature. On the stage of print he is a Siegfried dragon, breathing flame. In real life, we suppose, he is a mild, timorous, vacillating old gentleman who always slips into his chair sidewise, hastily agrees with whatever is said to him and bursts into tears if anybody addresses him sharply.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Leonidas at the Pass

OCCASIONALLY, in the humdrum of existence, something happens that makes the universe sit up and take notice. There was the Flood, you remember, and the Siege of Troy, and the Battle of Fontenoy, and Waterloo, and Gettysburg, and the time that Mount Pelée blew her head off, and the San Francisco fire—to say nothing of that catastrophe at Reno last July, when Jack Johnson whipped Jim Jeffries—all noteworthy events.

But they jolted this jaded globe of ours a jolt down in the Fifth Congressional District of Georgia, late in August, that the inhabitants of that fertile and fervent neck of the woods think causes all episodes catalogued above, and such others as there may be in history, to pale into insignificance.

What they did at the aforementioned time was to lead the Honorable Leonidas Felix Livingston out to a mossy dell and remove from him, with the aid of a large hickory club, all vestiges of the cinch he was commonly purported to have on his job in Congress; to extirpate said job from Uncle Lon with a long and succulent knife; to separate him from the juicy pay-roll where he has grown gray signing salary warrants; to larrup, lambaste and liquidate the long-lasting Lon; to give him a transfer and tell him where to get off. They did all this, and more, to Leonidas. They lacerated, macerated, desquamated him, and hung that venerable hide on an adjacent fence to dry.

Huh! Do not talk to the people of the Fifth Georgia District about Pompeii and Herculaneum; about the tidal wave at Lisbon; about Appomattox and its famous apple tree. They licked Lon Livingston, I tell you; laid him out cold; which comes pretty close to having the irresistible force knock the spots off the immovable object—that little shindy we used to speculate about in the physics class. Licked Uncle Lon! A wreck of matter and a crash of worlds.

Now Lon has been in Congress for twenty years, and we all thought him as much of a fixture as the gold lady on the top of the dome of the Capitol or the squash pie in the Senate restaurant; but this is because we did not have the local viewpoint. They have been projecting around in that Fifth District for some time, thinking to beat Lon, and many a gay Georgian has gone into the battle where waved Lon's grizzled gonfalon—of course it is stretching it a bit to call Lon's remaining hair a grizzled gonfalon, but it is raining and this is a fine day for hyperbole and gonfalons or gondolas—anyhow, many a gay Georgian has husted it on the hustings with Lon and been husked.

Hence, when William Schley Howard broke tumultuously in last spring, and announced he intended to ventilate the venerable and venerated Lon, we all said Pish! and wound it up with three long tushes! That was the folly of ignorance. We had had Lon around so long we considered him a part of the scenery, like the monoliths on the side of the Treasury Building or Archie Butt at the White House. Well, it was all a mistake. We were wrong. William Schley Howard came through exactly on schedule time. He ventilated Lon until that sedulous statesman looked like a slice of Swiss cheese, or a porous plaster, or a dollar bill that has been in circulation for a long time west of the Mississippi.

Wisdom Early Put Her Tag on Bill

How They Campaign in Georgia

OF COURSE if William Schley Howard had been anywhere near Lon's age he would never have tried it; but he wasn't. He was just one of those impetuous, magnetic, eloquent, foolhardy young Southerners, along about thirty, with more friends than you could shake a stick at; and he jumped in where the cautious counsels of age and experience would have urged him to desist—like this: "Desist, Bill; consarn ye, desist! They ain't a chanct in this world of you beatin' Lon." Oh, the hotheadedness of youth!—a sentiment having the distinguished O. K. of L. F. Livingston at this juncture. Bill Schley Howard desisted never a desist, not being aged or cautious; and what he did to Uncle Lon I have endeavored hitherto to point out.

Although he is but a boy, Howard has been in politics for quite a time. He ran once for the legislature and was elected, and once when he was defeated. Later, he went out against a number of older lawyers for solicitor-general of the Stone Mountain circuit, which is the way the Georgians label their prosecuting attorneys. Meantime he had had a taste of Washington life as secretary to Senator Pat Walsh, who filled out Senator Colquitt's unexpired term after Colquitt died.

Howard was born in Georgia. His father was the late Thomas C. Howard, a wit and story-teller, who did much of the literary work for John B. Gordon and Alfred H. Colquitt, both famous Confederate generals whom the people of the state were delighted to honor. Tom Howard helped these statesmen on many of their interviews and speeches, and always had a comfortable place in the state capitol. Still, what the brilliant Howard did for himself was not a patch to what he did for others, and his son, young Bill, our hero, made an early resolution that though it was all very well to exalt others, he personally would buy a few shares of the other side of it and try his hand at exalting himself.

He seemed to be a born campaigner. He understood his people, and he knew how to meet them and talk to them. I have the authority of Colonel Dudley Glass for saying that when Bill Schley made his first campaign he put one over on Jerry Simpson, who, it will be remembered, scorned to wear socks. Bill Schley made a part of that campaign without socks or shoes either. The story goes that when he hit the remote districts he took off both shoes and stockings and walked barefooted across the plowed fields to talk to the farmers, apologizing for the poverty that his lack of shoes purported to show. Colonel Glass, than whom there is no more brilliant and veracious historian of present-day events in Georgia, also avows that Bill Schley, in this campaign, bought his two-wheeled cart, with horse thrown in, on Decatur Street, in Atlanta, for two dollars and fifty cents, used both during the entire campaign, and just before election sold the entire outfit for five dollars. A thrifty young statesman, I should say, if that story will hold water.

After Howard got on the trail of Leonidas Felix Livingston, the supposed fixture from the Fifth, he put the Joe-Cannon sign on Uncle Lon and kept it there. You see, Uncle Lon, being an old friend of Uncle Joe, serving with Uncle Joe on the Appropriations Committee and all that, and being the ranking Democrat on said committee, went in with Johnny Fitzgerald and his bunch of Democrats when the Insurgents were trying to amend the rules, and helped Uncle Joe out of that deep hole. There were twenty-three of them, and Bill Schley Howard never quit identifying Uncle Lon with Cannon. That settled Uncle Lon. The people of the Fifth Georgia District, mostly Democrats, but thinking it might be as well to show their opinion of Cannonism, showed it by putting Uncle Lon in the discard and selecting Howard to succeed him.

Young Howard is considered a great campaigner even in Georgia, where any man who runs for office must be a past master at the game. He is young, ardent, eloquent, bright, and outdrew Uncle Lon every time he had a meeting. He has much personal magnetism, and has spent the thirty years of his life making friends, all of whom he retains. The lawyers of DeKalb County say he is a good lawyer, and his record as prosecuting attorney proves it. So far as speaking goes, Bill rips the stars out of the blue empyrean regularly as he gets up to talk.

His great faculty is for making friends. They predict in Georgia that every member of the House will be calling him "Bill" by the end of his second session. At that he is no professional genial, but a hard-working, earnest young chap who ought to make a mark. Nor is he without political acumen. They point out that when he was in the legislature he dodged the dog-tax vote, a burning issue that has defeated every man who has opposed or advocated it. Thus, as Colonel Cabaniss sapiently puts it, did Wisdom early put her tag on Bill, although the dogs remained untagged.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Height of Cruelty

ON THE Fourth of July Franklin P. Adams, the paragrapher, and a friend named Mercer, also in the business, went to the Polo Grounds to see a ball game and sat in the press box.

There was a big crowd present, all anxious for news of the prize fight at Reno. No bulletins were read at the game, but before the clubs went on the diamond Adams and Mercer, sitting near the telegraph instruments, began to read fake bulletins of the fight to one another, as though they were taking them from the telegraph instruments used to send out the news of the ball game.

They read reports of the preliminaries and soon had four or five hundred men who sat near by straining to hear what they said. Finally they began the fight and read, for the benefit of the listeners, a record of eight bloody rounds, in which Jeffries knocked Johnson down repeatedly and Johnson knocked Jeffries down an equal number of times. Just before the ball game began Adams read: "Ninth round. Both men very weak. Fierce fighting. Jeffries knocks Johnson down with a left hook to the jaw. Johnson clambers to his feet and knocks Jeffries against the ropes with a tremendous body blow. Both men fighting desperately all over the ring. The knockout blow is delivered. Tex Rickard, the referee, counts ten. The insensible man is taken to his corner and the referee proclaims the other the champion of the world."

Then he stopped.

"For Heaven's sake!" yelled the excited men behind them. "Who won? Who got knocked out? Who won the fight?"

Mercer turned calmly to the howling mob and held up his hand. There was instant silence.

"The dispatches do not state," he announced, and then the ball game began.

Unsimplified Spelling

THE lady of the house was telling her caller something she did not want the eight-year-old little girl to hear, and she resorted to the common device of spelling many of the words she used.

The little girl listened intently for a time, alive with curiosity, but she could make nothing of it.

Then she walked out on the porch, where her father was sitting, and said bitterly: "There's too darned much education in this house."

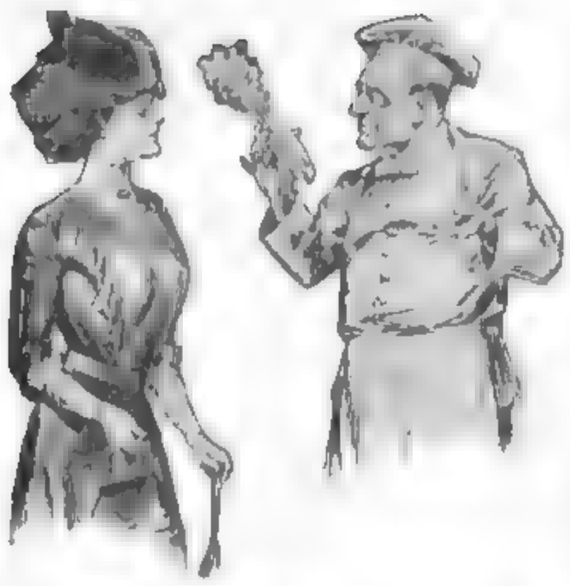
The Hall of Fame

¶ Daniel G. Reid, the big railroad man and financier, began as a clerk in a bank.

¶ Josephus Daniels, the North Carolina editor and politician, began editing at eighteen and has been at it ever since.

¶ Hoke Smith, who is to be the next governor of Georgia, used to ride a coal-black steed—not a black horse, you understand—a coal-black steed.

¶ There isn't much water out where George Ade lives, in Indiana; but Ade has a swimming pool in his house, so big his farmer neighbors talk hopefully of getting it into the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation Bill next session of Congress, there being nothing else thereabout moist enough to talk about.



We would like to show you

"WHY, this looks like a garden!" exclaimed a recent visitor to our vegetable kitchens: "And it smells like Thanksgiving morning!"

We know you would echo that sentiment if you could come here and visit our plant. And we wish you could.

There's nothing we would like better than showing you all over the establishment where we make

Campbell's

SOUPS

In the season we would take you to our experimental farms and our other large farms where we raise the choicest varieties of the vegetables we use.

Later you could see them from day to day coming in fresh from the fields and gardens—tender asparagus; green peas right from the vines; glowing red-ripe tomatoes; white crisp fragrant celery.

We would show you our well-kept chicken-farm; and our big refrigerators stocked with whole quarters of prime healthy meats. You would see every material handled and prepared with a daintiness and care not surpassed in the finest home. And you would never want to bother with home-made soup again.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Just a request brings you Campbell's Menu Book.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY

Camden N J

Here's the *Campbell's Soup* Express,
Give it right of way!
We can't express
The happiness
It brings us every day.

THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 25)

like that I'd deserve to get lost. What do you take me for—a Sunday picnicker? Give me a dory-compass."

Heldstrom was evidently shaken. He took tremendous pride in Hermione's nautical abilities.

"You are forever saying that I'm a better sailor than anybody aboard," said Hermione. "Now prove it. You have sent the dingey ashore." She glanced at the boatboom.

Heldstrom grinned. "That proves nodding. If a square-head gets lost who gifs a hang? Dere are plenty more. Und dingeys too. But dere is only von Hermione in all der world."

Hermione saw that the old sailor was weakening fast. She slipped to his side, threw one arm over his shoulder, and raising herself on tiptoe she dropped a light kiss on the weatherbeaten cheek.

"Please, Uncle Chris," she whispered, "or I'll think that all you say about my seamanship is just a bluff!"

Christian Heldstrom threw up his great arms like a drowning man.

"By Jingo!" growled he. "Vat's der use? Take your boat. Take all der boats." He turned to the grinning and delighted quartermaster. "Miss Hermione's skiff," said he gruffly.

He himself placed the dory-compass in the sternsheets.

"Der landing bears sout'east by sout'," said Heldstrom. "So we bear from der landing—what?"

"Nor'west by north," said Hermione with a laugh. "Would you like to hear me say my letters?"

"You try to sass me? Ven you hear dong, dong, dong, dong—steady like dis on der ship's bell, that is we."

"And when you hear bang! and a square-foot of paint off the ship's side," laughed Hermione, "that is I."

"Off wit' you!" growled Heldstrom, and made a feint to dash at her. Hermione's light oars took the water, and her laugh came back, merry though muffled, as she slipped like a wraith into the fog.

So dense was the fog that Hermione rowed slowly, fearful of bumping some of the many craft at anchor. From time to time she glanced at her compass and occasionally she twisted about on the thwart and tried to pierce the opacity which appeared to hang like a soft, fleecy blanket directly before the bow of her skiff.

"If I don't look out," thought Hermione, "I shall run slap into the Daffodil. She is hung up squarely in my course to the landing."

At the thought of this possibility it occurred to Hermione that were she to run into the yawl she might leave her note in person, with, perhaps, a few supplementary words. This practical idea, though not particularly discreet, gave her a thrill. The heavy fog would prevent her call from being observed, and in any case she would conduct the interview from her skiff.

Wherefore, when Hermione estimated that she must be very close aboard the yawl, she rested on her oars and tried to stare into the enveloping fog. There was not a breath of air, and the moisture was not chill, but warm and humid like steam. It was so thick as to be almost palpable, following any motion in swirls and making one's breathing slightly laborious. The little harbor was full of yachts, and from all sides there came to the girl's ears the muffled and random sounds of the floating community.

She altered her course slightly and took a dozen strokes, then rested again. She was looking and listening when suddenly, out of the fog and spoken almost in her ear, there came a resonant bass which announced to any who might wish to hear:

Her eyes are blue as the violet's hue,
Her voice is a carol of bliss,
Her teeth are pearls from the deep-sea worlds,
Her mouth is the throne of a kiss.

"To take her hand is to—to—to"—(suddenly changing to the recitative tone)—"to—oh, shucks! What is it to take her hand? Hanged if I haven't forgot hand, sand, fanned, land, dammed—oh, poison! What is it to take her hand?"

"Fresh, cheeky, presumptuous and undesired," supplied Hermione, invisible in the fog. "You might take her painter, though, if you don't mind interrupting the lecture in anatomy."

She heard a gasp and the sound of something that evidently dropped upon the deck, then bounced overboard, for there was a tiny splash.

"Oh, wap!" complained the resonant voice. "There goes my fountain-pen." The tone changed to one of invocation. "Cécile, is it thou or thy spirit out there in the mist?"

"Neither," snapped Hermione. "Look out!"

The high freeboard of the yawl rose suddenly before her bow; she held water with one oar and the skiff went rubbing gently alongside. There was the scuffle of feet above her, and Hermione glanced up to see a figure in flannels and sweater looming Titanesque through the white fog.

"Cécile!" said the rich voice.

"Take the painter," replied Hermione. "No; I'm not coming aboard. It would be stretching my elastic conventionality too far to visit a young man aboard his boat at 7:30 of a foggy morning. I have a note for you and a few words to add to it."

Applebo caught a turn of the painter and dropped into a primitive crouching position on the yawl's deck. His eyes' swift scrutiny passed from her green tam to her costume of the same color, vivid against the white mist.

"You look like an emerald packed in cotton," he observed.

"Always a poet. Am I all green?"

"No. You are set with rubies, coral and a pair of rare sapphires. Fancy your being poetic also! You seem to be such a practical maid. I don't know whether I am glad or sorry."

"What are you talking about?"

"Your verses, of course. I wear them here." He laid his hand over his heart. "Just at this moment, however, they are below. Unfortunately, a sweater has no pockets. I was deeply touched, Cécile, and have already mailed you the answer. But, if you do not mind, I might point out certain technical errors."

"What are you driving at, anyway?" Hermione demanded.

"Don't be piqued. Art should come before personal vanity. There are a few errors of a trifling sort. That is nothing. I make them myself. But there are also one or two—eh—banalities."

"Banalities!"

"Let me point them out. I am sure that you will agree with me."

Applebo plunged into his companionway, leaving Hermione completely mystified. A moment later he emerged, holding a piece of notepaper which Hermione was quick to recognize as the Shark's. To her amazement and disgust she saw that this was covered with Cécile's stylish penmanship.

"I will read it through," said Applebo, "and then point out to you what I mean."

In his deep, sonorous voice he proceeded to read as follows:

TO A PILOT-FISH

The billows flee from the shriek of the wind
And the scud from the lash of the gale,
But the Shark swims away and naught behind
But one poor little tossing sail.
Tell me, surges, ere you go,
Should a Pilot-fish be treated so?

The skyline darkens as night draws near,
From the sea strikes the east wind's chill;
For the sturdy Shark there need be no fear,
But how for the Daffodil?
Tell me, moon, from your heights above,
Sails the Daffodil to the Port of Love?

Is it for Love that my viking roves
Or doth he despise the shore?
Shall we meet in the Port of Musing Loves
Or shall we meet no more?
Tell me, breezes, ere you part,
Can true Love warm a fish's heart?

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Hermione, "that Cécile actually wrote and sent you that slush?"

"Eh! What?" Applebo appeared startled out of his habitual repose. His yellow eyes opened very wide. "What do you mean? Cécile?"

"Oh," cried Hermione, "you make me sick! Both of you! If possible, you make me the sicker, because you began the whole silly business! In the first place, if you must pose as an enamored swain and bombard innocent folk with sickening slop, why

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don't you take the trouble to recognize your inamorata when you see her? I am not Cécile. I never was Cécile. Cécile is my sister—the one who went with Papa to thank you for helping me. I am Hermione!"

Applebo stared and his lean jaw dropped. He sank into a sort of heap upon the dripping deck. Mouth and eyes were generously open and he stared at the angry beauty in the boat with an expression of such utter imbecility that Hermione lost her temper. She wished that Cécile could have seen him.

"You look like a fool!" she snapped.

Applebo gulped and shut his mouth.

"I have the perfect right!" he answered sepulchrally. "But why didn't you tell me?"

Hermione's chin went into the air. "I suppose, when you told me in your naïve way that you were in love with Hermione, I should have put my finger in my mouth, dropped my shy head, plucked bashfully at the hem of my highwater bathing-skirt and murmured, 'I am it.'"

Applebo groaned as one in pain.

"I shall die of this. And so your sister must have been receiving the verses intended for you!"

"Every mail adds to her vocabulary of soul-talk," replied Hermione.

Applebo looked very ill. All of the feline drowsiness had been swept from his face, leaving it of an actually human intelligence.

"I shall never write another poem!" said he with solemnity.

"When you talk like that," said Hermione, "you make me believe there is hope for you. But there is still more that you must do. That is why I am here."

"What must I do?" asked Applebo hopefully. "I promise to do it."

"Stop following us about."

The face of the poet fell. For a moment he regarded Hermione in gloomy silence.

"As bad as that?" he asked. "Very well. I have promised. I will start for New York as soon as the weather clears, lay up the Daffodil and go into outlawry. Perhaps, later, when I have done my penance, you may graciously permit me to meet your charming family in the conventional way." He looked at her eagerly.

Hermione dropped her eyes. "I will consider it," she answered.

"Are you offended with me?" asked Applebo.

"Not offended exactly," said Hermione, looking at him frankly. "But you have made an awful lot of trouble. Poor Cécile thinks that you are madly in love with her."

Hermione, watching him with more intentness than her supercilious expression betrayed, saw an entirely new and unknown Applebo. All of the indolent pose was swept away in the rush of sincere and honest regret for what had occurred. The poet, thus revealed in his true nature, became a very normal and penitent young man. Hermione was conscious of a sudden rush of liking for him, he was so sincerely sorry.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "Simply clear out? That's the hardest of all. Perhaps, if I were to go over and meet your sister and let her see what an ordinary, every-day sort of ass I am, it might do some good. I'll do whatever you tell me to."

Hermione gave him a pitying smile.

"You need not feel so tragic about it," said she. "Cécile does not really care, of course." She watched him narrowly. Applebo's face expressed relief.

"Of course she doesn't," he replied. "I can see just how it is; she was rather taken by the romantic idea of my rotting around in the wet, just to be near. Her verses show it. Or maybe she was just trying to get a rise out of me," he added most unpoetically.

"No," said Hermione; "she was a little touched. It will do her no harm, and might even do her some good. She has been a bit of a flirt, I'm afraid. You really haven't done anything so terrible." Hermione found herself getting a little bored with the subject of Cécile.

Said Applebo: "I would rather set fire to my tub and sail her straight to sea, as my forebears used to do, than give unhappiness to any living soul."

"It is not as bad as that," said Hermione. "Once you are gone, Cécile will soon forget about you. Next time you play at knight-errant, take my advice and identify your damsels. Now I must go. Good-by."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BY the time you see this advertisement most of the razor retailers in the United States will have received a contract from us, or can get one from their jobber. This contract authorizes them to sell AutoStrop Safety Razors on trial, and agrees that if any come back we will give the dealer new ones in exchange, or refund his invoice cost.

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Consists of self-stropping safety razor (silver-plated), 12 blades and strop in handsome case, price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years as one blade often lasts a year.

If you want to do the best thing you ever did for your face, you will 'phone or write your dealer to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial, and you will do it before you forget it.

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He ordered some razors and started scattering them out. As this goes to press he has been at it seven weeks and has sold 48 razors—one per day—and has ordered another 4 dozen. Remarkable razor selling when you consider that Lenox has but 3,000 population. The contract did it.

If you are a dealer and haven't received a contract yet, get one from us or from your jobber and some more AutoStrop Safety Razors, and try this selling recipe. The surest way to forget it is to say, "I'll do it to-morrow."

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EARNINGS OF AVIATORS

(Concluded from Page 15)

starting time now to four and two-fifths seconds.

Coming back to the United States, Curtiss was an attraction for any show that could get him. He made eight thousand dollars by less than a week's work in Chicago, and had Charles Willard working for him in several profitable contracts in the South. Then he went to Los Angeles, California, where in January, 1910, he took the first prize for speed, the third for endurance, the third for height and the first for the quick start. This was only a total of forty-two hundred and fifty dollars, but it was enough to pay expenses. Coming back East, he gave several exhibitions the total receipts of which were not stated, and then he surprised the world by going after the ten-thousand-dollar prize that the New York World had offered for a flight between Albany and New York. He did the hundred and thirty-seven miles in one hundred and fifty-two minutes, exclusive of one stop, got the check that afternoon and gave it to his wife. She said very prettily that she was proud to get the check, but that she was prouder of being Mrs. Curtiss.

Charles K. Hamilton, next to Glenn Curtiss, has made the most money by his flights. He knows the all-important "feel of the air," and was last flying a dirigible balloon in Japan before he came home and took up aviation. He was taught by Curtiss and flew under contract in a Curtiss machine until a legal fight separated them. Just what his flights for Curtiss netted him was not disclosed, but he made a single flight from New York to Philadelphia and return on June 17 of this year. That was a contract flight for a sum contributed by a New York and a Philadelphia paper, and won him ten thousand dollars.

Blériot's Winged Victories

Louis Blériot, the French monoplanist, has made a fortune, and a big one; but he has won few prizes. He was experimenting with monoplanes for years before he succeeded in flying at all. He spent one million five hundred thousand francs in experiments. This is said to have included the most of his wife's dot. But she was as game as he, and told him to go ahead. Finally, June 29, 1908, he flew one hundred yards in a monoplane. Almost a year later, June 25, 1909, he won world fame by making the first flight across the English Channel. By this flight he won a prize of five thousand dollars offered by the London Daily Mail to encourage aviation among Englishmen. This and the second prize of five thousand dollars for speed at the first Rheims meeting are the only prizes of moment that he has won. But his flying engagements in the meantime have netted him roughly twenty-five thousand dollars.

His greatest profits, however, have been in selling his machines. The monoplane is popular in France. Blériot sold them at first for three thousand dollars, but the price was afterward raised to five thousand.

His first flights with the monoplane were made before the necessity of *ailerons* and flexing wings was recognized, and he met with enough accidents to have killed any man not born for another destiny. His machine turned turtle with him several times, and he crashed into banks and did other things of a presumably lethal nature. The first serious hurt he received was when his foot got badly burned with gasoline just before his Channel flight. Then he continued and had a bad fall at Constantinople, where he was giving an exhibition. He was in the hospital for weeks and it was thought at first that he was fatally injured. Since that time, out of deference to his wife's wishes, he has not flown in public.

Rogers' Benefit

TWO chorus girls, living in a New York hotel, awoke about the same time one morning and one of them went to the door to get the morning paper.

"What's the news, Mayme?" asked the one who had remained in bed.

The other glanced at the headlines. "H. H. Rogers is dead," she announced.

"Great Scott!" said the one in bed; "another benefit!"

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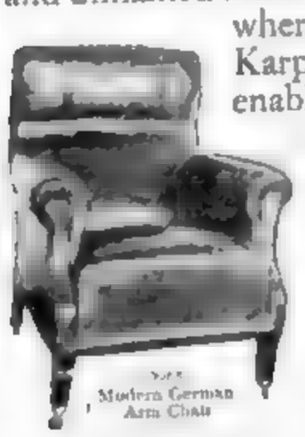

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9511—Mahogany Colonial Suite

THRIFT

Saving on the Table

IN EVERY part of this country there are men who on wages of ten to fifteen dollars a week have brought up families, bought homes and put away a little nest-egg besides.

When the salaried man earning twenty-five to fifty dollars a week hears of such achievements he is inclined to doubt, concluding that the stories are polished up to make interesting reading.

"Why, with the present cost of provisions how can a family on twelve dollars a week get enough to eat?" he asks. "What is there that they can buy that will leave over something for saving?"

Thrift is management, and this problem is naturally solved in many different ways according to the individual. But the twelve-dollar man gets rather more sympathy than he really needs, for with a little care it is possible for him to live well.

Investigation of several hundred two-dollar-a-day families has shown that twenty to twenty-five per cent of the income goes for rent or housing, forty to fifty per cent for food, and the rest for fuel, clothes and sundries.

The biggest margin for saving is rent, as the experience of a pulp-mill hand getting two dollars a day demonstrates. For several years after marriage he paid thirteen dollars a month rent. Overtime work brought him spare money through the year and he put it away until he had three hundred dollars. An old cottage on an ample lot was found for eleven hundred and fifty dollars. He paid two hundred and fifty dollars cash, got a building society loan for seven hundred dollars, and borrowed two hundred dollars more of his superintendent on second mortgage. For the society loan he paid seven dollars a month, and to the superintendent one dollar a week out of his wages. Taxes, insurance and water came to about three dollars a month. In a little more than two years the second mortgage was paid off, and then he insured his life for two thousand dollars, paying a premium of a dollar a week. Thus, for about one dollar and a half a month more than his old rent he was putting money into his own property and carrying protection for his family besides.

With a home of this sort a garden can always be utilized to reduce the cost of food. Green vegetables are in season several months, while potatoes, cabbage, turnips, squash and the like can be stored for winter. Poultry and eggs cut meat bills and bring pin money too. A little pig, bought in the spring for three dollars and fattened on waste and some grain, is put down for winter by many a family.

Foods That are Never High

Cost of living is very often greatly exaggerated. Because steak and chops have risen, the salaried economist asks despondently: "What on earth can we eat?"

The wife of many a two-dollar-a-day man, however, could tell him in a way to make his mouth water. Soup-bones, boiling meats and sausage are within the means of the family that can spend seventy-five cents a day on table. So are canned cornbeef, canned salmon, salt mackerel, herrings, codfish, finnan haddie. Fresh fish is cheaper than meat in most localities. Buckwheat flour at five cents a pound, or self-raising pancake flour at six cents, made into griddle cakes, goes well with corn syrup at ten cents a quart. Cornmeal and rice at eight cents a pound, noodles and spaghetti at ten cents, split peas, dried beans and lentils at ten cents, oatmeal, hominy, cracked wheat, grits, farina and similar cereals at five to eight cents a pound, furnish heaping value in nourishment, and wide variety in diet. Milk at seven to ten cents a quart is excellent food. For dessert, at ten to fifteen cents a pound, there are prunes, tapioca, sago, dried apples, peaches and apricots, figs, dates, bananas, canned fruits, wholesome jams and jellies. Prices in most of these foods have remained at reasonable levels, and the market never fails to offer some compensation for high prices, for when pork happens to be dear, potatoes and prunes are probably down. For the family that buys and cooks intelligently the problem is not so much what to eat as where to stop.

During the past eight years a teamster earning two dollars a day in a small city has nearly paid for a fourteen-hundred-dollar house and lot, and his family of five children has not starved. The wife sets four dollars a week as the limit for table expenses, and much is due to her management. The husband works summer nights and mornings in his garden, and they put down ten or twelve bushels of potatoes for winter, with cabbage, onions, beans, and so on. Poultry brings some outside income, besides furnishing eggs and an occasional fowl. A specimen week's table expenditure recently was as follows:

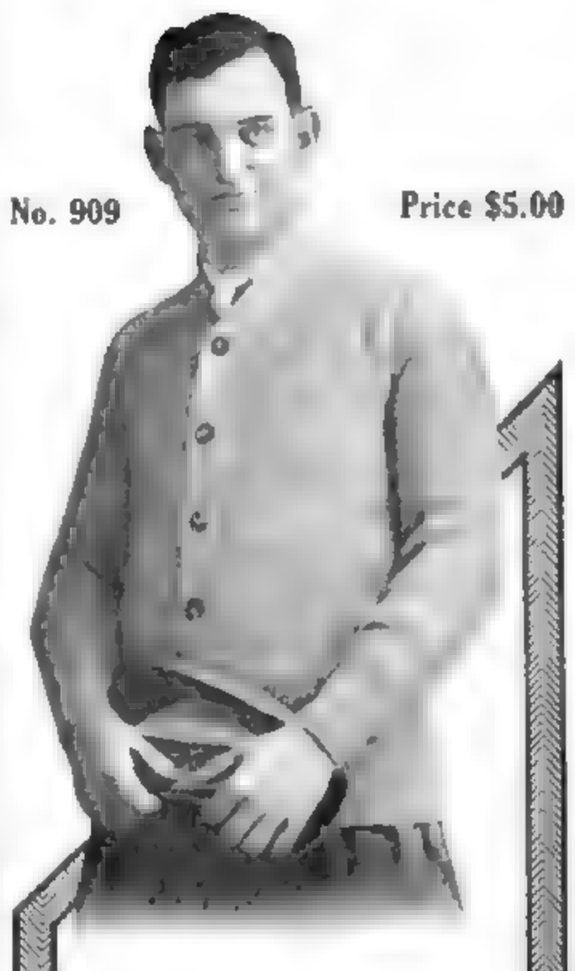
Seventy-five cents spent for fresh meat, chiefly shank of beef, the tender parts being trimmed off for stewing and the rest made into good soup stock; sausage, twenty-eight cents; flour, sixty-five cents; cornmeal, twelve cents; syrup and sugar, thirty-five cents; coffee, eighteen cents; shortening, twelve cents; prunes, twenty-two cents; apples, fifteen cents; jelly, twenty-five cents; one quart milk daily, forty-nine cents; rye bread, thirty cents; total, three dollars and eighty-six cents.

What a Dollar Will Buy

In another home, that of a factory employee who earns fifty dollars a month, the week's wages are divided equally between husband and wife, the man making monthly payments on their home, meeting taxes, insurance and water rate, buying his own clothes and providing a little amusement, while the wife out of her half feeds the family, clothes herself and the four youngsters, and meets school and incidental expenses. Both manage to save at least a dollar a month in cash. The payment on their home is ten dollars a month; taxes, insurance and water, two dollars more; clothing, amusements and sundries, eight dollars additional—leaving the husband a margin of five dollars a month for saving and emergencies. As for the wife, this family likes meat dishes, and she takes advantage of the father's coming home at noon to center her expenditure on the midday meal. Table expenses are lightened with garden truck and poultry, but as an indication of what can be done without the latter this specimen week's meat outlay is given:

On Sunday they had a two-pound can of roast beef, cost thirty cents; on Monday the remnants were made into savory steamed hash, flavored with onions; a two-pound round steak on Tuesday cost twenty-five cents, and the fat trimmings and remnants flavored a big dish of spaghetti cooked in the Italian manner for Wednesday's dinner; Thursday, twenty cents' worth of liver sausage, boiled with cabbage; Friday, a pound of salt pork, cost seventeen cents, fried in rich batter; Saturday, a pound of head-cheese, eleven cents, eaten as a cold meal before they all went berry-picking. Total cost of meat, one dollar and three cents. When the week is started with a chicken for Sunday dinner the remnants are served with plenty of home-made biscuits in the gravy next day, Tuesday's dinner is something like macaroni and cheese, Wednesday's corned beef and cabbage, Thursday's a fine stew, soup or a beef heart cooked tender in a fireless cooker, Friday brings fresh fish, and Saturday something like fried liver, the total meat expenditure for such a week not exceeding eighty or ninety cents, outside of the chicken. This family has meat or its equivalent every day, with steak about once a week, yet its meat bill comes to no more than a dollar weekly. The wife is an excellent cook, a very essential point in economical living, making many tempting dishes of heart, kidney, tripe and other butchers' oddments, as well as utilizing cheap stewing cuts. For breakfast the staple dish is griddle cakes and syrup. At night supper consists of various delicacies in season, being sometimes crackers and milk, or cornmeal mush and milk, or a big shortcake filled with berries or sliced fruit. Economy here is effected to a large degree by home baking.

No. 909 Price $5.00



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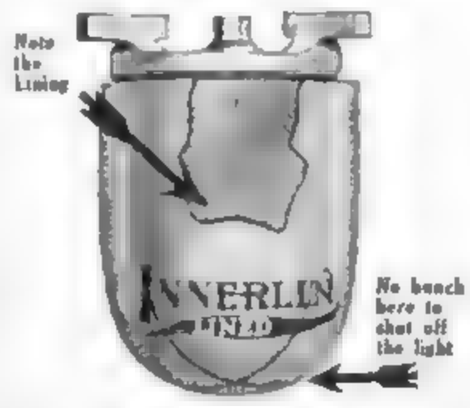

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Forests of the Future

By CLARENCE SMITH

Conservation Work in Michigan

TWENTIETH-CENTURY man is a wonderful institution, able to produce almost anything but life, and at the present rate of progress one hardly dares to say that he will never produce that. There is one form of life, universally held to be very important to the welfare of our great nation, that is fast disappearing under the hand of man—the life of our forests. Up to a few years ago these seemed so boundless that very few people looked ahead to the day when there would be a scarcity of timber; but now, with the wonderful influx of people to this country and the resulting increased demand for it, lumber has become so scarce and the price so high that the country is alarmed, and the United States Bureau of Agriculture, through the forestry service, and the several states that are timber producers are spending millions annually to reforest their lands and to preserve the growing timber.

With the advent of concrete construction it was argued that that form of building would do away with the use of so much timber that it would greatly lessen the demand made on our forests; but the people who argued that way were about as near right as the wise ones who said that automobiles would make horses a drug on the market—lumber and horses are both bringing very high prices for "has-beens."

Fire and waste have always been the greatest enemies of our forests. With lumber at its present price, the waste is to a great extent eliminated; but the fire is still doing its awful work, and will continue to do it until adequate laws are made and enforced in all the timbered states. Fifteen years ago it did not pay to cut any but the best and largest trees, and when these were taken out the tops, branches and broken-down saplings were all left on the ground wherever they fell. The small timber was left, amid all this refuse, to grow to a size that would warrant cutting—how much of it ever was cut can be judged by the miles of blackened stumps and charred sticks that can be seen in a day's ride through any timber region. Today it pays to cut any tree that will make any log at all, but even then there are some saplings left to grow if they have a chance. But the same thing happens as formerly—in a year or two the brush is so dry that the whole slashing, as it is called, is burned over and every vestige of life blotted out. If the fire simply went through and cleared up the land it might be considered a benefit, for the land might then be used for farming purposes; but with the fire goes the very life of the land, and the wise farmer does not care to buy land cleared in this way.

The Unfortunate Finn

There are many laws aimed to prevent forest fires. Settlers, hunters and transients are liable to fines and imprisonment for the careless starting of fires in dry times, and of course the railroads, the butt of all popular legislation, are required to do everything but stop running trains to prevent the evil. In some parts of the country the railroads are required to use oil-burning locomotives in dry times. This, by the way, is the only thing in the world that will absolutely prevent steam locomotives from starting fires. With the tremendous pressure of the exhaust of a hard-working engine, burning coal, some live coals are bound to be forced through any netting of a mesh coarse enough to permit the engine to steam properly. Then, too, railroads are required to clean up their rights-of-way to a reasonable distance on each side of the track; but how useless that seems when the lumbermen who own land along the railroad are permitted to and do pile brush right up against the right-of-way fences, so that if a spark goes a foot off railroad property it finds a tinderbox waiting to receive it.

Someway or other, in most states, the lumbermen seem either to have kept the people ignorant of the actual conditions or else to have been so influential in matters of legislation that they—the very ones who are getting all the benefit of the exorbitant price of lumber—are not required to do one thing or spend one cent for the protection and preservation of our forests.

For the past two years the writer has been connected with the forestry department of Michigan, with the prevention of forest fires as a special object; and after a careful study of all the fires of 1908, 1909 and 1910 in that state it can be said honestly that in no case was any great amount of green timber burned, except where the fires went in through slashings. This, it seems, should be conclusive proof that, supplemental to the laws aimed to prevent the starting of fires, there should be laws just as firm to prevent the spread of fires unavoidably or carelessly set.

The farmers are fast learning how dangerous an enemy fire is, for how many of them during this dry summer have seen not only their crops but their barns and houses as well go up in smoke! A particularly sad case was that of a poor Finnish farmer, who had bought a few acres in a big slashing and sown hay among the stumps for a first crop to keep him going until he could get some land cleared and some buildings up to cover his family and crops. When the hay was just about ready to cut a great fire swept down through the slashing and burned every blade of it. However, there was still a way for him to tide his family over to the next year—hemlock bark would net him nine dollars a cord; he would go into the woods and peel bark. He had worked hard at this for about two months and had what was to him a small fortune piled up in bark, when he received word that fire was coming that way. Borrowing a team, he went in to save his bark; but the fire was there first, and the poor fellow could only stand and watch his second effort go the way the first had gone. What must it mean to a man like that—a stranger in a strange land—to face a winter on a blackened, desolate farm in the coldest part of Michigan!

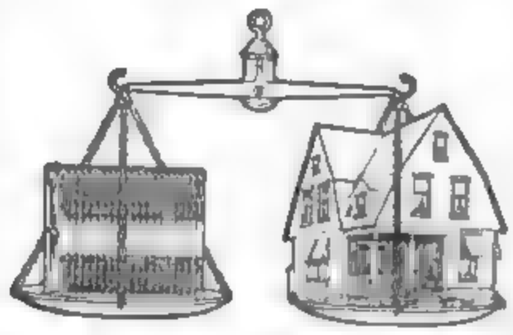
Protection From Fire

It is to the farmer's advantage to be careful with fire, because his crops are at stake; it is to the hunter's advantage to be careful, because fire will drive out the game; and most of all it is to the railroad company's advantage, because fire along the road means not only the destruction of what would some day be freight for it to haul, but also the payment in big shining dollars of damage claims that run into enormous figures. A fire claim and a farmer jury make a bad combination for a railroad company, as any fire that starts within the sound of a locomotive whistle is easily shown to have been set by the locomotive. For this reason most of the big roads are really very careful to comply with the law, and it is a fact that the worst offenders are usually lumber companies who own little roads used solely for lumbering purposes.

I am not trying to take upon myself any of the burdens of the railroad companies—the laws governing them in regard to fire are, if anything, not strict enough. For instance, there should be laws requiring them to equip all locomotives with fire-fighting apparatus, and to patrol dangerous places in dry times. But I do say that all the laws are useless so long as the one requiring the piling and burning of brush and tops during or immediately following lumbering operations is left off the statute-books. It would seem that timberland-holders must have realized years ago what a benefit the cleaning up of the slashings would be to themselves; but to save a little bit for the time being they were all willing to let the future take care of itself.

In Michigan, nothing has ever been done along this line until this year, when two of the largest landowners in the upper peninsula did some experimental work in order to get an idea of the best time and methods, and also of the cost of the work. One of these companies sent men in, during April, May and June, and burned the brush on about one hundred acres that had been cut over during the winter. They would take a

Balanced heating



Unless you continually watch the drafts and dampers of your heater, the building is liable to be overheated in mild weather or underheated on zero days. This means the patience-trying labor of running up and down stairs, to regulate the fire to suit weather changes. The

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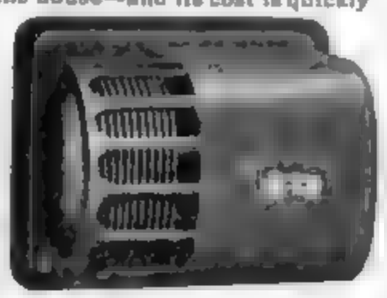

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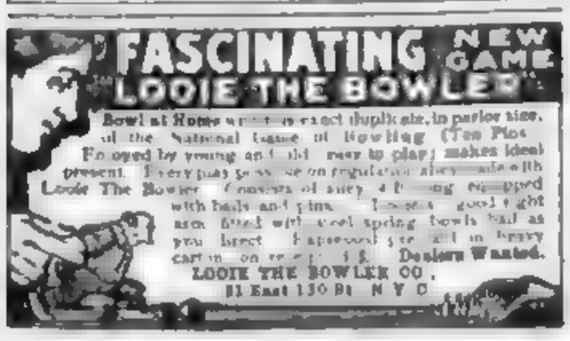

space from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet square, pile the brush in the center and burn it. It was hard, however, to burn it entirely, but it is hoped that this difficulty may be overcome in the future by having the burning done immediately after the logs are skidded out, and by the use of some oil. The cost of burning the brush on this hundred acres was one hundred and seventy-seven dollars, or one dollar and seventy-seven cents an acre. A fairer way to figure the cost, however, is on the amount of timber taken out—in this instance a little over three hundred and forty thousand feet, showing the cost to be about fifty cents a thousand feet. The man who had charge of this work is confident that he will be able to cut the expense down materially next year, but is satisfied that, even at the present cost, the increase in the value of the land and the protection afforded growing timber more than pay for the work.

That the work can be done at less expense was proved by the experiment of the other company. These people burned the brush on two hundred and eighty acres at an expense of two hundred and eighty-nine dollars for labor and twenty-six dollars for oil, an aggregate of three hundred and fifteen dollars, or a little more than a dollar and ten cents an acre. On this tract thirteen hundred thousand feet of timber was cut at an additional expense of twenty-four cents a thousand for burning the brush. The work of cleaning the tract was begun in the latter part of February, just after the skidders were out, but it has been decided to burn right along behind the skidders next winter. This piece of land extends a mile and a quarter along the railroad track, and the fact that there was no fire on it during this terribly dry summer of 1910, though all the surrounding country was afire, speaks well for the results of the work.

A Lumberman's Modest Proposal

One owner of thousands of acres of timberland in Michigan and many more thousands in the Far West, when asked what he thought of cleaning up the cutover lands, said that the work should surely be done, but that the United States or the state should stand the expense. He estimated that it would cost him more than fifteen thousand dollars a year on the amount of lumbering he does, and, though he admitted that it would be worth more than that to the land, he said that his heirs, and not himself, would reap the benefit—rather a selfish view, inasmuch as he will never live to spend half of what he has now. At any rate, one might ask, why should the Government pay to make the legacy a valuable one? The fact that there is no cutover land near his holdings in the West gives this man so much confidence that he does not even go to the expense of stationing men there to guard against fire; but when the fire gets into cutover lands near his holdings in Michigan all the men he can send against it are powerless.

Under the pretense of fostering reforestation and forest reservation in Michigan, a still more selfish lumberman of the state introduced in the legislature of 1909 a bill to authorize private forest reserves, which were to be exempt from all state and county taxes, and in the protection of which the state's and counties' money was to be used. The state and counties, however, were to have no interest in the timber when it was cut. It was found that this man had his own interest rather than that of the public at heart, being the possessor of about ninety thousand acres of timberland in the upper peninsula, on which he could sit and watch the dollars grow without paying a cent of taxes, while some poor farmer with forty acres had to dig to make up for it.

It is impossible to estimate the damage done by fires in cutover lands—the loss to the soil cannot be figured in dollars and cents, and no one knows just what the timber might some time amount to. But we do know that the timber can be used for pulpwood if it is never good for anything else. With some of the biggest timberowners beginning to feel that they can spend a little money to stop the spread of forest fires, it seems that laws could now be passed requiring this work to be done. True, it is a little late to start now; but there are more forests in this big land of ours than most people have any idea of, and the lumbermen are getting enough out of them to make them able to contribute at least this much to the welfare of posterity.

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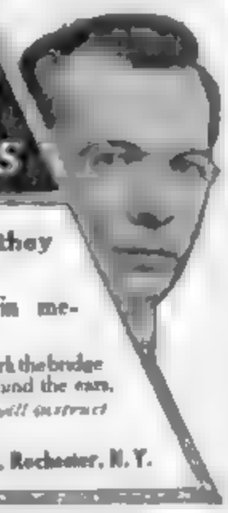

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Good commissions for live men. Write ORDER OF OWLS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

LORD STRANLEIGH, PHILANTHROPIST

(Continued from Page 22)

"Pardon me if I consider you a lot of mugs, which is a phrase I heard used by one of you regarding the authorities here. I confess I thought I'd find one, at least, among the forty who would, as time went on, make some remark more worth listening to than the braying of a donkey; but I admit that you don't interest me, and I care not a copper—don't start; I'm making no reference to the police—whether you're regenerated or not. As it is impossible for me to describe adequately my contempt for you, I shall give up trying. It is possible that if you'd been taken young, say between the ages of six and ten, something might have been made of you; and I believe any hopeful Government that addresses itself to this question will abandon the bettering of such incompetents.

"Now, Blake," continued Stranleigh, "did you put the pound a day in envelopes as I ordered?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then it would be rather a pity to tear them all open again, and since I've had the pleasure of telling these gentlemen what I think of them I propose that we leave their compensation at the figure I first intended. You'd better go now."

Blake, rising, took with him a stout, well-filled handbag and disappeared. A moment later the purr of a departing automobile was heard.

"Now, gentlemen, a very few words more, and I bespeak your serious attention. Within an hour you will be in possession of more money than any of you ever received at one time. It is perhaps foolish to make this donation, which every man before me knows he does not deserve, but if it enables you to get jobs I shall be very glad. It will doubtless lead some of you a little faster on the road to destruction. That I cannot prevent, but I give you a final warning. The road from here to the station is direct. A fast walker may do the trick in thirty-seven minutes. Blake knows the moment at which you will start from this building and will wait at the station for a quarter of an hour after you are due there. He will hand to each man his packet, which contains five-pound notes and some gold; therefore, if you want the money you have no time to lose. We are connected by telephone with the station; so, if you do any damage before leaving, as you threatened Mr. Crane, you will pay very dearly for it, and you won't have time to make any depredations on the road." Stranleigh pulled out his watch. "The footrace will begin two minutes from now."

Every man sprang to his feet, and there seemed the likelihood of a stampede, but Stranleigh held up his hand.

"It is useless attempting to leave prematurely. The doors are locked, and you cannot break them down in two minutes, but even if you did I'd telephone to Blake and he and the money would vanish. The doors are to be opened at the exact moment by my friend the gardener, and I am sure he will watch your retreat with more joy than if he were witnessing the most exciting of Marathon races."

The gardener rose and went to the door.

"I say, mates," shouted Harrison, "three cheers for his ludship!"

As the cheers ceased, a rattling of chains betokened the opening of a door, and the crowd surged forward.

"Wait a bit, lads. Three more cheers for Longbeard and the gardener!"

These were given as Stillson Crane's head sank in his hands.

"And now, you scum of the earth," roared Harrison, "get in line! No man move till I give the word." The men obeyed him.

"One, two, three—go!" cried Harrison, and away they went in a body, never noticing there were no police outside.

"By George!" said Stranleigh. "I am still in doubt about those men."

"It needs one of themselves," said Crane, "like that man Harrison. He should have been superintendent."

"No one could have done his duty better than you, Mr. Crane," said Stranleigh, placing his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his former manager.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories of the good intentions of Young Lord Stranleigh. The sixth and last will appear in an early issue.

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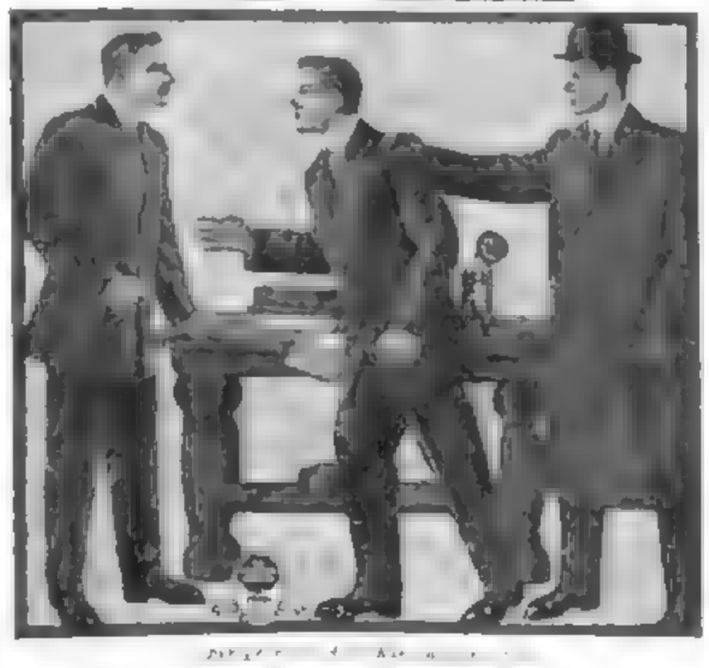

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ONE WAY OUT

(Continued from Page 10)

chief function was just that—being a man to his own good woman. We looked for a moment into each other's eyes. Then the same question was born to both of us in a moment.

"What of the boy?"

It was a more serious question to her, I think, than it was to me. I knew that the sons of other fathers and mothers had wrestled with that life and come out strong. There were Murphy's boys, for instance. Of course the life would be new to my boy, but the keen competition ought to drive him to his best. His present life was not doing that. As for the coarser details from which he had been so sheltered—well, a man has to learn sooner or later, and I wasn't sure but what it was better for him to learn at an age when such things would offer no real temptations. With Ruth back of him I didn't worry much about that. Besides, the boy had let drop a phrase or two that made me suspect that even among his present associates that same ground was being explored.

"Ruth," I said, "I'm not worrying about Dick."

"He has been kept so fresh," she murmured.

"It isn't the fresh things that keep longest," I said.

"That's true, Billy," she answered.

Then she thought a moment, and as though with new inspiration answered me again with that same tender, primitive expression:

"I don't fear for my man-child."

When the boy came home from school that night I had a long talk with him. I told him frankly how I had been forced out of my position, how I had tried for another, how at length I had resolved to go pioneering just as his great-grandfather had done among the Indians. As I thought, the naked adventure of it appealed to him. That was all I wished; it was enough to work on.

A Job at Last

The next day I found a second-hand furniture dealer and made as good a bargain with him as I could for the contents of the house. We saved nothing but the sheer essentials for light housekeeping: kitchen utensils, dishes enough for the three of us, bed linen, a few pieces of the simplest furniture and a very few personal gimcracks. I saw Ruth swallow hard when the man made his offer. For some two thousand dollars' worth of furniture he bid six hundred dollars. I accepted this without dickering, for the sum was large enough to serve my ends. It would pay off all our debts and leave us a hundred dollars to the good. It was the first time since I was married that I was that much ahead.

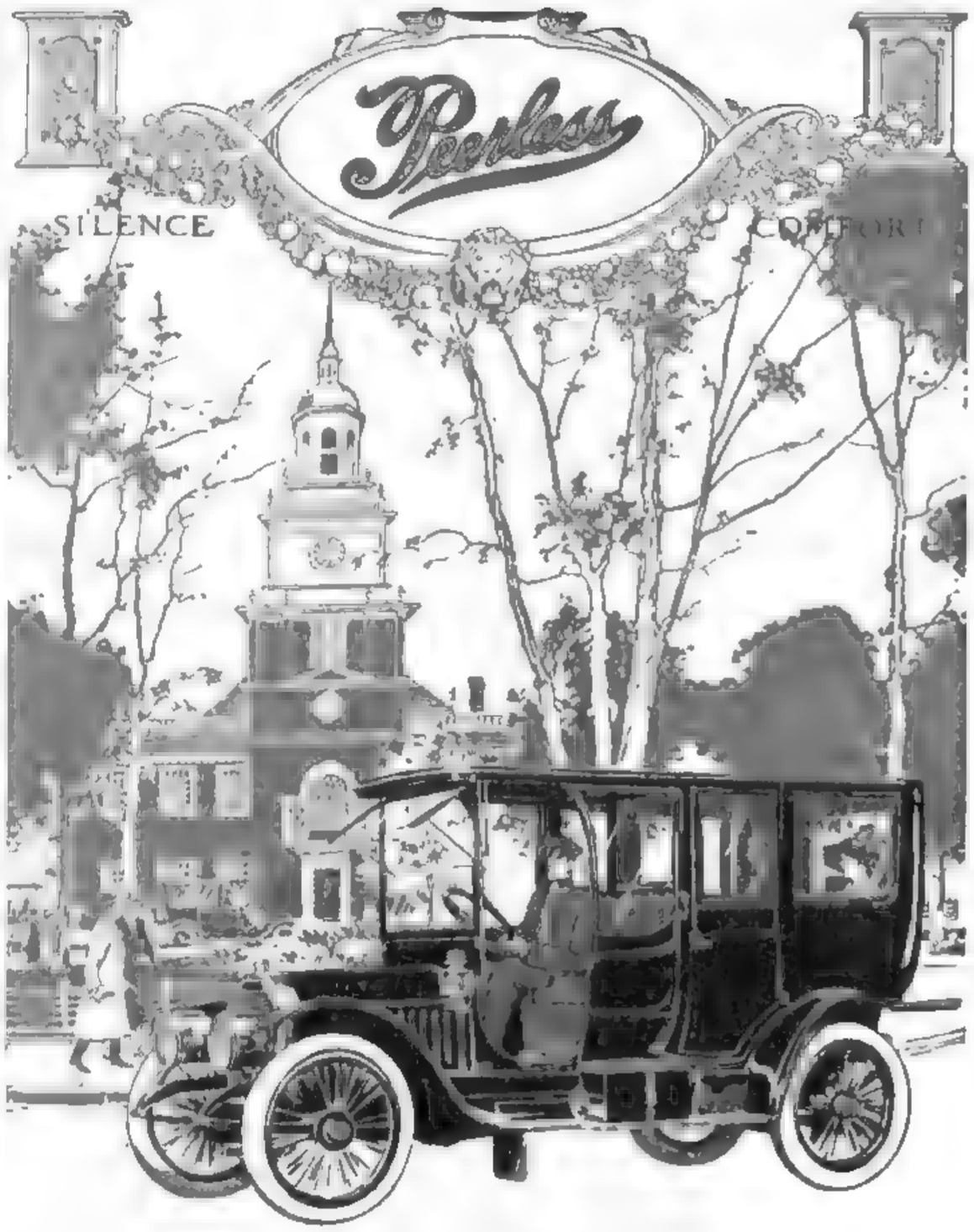
That afternoon I hired of Murphy the top tenement in his new house. It consisted of four rooms, and I paid him three dollars a week. But that wasn't all I accomplished that day. Dressed in a pair of new overalls I presented myself at the office of a contractor's agent. In ten minutes I had secured a job at a dollar and a half a day. I was to join the subway gang the next Monday as a common laborer. Nine dollars a week for a nine-hour day! It seemed like a fortune. Taking out the rent this left me six dollars for food. There was no need of going hungry on that.

I came back jubilant. Ruth at first took the prospect of my digging in a ditch a bit hard, but that was only because she contrasted it with my former genteel employment.

"Why, girl," I explained, "it's no more than I should have to do if we took a homestead out West. I'd as soon dig in Massachusetts as Montana."

She felt of my arm. It's a big arm. Then she smiled. It was the last time she mentioned the subject.

The neighbors showed some interest in our departure, but more in our destination. To all their inquiries I made the same reply: that I was going to emigrate. The result was that I was variously credited with having lost my reason, with having inherited a fortune, with having gambled in the market, with, thrown in for full measure, a darker hint about having misappropriated funds of the United Woolen. But somehow even their nastiest



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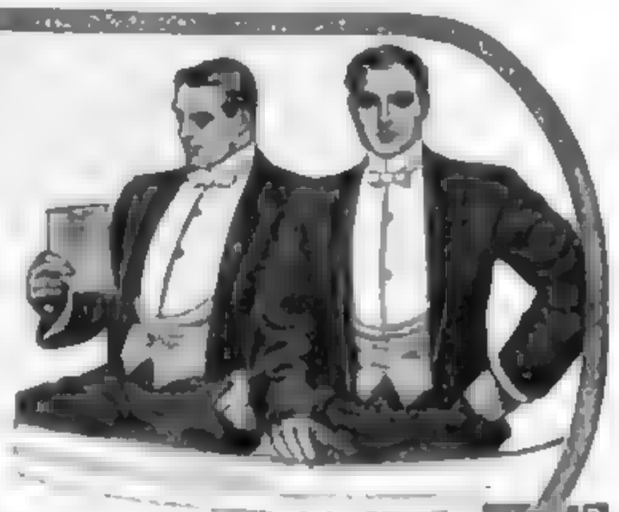

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gossip did not disturb me. It had no power to harm either me or mine. I was already beyond their reach. Before I left I wished them all Godspeed on the dainty journey they were making in their cockleshell. Then so far as they were concerned I dropped off into the sea with my wife and boy.

IV

WE WERE lucky in getting into a new tenement and lucky in securing the top floor. This gave us easy access to the flat roof five stories above the street. From here we not only had a magnificent view of the harbor, but even on the hottest days felt something of a sea breeze. Coming down here in June we appreciated that before the summer was over.

The street was located half a dozen blocks from the waterfront and was inhabited almost wholly by Italians, save for a Frenchman on the corner who ran a baker shop. The street itself was narrow and dirty enough, but it opened into a public square that was decidedly picturesque. This was surrounded by tiny shops and foreign banks, and was always alive with color and incident. The vegetables displayed on the sidewalk stands, the quick hues of the women's gowns, the gaudy kerchiefs of the men, gave it a kaleidoscopic effect that was as fascinating as a trip abroad. The section was known as Little Italy, and so far as we were concerned was as interesting as Italy itself.

There were four other families in the house, but the only things we used in common were the narrow iron stairway leading upstairs and the roof. The other tenants, however, seldom used the latter at all except to hang out their occasional washings. For the first month or so we saw little of these people. We were far too busy to make overtures, and as for them they let us severely alone. They were not noisy, and except for a sick baby on the third floor we heard little of them above the clamor of the street below.

Turning Over a New Leaf

We had four rooms. The front room we gave to the boy, the next room we ourselves occupied, the third room we used for a sitting and dining room, while the fourth was a small kitchen with running water. As compared with our house the quarters at first seemed cramped, but we cut down our furniture to what was absolutely essential, and as soon as our eyes ceased making the comparison we were surprised to find how comfortable we were. In the dining room, for instance, we had nothing but three chairs, a folding table and a closet for the dishes. Lounging chairs and so forth we did away with altogether. Nor was there any need of making provision for possible guests. Here throughout the whole house was the greatest saving. I took a fierce pleasure at first in thus caring for my own alone.

The boy's room contained a cot, a chair, a rug and a few of his personal treasures; our own room contained just the bed, chair and washstand. Ruth added a few touches with pictures and odds and ends that took off the bare aspect without cluttering up. In two weeks these scant quarters were every whit as much home as our tidy little house had been. That was Ruth's part in it. She'd make a home out of a prison.

On the second day we were fairly settled, and that night after the boy had gone to bed Ruth sat down at my side with a pad and pencil in her hand.

"Billy," she said, "there's one thing we're going to do in this new beginning: we're going to save—if it's only ten cents a week."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"I'm afraid you can't until I get a raise," I said.

"We tried waiting for raises before," she answered.

"I know, but ——"

"There aren't going to be any buts," she answered decidedly.

"But six dollars a week ——"

"Is six dollars a week," she broke in. "We've got to live on five-fifty, that's all."

"With steak thirty cents a pound?"

"We won't have steak. That's the point. Our neighbors around here don't look starved, and they have larger families than ours. And they don't even buy intelligently."

"How do you know that?"

"I've been watching them at the little stores in the square. They pay there as

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much for half-decayed stuff as they would have to pay for fresh odds and ends at the big market."

She rested her pad upon her knee.

"Now in the first place, Billy, we're going to live much more simply. We must have good milk—that you can get somewhere uptown for me every night. I don't like the looks of the milk around here. That will be eight cents a day."

"Better have two quarts," I suggested

She thought a moment.

"Yes," she agreed, "two quarts, because that's going to be the basis of our food. That's a dollar twelve cents a week."

She made up a little face at this. I smiled grandly.

"Now, Billy," she went on, "we must get our oatmeal in bulk. I've priced it and it's only a little over three cents a pound."

"And the other?" I asked.

"About twelve," she answered. "That's the proportion by which I expect to cut down everything. But you'll have to do without cream, Billy. We'll have boiled milk instead. And instead of steak we'll have meat that we can make into stews, and instead of pies and cake we'll have nourishing puddings of cornstarch and rice. There's another good point—rice. We'll eat a lot of that. It's hearty and nourishing, and for fifty cents we can get enough to last all summer, having it every day. Then there's cheap fish, rock cod and such, that I can make good chowders of or fry in pork fat the way we fixed the trout and bass at home. Then there are baked beans. We'll have those at least twice a week in the wintertime and once in the summer. But mostly this summer we'll live on vegetables. I can get them fresh at the market."

"It sounds good," I said.

"Just you wait," she cried excitedly. "I'll fatten up both you and the boy."

"And yourself, little woman," I reminded her. "I'm not going to take the saving out of you."

"Don't you worry about me," she answered. "It will be easier than the other life."

The rest of the week I took as a sort of vacation, and with the boy we made a round of the markets every day and along the waterfront, where we found we could get fish right from the boats at almost wholesale prices, and in and out of the little shops about the square, learning the cleanest and cheapest places to buy. We were surprised at the difference in prices.

How the Boy Was Made Comfortable

The boy was delighted with the adventure, but I saw that I must furnish him with something definite to do during the summer months before school opened. I found just what I wanted in the Y. M. C. A. I enrolled him in a summer course in Latin, in which he was a bit deficient, and made up for this by starting him in the gymnasium classes. Here for a small sum he had the advantage of a good building to loaf in, with plenty of reading matter, decent companions and as much exercise as was good for him. Moreover, within a few hundred yards of the house, on the waterfront, there was a small park with public baths, and I soon made it a practice after returning from work to go down there with him and have a swim in the ocean before supper. To me it was a veritable luxury. If I had been worth a million I couldn't have had a more refreshing or delightful privilege, and here the city gave it me for nothing.

The evenings both the boy and I devoted to Ruth. Sometimes we visited another park along the river bank, which was always cool and beautiful with its green grass and shrubbery, and sometimes we went up on the roof and gazed at the harbor lights, and sometimes we took a car to one of the neighboring beaches. But that was later. I am running ahead of my new life.

On the Monday following our arrival in our new quarters I rose at five-thirty—which was no earlier than I was accustomed to rise in my old life—in order to catch the six-thirty suburban train, donned my overalls and had breakfast. I had a large bowl of oatmeal, a generous supply of flapjacks made of some milk that had soured, sprinkled with molasses, and a cup of hot black coffee. For lunch Ruth had packed my box with cold cream-of-tartar biscuit, well buttered, a bit of cheese, a little bowl of rice pudding, two hard-boiled eggs and a pint bottle of cold coffee. I kissed her goodby and started out on foot for the street where I was to take up my work. The foreman demanded my name, registered me, told me where to find a shovel and assigned me to a gang under another foreman. At seven o'clock I took my place with a dozen Italians and began to shovel. My muscles were decidedly flabby, and by noon I began to find it hard work. I was glad to stop and eat my lunch. I couldn't remember a meal in five years that tasted as good as that did. My companions watched me curiously—perhaps a bit suspiciously—but they chattered in a foreign tongue among themselves and rather shied away from me. On that first day I made up my mind to one thing—I would learn Italian before the year was done, and know something more about these people and their ways. They were the key to the contractor's problem and it would pay a man to know how to handle them. As I watched the boss over us that day it did not seem to me that he understood very well.

The End of the First Day

From one to five the work became an increasing strain. Even with my athletic training I wasn't used to such a prolonged test of one set of muscles. My legs became heavy, my back ached, and my shoulders finally refused to obey me except under the sheer command of my will. I knew, however, that time would remedy this. I might be sore and lame for a day or two, but I had twice the natural strength of these short, close-knit foreigners. The excitement and novelty of the employment helped me through those first few days. I felt the joy of the pioneer—felt the sweet sense of delving in the mother earth. It touched in me some responsive chord that harked back to my ancestors who broke the rocky soil of New England. Of the life of my fellows bustling by on the earth-crust overhead—those fellows of whom so lately I had been one—I was not at all conscious. I might have been at work on some new planet for all they touched my new life. I could see them peering over the wooden rail around our excavation as they stopped to stare down at us, but I did not connect them with myself. And yet I felt closer to this old city than ever before. I thrilled with the joy of the constructor, the builder, even in this humble capacity. I felt superior to those for whom I was building. In a coarse way I suppose it was a reflection of some artistic sense—something akin to the creative impulse. I can say truthfully that at the end of that first day I came home—begrimed and sore as I was—with a sense of fuller life than so far I had ever experienced.

I found Ruth waiting for me with some anxiety. She came into my soil-stained arms as eagerly as a bride. It was good. It took all the soreness out of me. Before supper I took the boy and we went down to the public baths on the waterfront and there I dived and splashed and swam like a young whale. The sting of the cold salt water was all the further balm I needed. I came out tingling and fit right then for another nine-hour day. But when I came back I threatened our first week's savings at the supper-table. Ruth had made more hot griddle-cakes and I kept her at the stove until I was ashamed to do it longer. The boy too, after his plunge, showed a better appetite than for weeks.

V

ON SATURDAY night of that first week I came home with nine dollars in my pocket. I'll never be prouder again than I was when I handed them over to Ruth. And Ruth will never again be prouder than she was when, after she had laid aside three of them for the rent and five for current expenses, she picked out a one-dollar bill and, crossing the room, placed it in the ginger jar. This was a little blue affair in which we had always dropped what pennies and nickels we could spare.

"There's our nest-egg," she announced.

"You don't mean to tell me you're that much ahead of the game the first week?"

"Look here, Billy," she answered.

She brought out an itemized list of every identical thing she had bought from Monday to Monday, including Sunday's dinner. We were using a kerosene stove and she had even included the cost of oil. The total amounted to four dollars and sixty-eight cents, which left, as she explained, twenty-two cents for general wear and tear. It didn't sound possible, but it was

(Continued on Page 45)

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but they're *Thoroughly Inspected*

TWO cars a day is not much of an output compared with that of the twenty-thousand-a-year factories—*but that's a good reason why you ought to investigate the* OhiO *before you buy.*

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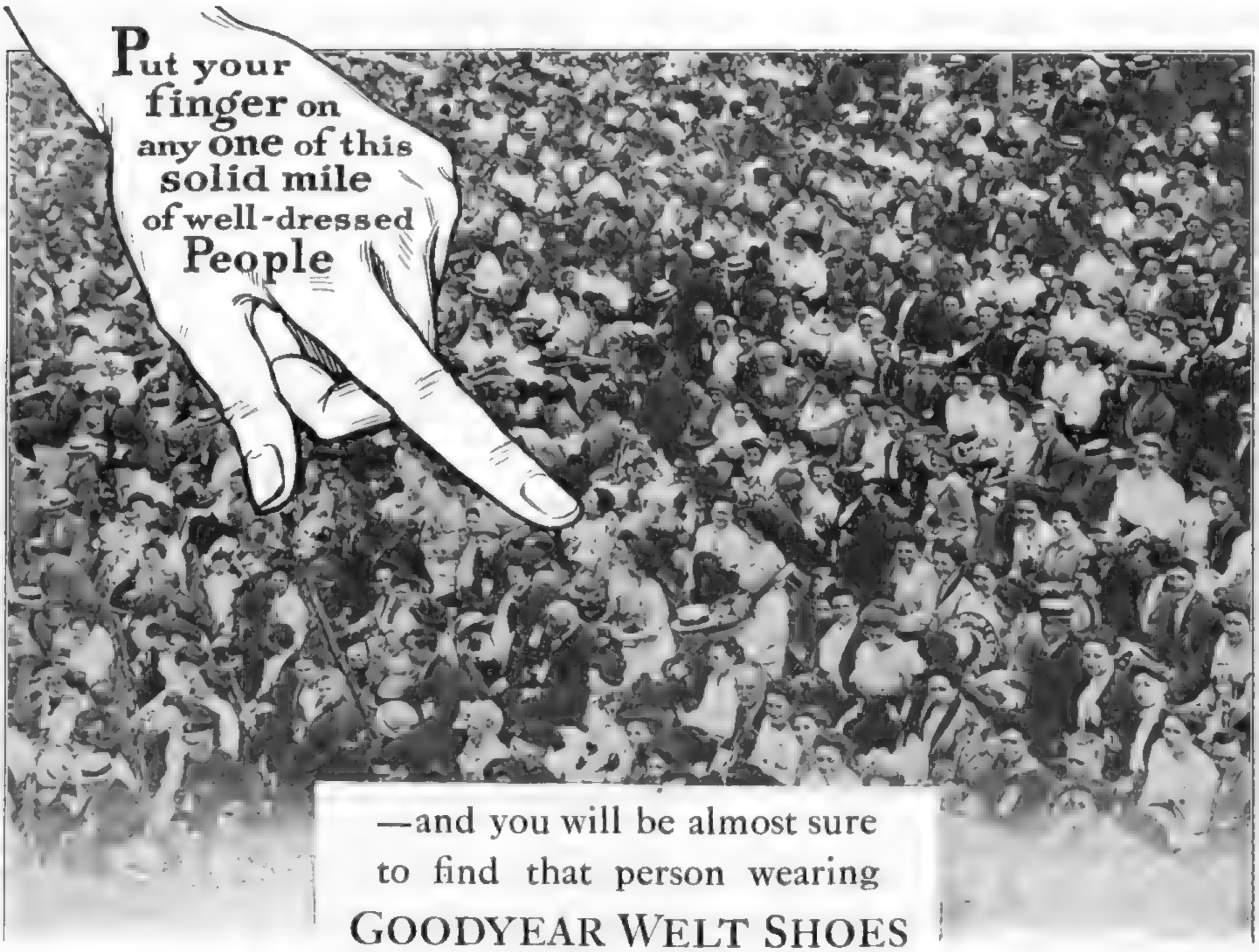

—and you will be almost sure to find that person wearing

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Ask the shoe-salesman if the shoes he offers you are GOODYEAR WELTS—and remember that no matter where they are sold, or under what name, every really good Welt shoe for man or woman is a

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The U. S. Government, since their initial order in 1898, has bought many million square feet of NEPONSET Roofings.

If you are building a residence, whether large or small, town or country, the use of NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper will save you many dollars, add many years to the life of your home, and make it healthy. It keeps out cold, dampness and draughts so that with one-third less fuel your house is always warm, dry and comfortable. It is impervious to moisture, which soon rots the ordinary porous paper.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper lasts as long as the walls last. The cost is a trifle more—the service incomparable. Architects and Engineers for a quarter of a century have specified it.

Prove the truth of our statements. We will show you buildings, near you, roofed with a NEPONSET Roofing. We will refer you to those who have used NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper. Ask their opinion.

NEPONSET Proslate Roofings: For residences and all other buildings requiring an artistic roofing and siding. Rich brown in color. Looks like shingles, wears like slate.

NEPONSET Paroid Roofings: For roofs and sides of farm, industrial and railroad buildings. Slate in color. Has proved its worth in all climates and in length of time. Endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters for its fire-resisting qualities.

You build for the future when you build with

Bird NEPONSET Products

Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers

NEPONSET Florian Sound Deadening Felt: For use in residences under floors, between partitions, and under metal roofs. Based on the dead air cell principle, it is the most effective muffler of sound and absolutely sanitary. It is vermin proof.

NEPONSET Waterdyke Felt: For waterproofing foundations, bridges, tunnels, etc. Used by all the foremost engineers.

For poultry buildings, brooder houses, sheds, and temporary buildings, **Neponset Red Rope Roofing** is unequalled.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper: For use in residences under clapboards and shingles on the walls or under slate, metal, tile and similar roofs.

Bird Neponset Dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

OUR BUILDING COUNSEL DEPARTMENT is placed at the disposal of any one building or repairing. Give us full particulars, and we will gladly give you expert advice on any roofing or waterproofing question.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 1 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.

Established in 1795. Originators of Complete Ready Roofing and Waterproof Building Paper.

New York, Washington, Chicago, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John
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Berry Brothers' Varnishes

FOR ALL KNOWN PURPOSES

FOR FINISHING HOMES AND OTHER BUILDINGS

THE varnishing of your floors, doors and woodwork should receive your personal attention—at least to the extent of selecting the varnish to be used.

By the choice of Berry Brothers' Varnishes you can be sure not only of the satisfactory appearance of the finished surface, but also of the durability and ultimate economy.

You can have absolute confidence in the Berry Label.

BERRY BROTHERS' FOUR LEADING ARCHITECTURAL VARNISHES

Supplying every varnish need for good finishing in homes and other buildings

TRADE MARK **LIQUID GRANITE**

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

WOOD FINISH **LUXEBERRY**

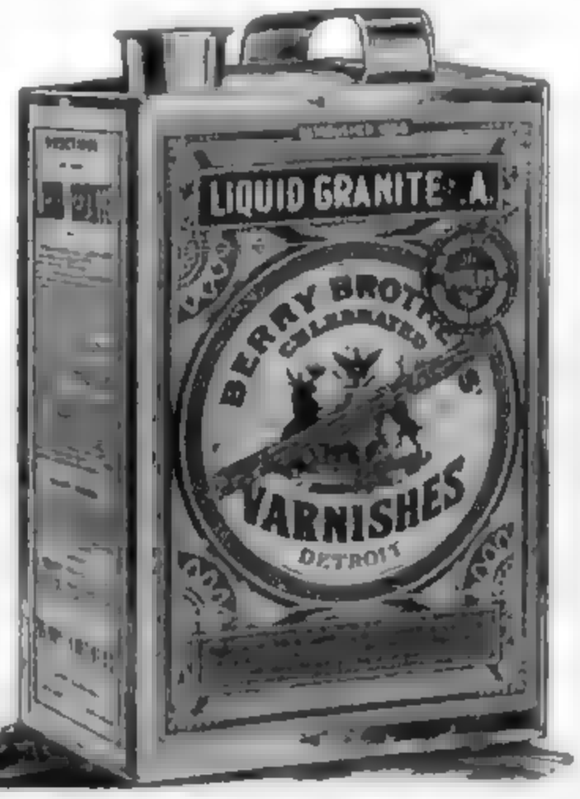
For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window sills and sash, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. Stands hot water, soap, etc.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries without catching the dust and possesses great durability under the most trying weather conditions.



Any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes. Look for the label and insist upon getting it.

Free book for all varnish users: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker" will help to show you why you should take an active interest in the selection of varnishes. Send for a copy

FOR MANUFACTURERS AND OTHER LARGE USERS

WE want to interest men who have never before interested themselves in the purchase of varnish, but whose money is paying the varnish bills. There are many varnish users to whom we can render a valuable service, either by improving the character and quality of their finishing or by reducing the cost of it. They will be well repaid by looking into the subject, personally, if they are among the following—

MEN FOR WHOM BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES ARE MADE

In addition to our Architectural Varnishes we specialize in varnishes, japans, lacquers, etc., for

Agricultural Implement Mfrs.
Wagon Builders
Carriage Builders
Automobile Manufacturers
Furniture Manufacturers
Refrigerator Manufacturers
Piano and Organ Manufacturers
Paint Manufacturers
All users of Baking Japans
All users of Lacquers
Toy Manufacturers
Label Manufacturers
Railway Corporations
Street Railway Corporations
Steamship Owners and Builders
Trunk Manufacturers
and all others who spend money for varnish of any kind.

The Berry Label is the sign of honesty in the can and honest judgment in the buyer. If you see it in your finishing room you can know it has won its place solely on its merits—not through favoritism or for any other reason.

Our special representative will call on any manufacturer interested in better and more economical finishing.

Write us about your varnish problems. It will place you under no obligation and may mean a great deal to you in the end.

At least send for, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker," the book that tells why.

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

Established 1858

LARGEST VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD

Address all Correspondence to DETROIT

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.
Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.
Dealers Everywhere.

Inter-Inter

The New Word

It Means Interchangeable Interiors

THE name describes the basic idea of the most modern and adaptable office Filing Device ever produced—the Macey **Inter-Inter**. But three years on the market, its success was assured from the first, and now every office filing device concern in the country is making an imitation (as near as our patents will permit) which in itself is an endorsement of the fact that the **Inter-Inter** Idea is correct.

The Interchangeable Interior Filing Cabinet Idea allows you to select and arrange a cabinet to suit your exact requirements—it is unnecessary to modify or change your requirements to suit the cabinet. It's a system of interchangeable interior units comprising every modern filing device and a series of outside cabinets leaving open spaces to receive the units. Saves time, money, space and annoyance in any business office.

These cabinets are fully up to the recognized standard of Macey quality in every respect. The beautiful wood, fine finish, superior trimmings, and uniformity of appearance make the **Inter-Inter** the most attractive as well as the most practical office equipment ever devised. Sold by merchants. New 120 page catalogue, No. 4210, sent on request.

The Macey Co.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Macey

This familiar trademark is a guarantee of the superior quality and merit which distinguish our products.

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An Evenings Play will Demonstrate the Elegance and Charm of

CONGRESS CARDS, GOLD EDGES

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LARGE INDEXES - IDEAL FOR BRIDGE

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MOST DURABLE 25¢ CARD MADE

IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

WARM HOUSE before you get up in the morning.

When you fix your fire for the night set the VICTOR FURNACE TENDER to open the draft of your steam, hot-water or hot-air heater one hour before you wish to arise, and dress yourself and baby in a nice warm house

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

$4 cash with order. Express paid east of the Rockies.

VICTOR E. COZINE, 81 Third St., Gloversville, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 42)

a fact. And I still had eighty out of the hundred dollars left over from the old home. I felt like a capitalist.

And this was the germ of a new idea. It is a further confession of a middle-class mind that in coming down here I had not looked forward beyond the immediate present. With the horror of that last week still on me I had considered only the opportunity for earning a livelihood. To be sure I had seen no reason why an intelligent man should not in time be advanced to foreman, and why he should not then be able to save enough to ward off the poorhouse before old age came on. But now—with that first dollar tucked away in the ginger jar—I felt within me the stirring of a new ambition, an ambition born of this quick young country into which I had plunged. Why, in time, should I not become the employer? Why should I not take the initiative in some of these progressive enterprises? Why should I not learn this business of contracting and building and some day contract and build for myself? With that first dollar saved I was already at heart a capitalist.

Getting Used to the New Life

I said nothing of this to Ruth. For six months I let the idea grow. If it did nothing else it added zest to my new work. I shoveled as though I were digging for diamonds. It made me a young man again. It made me a young American again. It brought me out of bed every morning with visions; it sent me to sleep at night with dreams. I found that even in so humble an occupation as digging in a ditch there was freer play for the intellect than in merely adding figures. There is something to be learned in how to handle a shovel with the largest return for the least outlay of strength; there is some chance for skill in the handling of a big boulder in the path; in directing the efforts of half a dozen men with crowbars. I found myself assuming a sort of leadership among my fellow-workers. I did this unobtrusively, for I realized that it would not do to excite the jealousy of the bullying boss over us. But many a time I succeeded in quietly calming the men when, harried by foul oaths and stinging patois, they were upon the point of rebellion, or when, under the excitement of the moment, they wasted their efforts in frightened endeavor. The foreman was skillful in a good many ways, but he did not know how to handle his men. He wasted their strength, wasted their good will. In spite of all the control I exercised over myself some nights I have realized that half my strength had during the day gone for nothing. But again I'm running ahead of my actual experience. I laid myself out to get acquainted with this race; to learn their little peculiarities, their standards of justice, their ambitions, their weakness and strength.

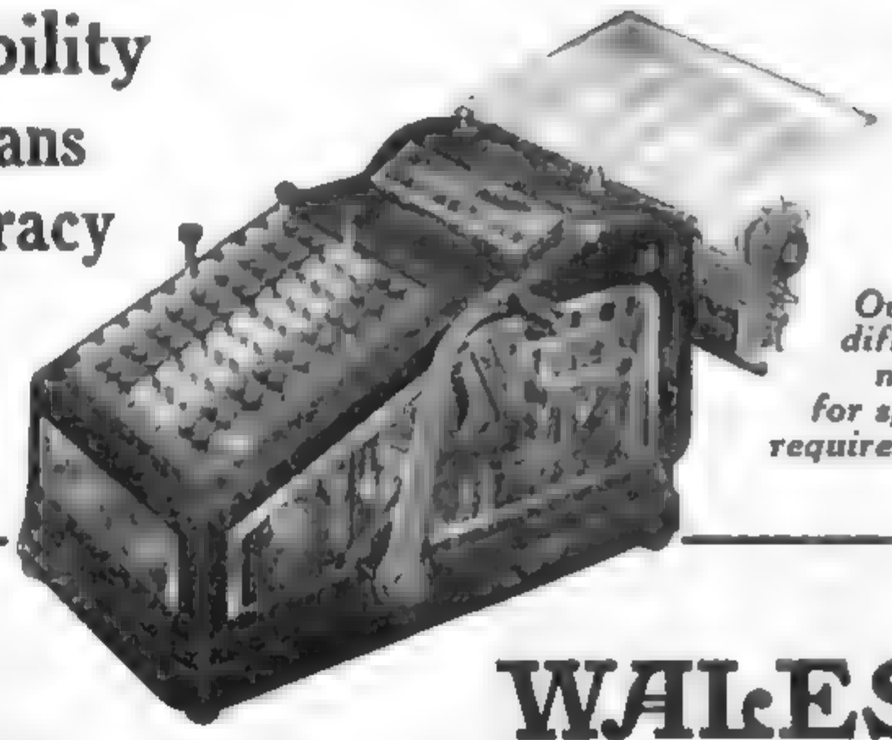
In the meanwhile affairs at home went smoothly. There wasn't a week when Ruth didn't save her dollar, and sometimes more. The change, instead of dragging her down, brightened her wonderfully. It enlarged her field of human interests. She was a great deal with the boy, this summer, and the improvement in him was marked. The gymnasium work, with the frequent excursions of the class to the beach or the country—the expense of these jaunts was extremely small—had filled him out. The competition with youngsters with lesser advantages in their studies than he had had spurred him on. The street life quickened his imagination, broadened his sympathies.

Ruth had made herself acquainted with the other people in the tenement, and I could see that her influence was spreading down the whole street. The district nurse was quick to find her out and appoint her an unofficial mother for the neighborhood. If a baby became suddenly ill; if hunger pressed hard; if the rent collector threatened, it was Mrs. Carleton who was sent for. It was wonderful how quickly these people discovered the sweet qualities in her that had passed all unnoticed in the old life. It made me very proud.

Early in the summer I had arranged a small canopy on the roof and Ruth had bought a few plants to decorate our miniature roof garden. Here we used to sit on fair summer evenings, with the city and the harbor spread out at our feet and overhead the same clean stars that shone above the woods and mountaintops. It was wonderful to watch the scudding ship

Visibility Means Accuracy

Printing and Totals in Same Line of Vision



Over 30 different models for special requirements

TOTALS correct the first time—no need of checking and rechecking the items listed! All because everything is right before your eyes—printing and totals in same line of vision—all figures big and easily seen.

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

That is why an operator can do more accurate work at 25% greater speed on the WALES Visible. That is why 97% of our sales are made after competitive tests.

Visibility is only one valuable feature of the WALES Visible. With the Non-add and Non-print keys you can print items without adding to the total, or add without printing. The flexible keyboard makes correction of errors quick as thought. The "clear" signal is absolutely automatic.

A 5-Year Repair Guarantee

supports our belief in WALES construction. The WALES is the only adding machine with a 5-year guarantee. Why buy a machine with a 1-year guarantee when the WALES gives you five times more protection? Ask about our 30-day free trial.

Sign the coupon and learn more about the WALES.

An important decision was recently handed down by the Supreme Court, sustaining the position of the Wilkes-Barre stockholders in protecting the WALES against "trust" acquisition.

The Adder Machine Company

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

AGENTS IN ALL LEADING CITIES.

THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Please send me booklet describing in detail the construction and features of the WALES Visible.

Name _____

Address _____

THE "WEEKLY CATALOG" OF THE

RALSTON

IF you want something better for a winter shoe than you ever had before, irrespective of price, look up the Ralston agent in your town and ask him to show you a Ralston.

Black Cresco

This is a new leather to the American public; made from genuine imported French calfskins, and tanned by the famous Creese-Cook process. It is a beautiful, soft, medium-weight calfskin; thoroughly waterproof, yet takes a good polish; and on our new Bull-dog last makes a stylish, dressy shoe that will give unusual service. Some other makers will charge you at least a dollar more for shoes of the same leather. Early and large contracts give you this advantage in buying Ralstons.

$4.
$4.50
$5.00

Style No. 180
Creese & Cook's Black Cresco
New Bull-dog Last
Double Waterproof Sole

Send for Ralston Book, "Authority Styles" Fall and Winter, Free. Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
935 Main Street, Campello (Brockton), Mass.

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ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

THIS SEAL MEANS AN UNHANDLED BRUSH
Kleanwell
THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES
REMEMBER, one shape of toothbrush cannot fit every mouth. Knowing this, we make the Kleanwell in ten shapes. One will exactly fit you. Pick it out. The best brush for the money. The bristles anchored in the back.
SOLD IN A SEALED BOX
The Brisco-Kleanwell Seal on the box and the name on the brush guarantee the genuine. Adults' and children's sizes.
For Sale Everywhere
35 Cents Each
Send 4 cents for Dolly's Kleanwell—a tiny toothbrush.
THIS SEAL MEANS AN UNHAND
Brisco
HAIR BRUSHES
are best for the hair because they reach the scalp. Brushing with a Brisco Brush is better than a hair tonic. This style is No. 2, at $1.50. The name Brisco is on each brush.
ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
84-86 Chambers St., New York

We Own and Offer

$55,000.00 District No. 2179 **7%**

Seattle Improvement Bonds

Date June 27, 1910 Maturity 1920

Approximately $7,100 will be called each year.

Assessed Value of Land Alone	$ 487,580.00
Actual Value of Land Alone, (Assessor's Appraisal)	1,083,510.00
Estimated Value of Buildings, (Our Appraisal)	359,100.00
Total Value of Property	$1,442,610.00

ISSUED FOR STREET PAVING

District lies 2 Blocks from Passenger Stations.
Price 101 and Interest, Netting 6 to 6⅞%

Our operations are confined to the purchase and sale for our own account of municipal and corporation bonds which originate in the Pacific Northwest. Our officers have lived in this section of the country from 5 to 37 years and have been dealing in Interest Bearing Securities from 10 to 30 years.

Write for Booklet "C" "Pacific Northwest Securities."

Jacob Furth. J. K. Struve. J. E. Patrick, Manager. John Davis. W. D. Miller.

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Small Investments

We give special attention to the investment of small sums in securities of reliable corporations.

Carefully prepared analyses of values and other information useful to investors upon request.

Connor & Co.

Established 1881
31 Nassau St., New York
Members New York Stock Exchange

lights on the water, to hear the humming undercurrent of life on the land. I have never felt nearer Nature than I then did. The exercise of the day, the salt bath, and the visions excited by the surrounding rooftops put me in a particularly receptive frame of mind. I was a man and a free man, with twenty years of slavery back of me to make me glad of this.

And Ruth, reading this in my eyes, nestled closer to me, and the boy, with his chin in his hands, stared out to sea and dreamed his own dreams.

VI

THAT fall the boy entered the finest school in the state—the city high school. If he had been worth a million he could have had no better advantages. His associates might have been more carefully selected at some fashionable boys' school, but he would have had no better surroundings, no better instruction, no finer opportunities to prove himself. Moreover, mixed with the worthless, there were in this school the men—the past had proved it—who eventually would become our statesmen, our progressive business men, our lawyers and doctors—if not our conservative bankers. I tried to make the boy see this. I advised him to hunt for them, to make them his friends, and, in order to give fair return for this, find out what he himself could best do in the school life and get into it hard. I wanted him to study, but I also wanted him to test himself in the literary clubs, in the dramatic clubs, in athletics. I wanted him to be one of the active men of his class in the school life. I established it as habit that at suppertime he review for me the happenings of the day. Then both Ruth and I made such corrections and suggestions for improvement as occurred to us. In this way we kept in active touch with him. But the plan itself was again evidence of some new spirit that we were all imbibing down here. Instead of drifting we were setting sail.

Preparations for Better Things

In the mean while I was working steadily at my own plans. I missed no opportunity for learning even the most trivial details of digging ditches. I consorted as much as possible with my fellow-workmen; I watched the foreman closely and picked up a vast deal of information from him; I learned the price of tools, the price of gravel, stone and concrete. After the subway job I was put at work on house foundations and met a new gang of men. So far as it was possible I made it a point to get acquainted with them all. I even took down their names and addresses and made a note of the best workers. I learned the terrible evils of the padrone system, which robs them of half their pay and keeps them for years in a condition of serfdom. I learned where they came from, how they were trapped into the unfair contracts, and how great advantage was taken of their ignorance of the language. There wasn't a scrap of information that I didn't memorize. I worked with my eyes and ears wide open.

In addition to this I bought an Italian grammar and with the aid of a young Italian on the second floor began to pick up the language, helping him in return with his English. This was not all. I tapped new sources of energy. I had now become accustomed to the daily physical exercise and no longer returned home exhausted. The actual manual labor was child's play to me. My muscles had become as hard and tireless as those of a well-trained athlete. Accordingly I looked around for some regular employment for my evenings. I was handicapped by twenty years and couldn't afford to enjoy them with Ruth, much as the privilege meant to me. I found a night public trade school in operation within ten minutes' walk of the house, and at once enrolled in a course in masonry and another in mechanical drawing. These filled up my evenings from eight until ten o'clock. Even this did not take me so much from home as the old employment had done. I still had from five-thirty to quarter of eight at home every night and all of my Sundays. In the old existence there had been many dreary stretches when I didn't get home until midnight, not even for dinner.

In this way my full life sped on from day to day. It was all so vital and joyful that

(Continued on Page 48)

Are You One of the Lucky Five Whose Teeth Are Not Being Destroyed by "Acid Mouth"?

DENTAL statistics tell us that 95 out of every 100 persons have "acid mouth," the *recognized* cause of tooth-decay.

You may be one of the fortunate five, but the *chances are twenty to one against you.*

This acid—formed by the fermentation of food particles—disintegrates the tooth enamel, exposing the dentine (interior structure) to the attack of decay bacteria, and, unless professional aid is resorted to, results in inevitable tooth destruction. This condition is all the more serious, because it gives no warning until *after* the harm is done. As urged by leading dentists everywhere, it may be speedily overcome by the use of

PEBECO
Tooth Paste

We invite you to try it at our expense

Pebeco is more than merely a finely scented saponaceous paste. It is the result of professional research to produce a dentifrice that really *does preserve* teeth, and it does it by getting at and *routing out* the cause of tooth-destruction—abnormal acidity. Seventeen years' use amply proves this.

With this, it strengthens "spongy," bleeding gums and benefits the mucous lining of the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco exerts a special function of whitening the teeth (and does it *harmlessly*); it polishes without destroying the natural surface of the enamel; it is highly antiseptic and deodorant, insuring a germ-free mouth and a sweet, healthy breath. It is sold in every civilized country on the globe.

Ten-day Trial Tube Sent On Request

with the TEST PAPERS, which enable you to determine in a few moments whether you have "acid mouth" or not. Write today.

Pebeco Tooth Paste originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Sold everywhere in large 50c. tubes. You will find it the most refreshing, most *effective* dentifrice you ever used, and very economical as only a small quantity is used at a time.

LEHN & FINK, 106 William Street, New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

Your dealer will supply you with *Duo-Lastic Interlock Rib* or *High Rock Fleece.*

Men who are particular about their underwear buy

Duo-Lastic Union Suits

the minute they see and feel them.

DUO-LASTIC HIGH ROCK INTERLOCK RIB

Every DUO-LASTIC suit is guaranteed to be absolutely true to size. Very light in weight yet very warm and comfortable.

This fabric is most elastic and is knitted by The NEW INTERLOCK STITCH Machines from finest combed Egyptian yarns.

Absolutely comfortable. No binding under the arms or in the crotch. Union Suits, $2; Two piece suits, $1 a garment.

We are also the manufacturers of the famous HIGH ROCK FLEECE-LINED UNDERWEAR, 50c a garment

Let us send you our interesting and instructive booklet—"*Modern* Underwear."

HIGH ROCK KNITTING COMPANY Dept. 2 Philmont, N. Y.

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He thought his new "Stock Suit" looked fine, BUT

– Just then a Tailor-dressed Man Passed by

Some day, in his lifetime, every man finds that the style he wants in his clothes cannot be bought off of a shelf, and wrapped up "ready-blended," like a pound of butter or sugar

—that the frills and filigree he may get with clothes bought in that way do not supplant the missing tailored symmetry and refinement,

—that clothes made to fit standard-sizes do not fit *him;* for standard-size persons, alike in all proportions, exist *nowhere,* save in mythical fashion plates.

Those niceties of fit and finish he has coveted in other men's clothes he finds come only in the suit that is built specifically, with *studied* care, to harmonize with each limb of the body it is to cover.

Real Clothes Economy

It is an injustice to your purse to imagine that you are conserving expenses by avoiding tailored clothes. Even considering tailored clothes, as the high-priced local tailor charges for them, they are still, in the end, the most economical clothes.

The life of a suit or overcoat is not merely a matter of rich material or workmanship. It is equally a matter of fit. And when a coat shoulder is in daily discord with the body beneath it; when there is friction day in and day out between the garment and the man, the strain between limb and cloth must eventually undermine the best workmanship and materials.

So a perfect fitting tailored suit is an economy even when the initial price is high! But when that price is made no higher to you than you pay for the most ordinary stock clothes, when $20, $25, $30 and $35 brings you, through the Royal System, the utmost in custom garment skill—why should any man endure the irritation of misfit stock clothes?

Your local Royal dealer is ready to show you 500 beautiful Fall woolens exclusively Royal and to take your measure by the famous Royal Draft-of-Your-Body-System. Call on him or write us to-day.

SIX BIG FEATURES
of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
•Made To Your Measure
•All Pure Wool
•A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
•100% Process Shrunk
•Cost No More Than Ready Mades
•Six Day Schedule Deliveries

This Guarantee comes but-toned onto the Garment
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it — Not to Pay One Penny

See Tiger Head on this Sample you are shown

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — Over 8,000 Royal Dealers — *President* — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York

Imitations

The most regrettable feature about the many imitations of Old Hampshire Bond is that the firms who buy these imitations are themselves unconscious imitators of the firms who use the real

Old Hampshire Bond

The "feel" and "crackle" of Old Hampshire Bond are unmistakable to the man who has used it once, while the water-mark will identify it to the neophyte.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads, and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. Write for it on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

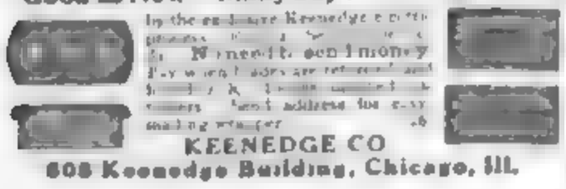
NO METAL can touch you

YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢, 50¢, $1.00. Dealers, or direct upon receipt of price

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago, New York, Toronto, London

Safety Razor Blades 2½c
RESHARPENED
"Good as New—Many Say Better" 2½ EA.



In the enclosure Kenedge sends the blades. If not satisfactory, send money back. If satisfactory, send 25c in stamps for 10 blades. Razors returned and blades sent address for exchanging razor.

KENEDGE CO
608 Kenedge Building, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 46)

I don't know what to leave out. But the point I wish to emphasize is this: that whereas before in my middle-class circle I found no opportunities whatever, I found here more than I could grasp. There were a dozen things in the trade school I wished to study; there was a free course of lectures downtown that I hungered to hear; there was a night school that offered me chances for which I had always longed; there was the Y. M. C. A. with a wide curriculum; there were constant free public entertainments that often offered talent of the highest order; there was a Civic-Service House with still other opportunities—all within easy reach of this so-called slum quarter; all designed for and maintained for this new type of American. Had I had the time I could have heard good music, seen good drama, had access to all the new magazines and books—I could even have cultivated the arts under the best guidance—all free of cost. As it was, Ruth and I made it a point to visit the art galleries at least every other Sunday with the boy. Before this these buildings had been only names to me. None of the middle-class crowd ever visited them except on special occasions. I found them here a significant feature of the life of these people. We had only to follow the crowd to be swept within the doors.

Before the year was out I met the active workers in the Civic Service and Settlement houses and through them came in closer contact with sterling members of the aristocracy of the city—a class of whom before I had only read. I made many real friends in this way—men and women with whom, before, I could not possibly have had anything in common. They gave of their best down here in time, talent, money, pictures, flowers—everything. So, too, did the professional men. I had at my disposal absolutely free of cost the finest lawyers in the city—the highest medical authorities. Hospitals stood open to us that before would have taken a year's salary. With a fortune I could not have had more. But, thank God, we had no need for that especial privilege!

When in the spring I was made foreman, at a wage of two dollars and a half a day, my cup seemed running over.

VII

IF I HAD been making five dollars a day at this time I would not have moved. There was no middle ground between this and an independent fortune that offered me half the advantages. And even the latter could not offer me the same good spirit or half the simple friendships that I was making here. Ruth, the boy and myself now knew genuinely more people than we had ever before known in our lives. And most of them were worth knowing and the others worth the endeavor to make worth knowing. We were all pulling together down here—some harder than others, to be sure, but all with a distinct ambition that was dependent upon nothing but our own efforts.

As foreman of a gang of twenty I had the opportunity to test what I had learned of these people. The result was beyond my expectations. I kept my men in such good spirit and got so much work out of them that almost before I knew it I had a hundred under my personal supervision. It wasn't long before the contractor himself knew about Carleton's gang. Whenever there was a hard, quick job to be done it was Carleton's gang that was sent. I became proud of my men and my reputation. I felt like a captain with a tried and true regiment at his command.

I accomplished this result in two ways: by taking a personal interest in each individual and by adhering strictly to simple, homely justice in my relations with them. I found there was no quality that so appealed to them as this one of justice. By this I mean what Roosevelt has characterized as "a square deal." I never allowed a man to feel abused or bullied; I never gave a stern order without an explanation; I never discharged a man without making him feel guilty. On the other hand I made them act justly toward me and their employer. I taught them that justice must be on both sides. It was remarkably easy with this freedom-loving people. With American-born it was harder.

With my increase in pay we did not increase our living expenses one cent. Ruth was responsible for that. As for myself I was now eager to give her and the

The entire outfit is cleverly arranged in the most attractive case you could ask for; locks by a press button.

There are twelve EVER-READY blades in each Dollar outfit. Twelve blades, mind you, and each blade guaranteed the finest example of the blade maker's art.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1

IF you are a shaving man you are bound to buy the EVER-READY Safety Razor eventually. Over two million users already,—the quicker you join the better off your face, temper and purse. Your dealer will tell you that the EVER-READY is the **best** Safety Razor to buy. Price doesn't make a razor shave,—it's chiefly the blade, and that's where the EVER-READY "has it on them all."

EVER-READY Blades are made of the highest priced steel produced, individually tested with most critical exactness and wrapped in patented protecting package.

Almost every Dealer in the land, Druggists, Hardware, Jewelry, Department Stores, and many in Men's Wear, sell the EVER-READY Safety Razor at $1 complete—with the binding guarantee that the makers will refund the purchase price of $1 without question or quibble, if after a test the user could possibly want his money back. Mail orders filled if not at dealers.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Corner 35th Street and 6th Avenue, New York

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models **$10 to $27**
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Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
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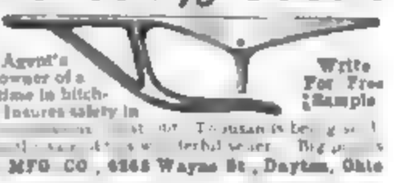

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boy little luxuries, but she would have none of it. Every Saturday night I brought home my fifteen dollars, and she took out three for the rent, five for household expenses, and put seven in the ginger jar. We had one hundred and thirty dollars in the bank before the raise came, and after this it increased rapidly. There wasn't a week we didn't put aside seven dollars, and sometimes eight. The end of my first year as an emigrant found me with the following items to my credit: Ruth, the boy and myself in better health than we had ever been; Ruth's big mother-love finding outlet in the neighborhood; the boy alert and ambitious; myself with the beginning of a good technical education, to say nothing of the rudiments of a new language, with a loyal gang of one hundred men and two hundred dollars in cash.

This inventory does not take into account my new friends, my new mental and spiritual outlook upon life, nor my enhanced self-respect. Such things cannot be calculated.

Once again I am puzzled as to what to leave out of this narrative. There wasn't a day that isn't worth recording. That first year was, of course, the important year—the big year. It proved what could be done, and nothing remained now but the time in which to do it. It established the evident fact that if a raw, uneducated foreigner can come to this country and succeed, a native-born with experience plus intelligence ought to do the same thing more rapidly. But what the native-born must do is to simplify his standard of living, take advantage of the same opportunities, toil with the same spirit, and free himself from the burdensome bonds of caste. The advantage is all with the pioneer, the adventurer, the emigrant. They are the real children of the republic—here in the East, at any rate. Every landing dock is Plymouth Rock to them. They are the real forefathers of the coming century, because they come with all the rugged strength of settlers. They are making their own colonial history.

To record the incidents of the next three years would be only to trace a slow, steady strengthening of my position. The boy succeeded in school beyond my highest expectations. He stood high in his studies, which he now undertook not as a task but as an ambition; he made both the debating team and the baseball team. He had many friends, not only in school but on our street, and he got nothing but good from them. I, in the meanwhile, fitted myself not only to earn a living as a mason, at from three to five dollars a day, had I chosen, but I qualified in a more modest way as a mechanical draftsman. I could speak fluently in Italian with my men. The new friendships became old friendships—both for Ruth and myself. She was known for twenty blocks as "Little Mother."

How Success Came

Not only this, but I had learned thoroughly nearly every side of the contracting business. And that was my goal. I had made myself acquainted with builders throughout the city and had learned where to buy the best and cheapest. I had established a reputation among all the men I had met for sobriety, industry and level-headedness. I can't help smiling as I recall how little that counted for me when I sought work after having left the United Woolen Company. But here it did count; it counted a lot. I realized that when the time came for me to seek credit.

At the end of the second year my pay had been increased to three dollars a day—then to three and a half. Still we did not increase our household expenses, though it did take a few dollars more for the boy. The most of this, however, he earned for himself in the summer months. In all we actually saved some fourteen hundred dollars. I turned this once in a quick real estate deal that increased it to two thousand.

But my greatest capital was the gang of about one hundred picked men, who stood ready to work for me personally in preference to any other man in the city. Not only that, but they could collect two hundred others for me at a day's notice. It was my machine. A body of more loyal or intelligent day laborers could not have been found in the state. It was more than ever Carleton's gang. Men had come and gone, to be sure, but the core of the old crowd was there, and those I added to it were even better, for I had learned to pick with better judgment.

At the beginning of the fourth year, then, with the boy in the senior class of the high school, I was ready for my first radical departure from the routine of my life. I made up my mind to step forward as a contractor for myself. It meant at last complete independence.

My opportunity came in an open bid for a bit of park construction, free from political pull. I studied the problem, got my prices and, relying on my men to clip off at least one week, put in my estimate. The grand total ran up into so many thousands that for a moment it staggered both Ruth and myself. She was the first to recover.

"Go after it, Billy," she said. "You can do it."

I did it. The gang clipped ten days from my estimate. I cleared two thousand dollars in a month and through that work secured another contract.

The night I deposited my profit in the bank Ruth quite unconsciously took her pad and pencil and sat by my side to figure out as usual household expenses of the week. They amounted to four dollars and sixty-seven cents. When she had finished I took the pad and pencil away from her and put them in my pocket.

"There's no use bothering your head any more over those details," I said.

She looked up at me almost sadly.

"No, Billy," she said plaintively. "There isn't, is there?"

VIII

DURING all those years we had never seen or heard of any of our old neighbors. They had hardly ever entered our thoughts except as very occasionally the boy ran across one of his former playmates. Shortly after this, however, business took me out into the old neighborhood and I was curious enough to make a few inquiries. There was no change. My trim little house stood just as it then stood and around it were the other trim little houses. There were a few new houses and a few newcomers, but all the old-timers were still there. I met Grover, who was just recovering from a long sickness. He didn't recognize me at first. I was tanned and had filled out a good deal.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed, after I had told my name. "Let me see, you went off to Australia or somewhere, didn't you, Carleton?"

"I emigrated," I answered.

He looked up eagerly.

"I remember now. It seems to have agreed with you."

"You're still with the leather firm?" I inquired.

He almost started at this unexpected question.

"Yes," he answered.

His eyes turned back to his trim little house, then to me as though he feared I was bringing him bad news.

"But I've been laid up for six weeks," he faltered.

I knew what was troubling him. He was wondering whether he would find his job when he got back. Poor devil! If he didn't what would become of his trim little house? Grover was older than I was when the axe fell, by five years.

I talked with him a few minutes. There had been a death or two in the neighborhood and the children had grown up. That was the only change. The sight of Grover made me uncomfortable, so I hurried about my business, eager to get home again.

God pity the poor? Bah! The poor are all right if by poor you mean the tenement dwellers. When you pray again pray God to pity the middle-class American on a salary. Pray that he may not lose his job; pray that if he does it shall be when he is very young; pray that he may find the route to America. The tenement dwellers are safe enough. Pray—and pray hard—for the dwellers in the trim little houses of the suburbs.

It is five years now since I entered business for myself. The boy went through college and is now in my office. We didn't move from among our dear, true friends until the other boy came. Then I bought a house outside the city with fifty acres of land around it. There is still another boy there now. We entertain a good deal, but we don't entertain our present neighbors. There isn't a week, summer or winter, that I don't have one or more families of Carleton's gang out there for a half holiday. It's the only way I can reconcile myself to having moved away from among them.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

SAVES MANY DOLLARS IN BUILDING

Write for FREE Samples and Descriptive Booklet

Bishopric Wall Board is cheaper and better than lath and plaster; also saves time in building. It is easily nailed to studding. Being applied dry, it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap. Saves time and labor; is clean and sanitary. Applied equally well winter or summer. It is

Proof Against Moisture, Heat, Cold, Sound, Vermin

Bishopric Wall Board is made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic and surfaced with sized cardboard sent at the factory into uniform sheets 4 x 4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding ready for wall paper, paint or burlap.

Bishopric Wall Board is used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings; new partitions in old buildings; finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

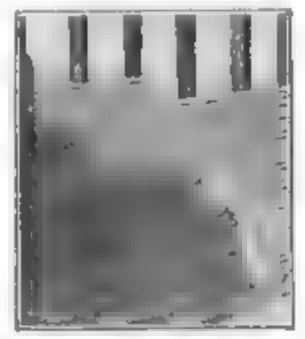
"I have just finished an additional room to my house with Bishopric Wall Board and am extremely well pleased with it. The work of putting it on was done by the farm help at leisure times and saved the extra cost of skilled labor, which is needed for plastering." John T. Cox (Vice-President State Board of Agriculture, State of New Jersey), White House Station, N. J.

Price, $2.50 per 100 sq. ft., or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Bishopric Sheathing is both better and cheaper than lumber. Saves 75% in material and labor. It is the same material as Wall Board but finish is not necessarily so fine; therefore costs less. It is quickly nailed, cardboard side to studding (see illustration below). Over exposed lath and asphalt, weather boarding or stucco is applied. Bishopric Sheathing is

Much Better Than Lumber

because it makes a more solid, wind-proof wall (no shrinking, no gaping joints, no knot-holes); is proof against heat and cold, moisture and vermin (rats can't gnaw it); dead air space between laths and weather boarding forms excellent insulation; one wagon load covers an area ten times as great as a load of lumber—a big saving in hauling. Saves 75 per cent in cost of application and 20 per cent in material. Does away with building paper. Keeps interior of new building comfortable during cold weather, insuring continuous work on inside.



For Cement or Stucco Work

Bishopric Sheathing has no equal in economy and satisfactory results. Space between laths forms excellent key for cement. Moisture cannot penetrate asphalt body of Sheathing. Our free booklet explains everything. Also used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and all other outdoor buildings.

Price, $2 per square of 100 sq. ft., or $5.12 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write today for Free Samples and Booklet, describing Bishopric Asphalt Mastic Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing. DEALERS, WRITE FOR PROPOSITION.

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co. 20 East Third Street CINCINNATI, OHIO

White House Shoes

If Thomas Jefferson, the Great Commoner, were alive today, and if his sound sense, keen insight and shrewd judgment turned to the important and practical matter of shoes, it's a pretty safe guess that he would favor an American-made shoe, and probably that one manufactured in St. Louis, the shoe-center of the U. S.—to-wit:

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

FOR MEN—FOR WOMEN

His logical reason would be that White House Shoes combine the aristocracy of fashion with the democracy of dependability. And really there are no shoes like them, for if you judge shoes by honest *leather*, perfection of workmanship, integrity of make and material, beauty of design, elegance of finish and provision for solid comfort of the foot within—you have the answer to the shoe question.

Prices $5.00, $4.00 and $3.50 per pair. Write for Style Book.

Ask your dealer for them. If he hasn't got them he'll get them for you.

White House Shoes are made by the same famous house that manufactures *Buster Brown* Blue Ribbon *Shoes*—for boys, for girls—the best there are for youngsters.

The Brown Shoe Co.,

ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

BROWN'S ★5★ MARK MEANS QUALITY

B18—President "White House" Gun Metal Blucher, Leather Lined.

Howard E. Coffin's Is the New

Howard E. Coffin built the four cylinder Oldsmobile, the Thomas-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 40, the Chalmers-Detroit 30. He is President of the Society of Automobile Engineers, Chairman of the Technical Committee of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and Chairman of the Rules Committee of the Manufacturers Contest Association. *His masterpiece is the HUDSON "33."*

Howard E Coffin designed the HUDSON "33"
He is in constant personal charge of its manufacture

That fact guarantees, to those who know, that this new car is today's greatest achievement in automobile designing. It represents the only great step in advance made in this industry this year.

Because of that fact, dealers placed orders for ten thousand of his cars—our whole year's production before the first car went out.

Never before was such a tribute paid to any master of this craft.

No other name means so much in the development of the automobile. Howard E. Coffin has designed and superintended the building of four famous successful cars. His motor designs are today used by a dozen leading manufacturers. Transmissions and axles of his design are in daily use upon thousands of well-known cars of forty different makes. A large percentage of the better American cars are using the system of lubrication which he brought out six years ago

Manufacturers and dealers will tell you that Howard E. Coffin has no superior as a motor car designer.

All in the industry know his work. Men at the bench in all factories, and repairmen all over America, use his name in connection with some device on an automobile, just as the name of Thomas A. Edison is used by electricians

---

During the first few years of the industry Mr. Coffin made frequent visits to all the famous factories of Europe. Of recent years, however, European engineers have been coming to America to see what Mr. Coffin has done and to work under his direction.

In the Hudson factory you will find many who are here for that purpose. They have come from England, from France and from Germany, to work under this genius, whose fame is known wherever the automobile is known

Howard E. Coffin has been a great teacher. Many engineers prominent in the industry have worked under him to learn by his example. In the plants of the Packard, the Stoddard-Dayton, the Franklin and the Chalmers, are men prominent in the engineering departments who were his assistants.

The Master Builder of Motor Cars
Who devotes his time exclusively to the Hudson

The chief designers of eight well-known and successful American cars received their early instruction from Mr. Coffin.

Is it then any wonder that, before a single car was ready for delivery, the shrewdest buyers in the country should place orders for all of our product? These men came from all parts of the country and from abroad. They had their pick of a dozen well-known cars that had in the past year built up excellent reputations for their makers. But these buyers knew what Howard E. Coffin has done for the advancement of the industry and would not leave Detroit until they were assured that they should be given a quantity of his cars.

They look upon anything that Howard E. Coffin does in connection with an automobile as being the last word in motor car engineering.

Cars Better and Better Costs Lower and Lower

Each of Howard E. Coffin's cars has been a leader of its time.

Each has increased the standard of automobile construction and each has set a new lower price record for cars of quality. Each has been an advance step in reducing the cost of automobile upkeep.

The Oldsmobile sold at $2,750.

The Chalmers-Detroit 30 was the first really successful car of value ever produced at its price—$1,500.

The HUDSON "33" sells at $1,250.

Each car has marked a distinct advancement toward simplicity.

There are approximately 1800 fewer parts in the HUDSON "33" chassis than in the average automobile selling under $2,000.

This reduces cost and makes upkeep cheaper.

Fewer parts to make, fewer parts to assemble, fewer parts to wear and get out of adjustment, make it possible to build a better car and sell it at a lower price. It means also that it will cost less per mile to run the HUDSON "33" than it costs to operate more complicated cars.

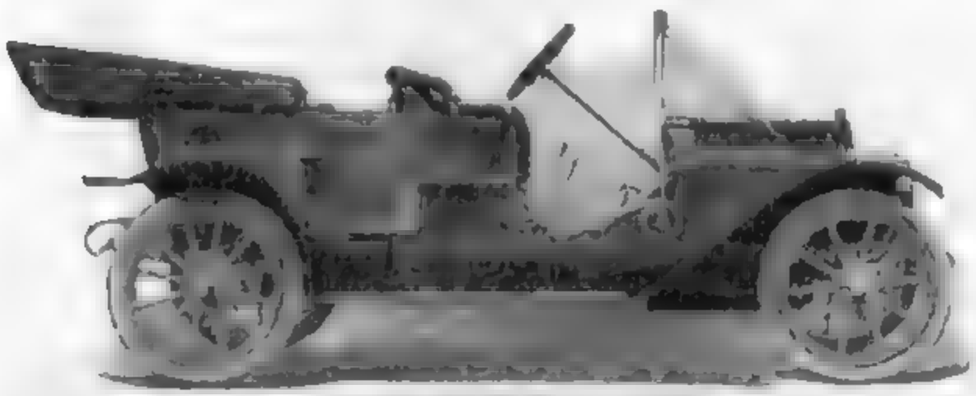
There has been no sacrifice of power, simplicity, quietness, beauty or sturdiness to obtain cheapness.

The HUDSON "33" has all these advantages.

No other car at any price has in combination the distinctive features which distinguish the HUDSON "33."

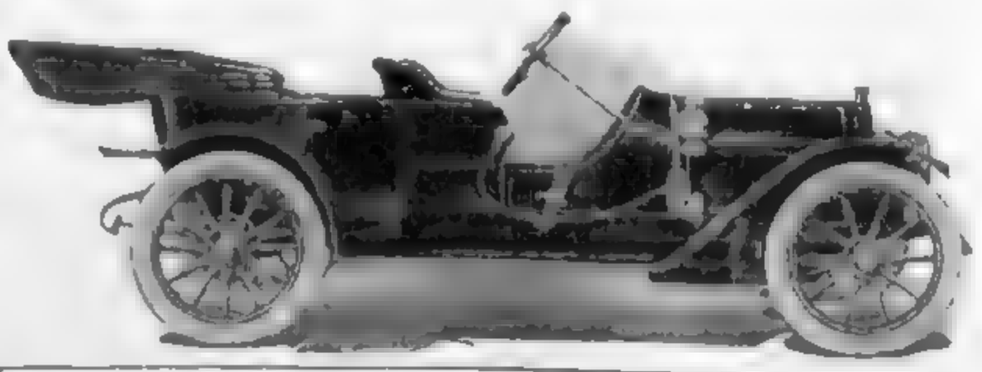
What Racing Cars Taught

Howard E. Coffin has designed some of the most famous speed and contest cars America has produced. His sole purpose for entering his cars in these contests was to locate, in the gruelling grind of a Glidden Tour or a 200 mile road race, weaknesses that three years' ordinary use would never indicate.



114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power, five passenger. The body of alumoloid sheet metal throughout. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Special attention has been given in this model to riding comfort. The rear seat is wide, tilts backward, is deep and low to the floor. It is equipped with dust guard over the springs and spring anchors.

Touring Car
$1250



114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power. Particularly we emphasize in this model the slant of the steering column and lowering seat. This model is intended for those who desire a four passenger car but do not wish the added weight of a five passenger body. The body alumoloid sheet metal throughout with foot boards of solid cast aluminum. An extremely comfortable car.

Pony Tonneau
$1300

Masterpiece Hudson "33"

Mr. Coffin tells in a book which will be sent to any address, things that every motorist should know. He explains why automobiles wear out quickly. Why repairs are frequently needed, and shows how he eliminates much of these difficulties in the HUDSON "33." Every motorist should read this book, and understand the details of the last development in automobile construction. Send your name.

In this way he has learned faster than it would have been possible by any other means. The performance of every car was carefully watched. Every fault was quickly located. If a motor had a tendency to overheat, if an axle or spring developed an unsuspected weakness, it was at once corrected.

Howard E. Coffin was not half so much interested in the advertising obtained in a contest as he was in discovering the weaknesses of his cars. He wanted every car to give the satisfaction that ordinary service demanded. Therefore, he never deceived himself. The cars he entered were just like those that were sold.

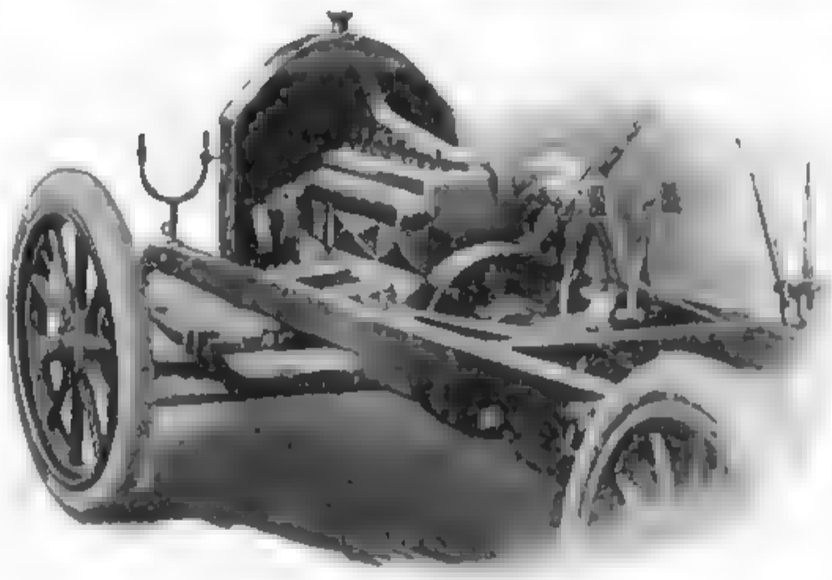
Each new contest taught him something new.

In the HUDSON "33" is combined all that he has learned in these years of careful testing and experimenting.

That is how he discovered the damaging effects of dust and why he has made the HUDSON "33" a dust proof car. He found that the sand that is sucked through the radiator collects upon the delicate valve mechanism and wears away the adjustments as so much emery dust would do. To overcome this in the HUDSON "33" he protects the valves by easily removed plates. This keeps the dust out of the motor, deadens the sound of the valve action and prevents the oil from leaking out. All parts of the car are dust proof.

He found in these contests that the wheels of the ordinary car are not strong enough. He saw how many accidents resulted from the collapse of the front wheels and so in the HUDSON "33" he uses ten bolts in the spokes, where most other manufacturers use only five. He found a common cause for spring breakage and has a device that will make this trouble practically unknown. He located the cause for body squeaks and so he made a stronger frame for the HUDSON "33" than is used on any car of its weight.

In all details of the car you will find the little things that assure safety, sturdiness and therefore low maintenance cost. All nuts are securely held in place by lock washers.



Particular attention is called to the simplicity, accessibility and the general cleanliness of the chassis. The magneto and water pump are in front of the motor and immediately accessible. Valve toppets and mechanism are inclosed with removable dust proofing cover plates. Every part is absolutely dust proof. The frame is stronger and lighter than that used on any other car of its size.

Every adjustment possible has been made automatic. Every part that requires attention is located where it can be reached without inconvenience. He designed this car so that if it ever became necessary to adjust or replace any part it can be done without disturbing other parts. This also cuts down maintenance cost.

Send For the Book But See the Car

Mr. Coffin has written a book in which he tells the keynote of the HUDSON "33." We want you to have it. Send your name. You should, however, see this great achievement in automobile engineering.

Experts have crossed the continent, some have come from Europe, to see what Howard E. Coffin has done in his last great step in automobile development. If you are considering buying a car don't you think you should see this wonderful "dust proof" car before you decide, no matter how favorably you may be impressed with some other?

Look at the wonderful simplicity of the chassis. See how accessible all oiling points are. Note the generous provision for strength and the great improvement in the motor design over any other in any car at any price. Stand off from the motor ten feet while it is running. You will hardly be able to hear it, it runs so quietly. Examine the fine quality of finish in every detail and compare its long, low, graceful lines with those of any car on the market.

The $1,000 Roadster

This is a beautiful and sturdy car. It is ideal for all runabout service. Every detail in chassis and body is of the highest class. It is speedy and flexible.

Doctors, salesmen and others having need for a car of small cost, of low maintenance expense, that will go anywhere that any car can be driven, should examine the HUDSON $1,000 Roadster.

The motor develops 26 horse-power. The wheel base is 100 inches with 32-inch wheels. The car is furnished with either a single or double rumble seat, or 25 gallon gasoline tank.

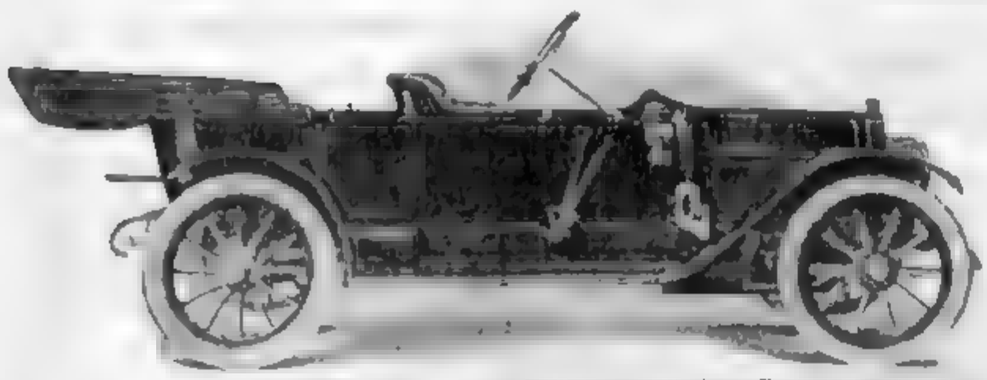
The seating arrangement is extremely comfortable. There is generous leg room and the position of the driver is never cramped.

We have sold a great many of this model to persons who own higher priced cars. The $1,000 Roadster costs so little to operate that it is just the car for all service that a light car should do.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

2901 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT

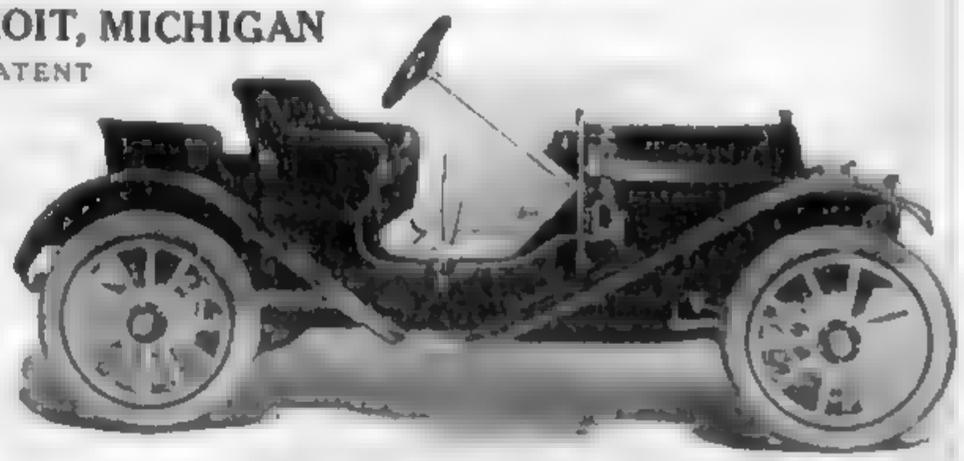


Torpedo

$1350

114-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 34-inch wheels with Quick Detachable Rims, 33 horse-power Five passenger. Gear shift and hand brake lever in same position as upon other models, thus preventing the cramping of the knee and elbow room Body of alumoloid sheet metal throughout, with double flush side doors in rear and single fore door on the left. The foot boards of solid cast aluminum. Note the long, graceful lines.

The Most Widely Copied Car in America



Roadster

$1000

100-inch wheel base, extra large steering wheel, 32-inch wheels, 26 horse-power. Body of the latest roadster type. Large and roomy, with seats handsomely upholstered. 25-gallon gas tank or rumble seat optional. Motor Renault type, four cylinder cast en bloc, 3½-inch bore, 4½-inch stroke. Transmission sliding selective gear type. Three speeds forward and reverse.

Star Ball-Players of Both Big Leagues Thank the Gillette Safety Razor

for the clean, cool GILLETTE shave that kept their faces smooth and fit through the sun and wind of the season's race for the American and National Pennants. Sixty-three of them have written their appreciation of the GILLETTE. Four of these letters are reprinted below:

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"Always a Gillette for mine. Nearly all of my team mates use the Gillette and are as highly pleased with it as I am."

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"After trying every advertised safety razor I can truthfully say that none has given anywhere near the full measure of satisfaction as the Gillette."

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"I wouldn't be without my Gillette, especially when I am on the road with the team. It makes shaving all to the merry."

Three million other alert, self-reliant men shave themselves with the GILLETTE Safety Razor. You will find GILLETTE enthusiasts in every community of America—in the hotel—in the sleeping car and on the steamer.

The GILLETTE is typical of the American spirit that thinks for itself, does for itself and insists on quick action and efficiency in everything.

Buy a GILLETTE and *use it*. The GILLETTE shave takes three minutes *or less*—it gives a tone and a brace that last all day. No stropping, no honing—and any man can shave with it the first time he tries.

Gillette Safety Razor, $5.00. Regular box of 12 Blades, $1.00; carton of 6 blades, 50c.

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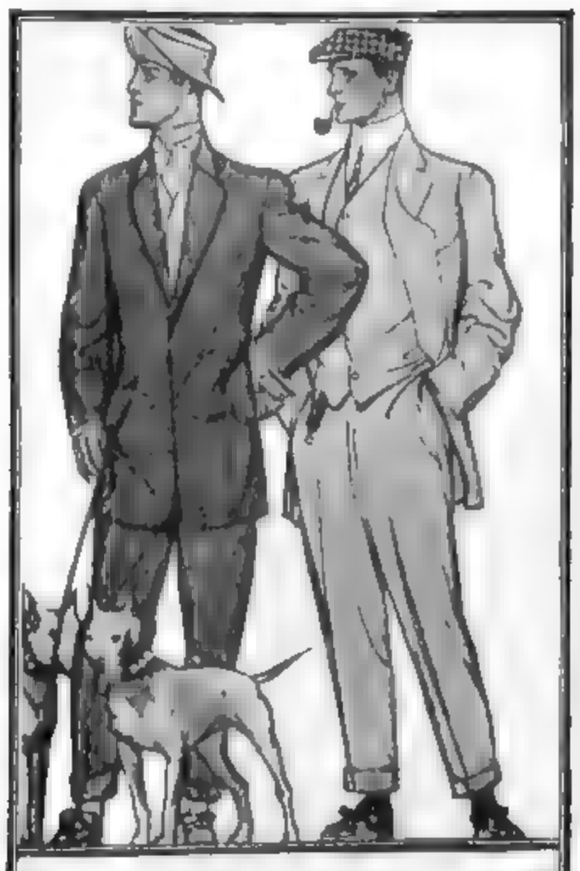

If you're really young, you want to look young, and if you're not really old, you want to look youthful. Clothes with a *young-mannish* "air" keep youth bubbling.

The ultra-modish garments for *young men from fifteen to fifty*—the garments that interpret in color, contour and cloth the irrepressible spirit of youth are

Fashion-Plate Clothes

They are planned *by* young men *for* young men. They have the "chic" lines of *'teen-hood*, but the level poise of "*above-twenty.*" Full-chested, free-skirted, shapely-shouldered and waist-accentuated.

Our fashion book portrays *flesh-and-blood* young men wearing these flesh-and-blood clothes—groups sketched *right from life.* Ask for Booklet "B." Send a postcard to

Rosenberg Brothers & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(Continued from Page 13)

see her, and now, somehow or other, that hurt! Did she really think he did not care to come—did she really care to have him come? His personal feelings were awaking. Finally he wrote to her home address, trusting that it would be forwarded, but hoping that she had returned. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he began heartily, "to treat an old friend like this. I've been waiting for your address ever since you first announced your arrival. If you are still in town and don't propose to let me call I'm going to run you down with detectives and find out why. . . . Well, I'm off for Tuxedo."

It was nearly a week before he received an answer—from New York. "It was good of you to say you wanted to see me," she wrote. "You always were a polite young man. Do you remember that Christmas vacation when you were home from college, and that dowdy cousin of mine, Mary Lou, was visiting me?" For she, too, had now taken to harking back to the old days. "All the other boys ignored her, but you danced with her so often and paid her such marked attention—in your distinguished manner—that you quite turned her head. So it is just like you to pretend to want to see me. And though I should try very hard not to let it turn my head I don't care to be treated with kindness. I read your last Idler. I not only read what you wrote, but what, perhaps, you did not intend me to read—between the lines. You are right; the dreams of youth are good as dreams. It is only when we try to make them come true that we meet tragedy."

What did this mean? What had been happening to her in New York? Then it suddenly occurred to him. She had met some one who knew all about him! For that is the way with a guilty conscience. It makes accusations out of everything. "Oh, the Idler?" they would say—"that snobbish rot? Why it's written by a mere reporter—a society reporter at that! . . ." Or else at the opera, dining out, going to teas, she had met no one who ever heard of him at all! In either case—"There are so many things I'd like to talk to you about," he threw out tentatively in his reply. "You simply must let me see you." The guilty conscience wanted relief in confession at last!

But it takes two to make a confession. "Some day, perhaps—not yet," she answered noncommittally.

Evidently she had come to stay! But in what capacity? From the tone of her letters she was seeing the kind of life she "had dreamed of," but how did she manage it? "I am awfully busy," she wrote; "you know how it is here in New York—one continuous performance from morning till night, or rather from noon until past midnight—you ought to know. You seem to be having troubles of your own, with that heiress who is trying to marry you, and that new chauffeur who won't dine with your other servants. . . . I wonder if you remember what you said to me one day when we were on horseback out on the old mill road? But we were very young then, very ignorant of life."

Did she see through him? Was she having fun with him?

"Good gracious!" she rattled on, "what a lot of vanity and bluffing and snobbishness there is here in this worldly, heartless place. I sometimes wish I had never come—but it's too late now. I'm in for it. A dear little daughter of one of my friends has been blackballed at a secret society in one of our fashionable New York schools. Would you care to hear why? Because—don't blush—she could not solemnly swear that her underclothes were handmade! You can have that free of charge for your next week's Idler."

But he was no longer interested in the Idler's bluff. He no longer enjoyed irritating the goats. The girl from home was beginning to interfere with his job, as girls from home have done before.

"The first and only time Colonel Montgomery came to New York," he wrote to her, "I ran across him on Broadway within thirty minutes of his arrival. I was not looking for him. You have been here for half the season, and I haven't seen you yet. I have been looking for you," and he told her how he had been haunting the Park, the opera, and all up and down the Avenue. "Why do you hide from me? Do you recollect another time when you hid from me, and how I found you—there in your dear mother's old-fashioned garden? I can smell the box borders now as I write these words. And do you remember putting those lilies-of-the-valley in my buttonhole? . . . But that was many, many years ago. Well, I can't say that I have never kissed another woman since. But I can honestly say that I wish I never had. We were so young, so innocent, so happy and so unaware of it. I can still see those lilies-of-the-valley—literally, for I have them before me as I write, yellow and faded, but precious. I think if you knew how much I want to see you, if you knew how I wanted to hear your Southern voice once more, I think you would let me. Since then I have heard the voices of Italian Countesses and English Duchesses, but there aren't any other voices like yours. There never have been, there never will be, not for me. Don't you too sometimes feel lonesome in this big, bad, bluffing Tower of Babel? Apparently you don't. But I do."

Now this did not sound like a blasé man of the world.

IV

A FEW days later the city editor gave him a special assignment to go up to a Fifth Avenue "finishing school" and get the facts about an alleged elopement. The names were not impressive to an experienced society reporter. Jones knew all the impressive names. That was his business. The girl in the story was the daughter of a Western millionaire. The man was a youthful lover from home. She had been placed in the New York school to be out of his reach. It had resulted naturally in throwing her into his arms. "Poor little kids," thought Jones, picking up his hat and some copy-paper; "I heartily approve of them, and now I've got to go and have fun with them in the paper, I suppose." It seemed like one more little irony in a futile, lonely life. He was beginning to feel quite sentimental and sorry for himself, and accordingly for all other true lovers.

But just as he started out he was summoned to the telephone.

"How do you like my sweet Southern voice—by telephone?" asked the voice, laughing.

"Where are you?" he asked eagerly. He forgot about his assignment. He forgot to feel sorry for himself.

"Oh, not many miles away—but don't let me keep you if you are busy patronising New York."

"Is it really you? I feel as if I were talking to a ghost. Quick—talk some more."

"Well, I'm not a ghost."

"Then I'm coming to see you."

"How are you going to do it?"

"That's for you to tell me. You must."

"Oh, no, I mustn't. You might find me too much like a ghost."

"I'll take my chances. Your voice sounds healthy enough."

"Maybe I've grown fat."

"Let me see for myself."

"Maybe I've grown thin."

"Well, I'd like you either way."

"Maybe I haven't changed a bit. You wouldn't like that."

"Yes, I should. Where are you?"

"But I shouldn't. Think of that garden scene. I've just read your sentimental letter. You are dreadfully romantic."

"Oh, I'll promise to behave myself."

"Maybe I'm married."

"Then let me come and congratulate you."

"Maybe I'm unhappily married."

"Then I'll come and sympathize."

"Oh! are you married?"

"No; I'm not married." He burst out laughing at last. "So I want you to sympathize with me. I am coming—may I come? Do let me come! Where are you?"

There was a silence.

"Hello!" he called anxiously; "are you still there?"

"Yes, I'm still here—and still unmarried," came the answer. "That's why I don't want to see you. If I were married it wouldn't matter—so much."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Did you really keep those lilies-of-the-valley all these years?"

"I'll bring them to show you."

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It extends the benefits of the *perfect* typewriter service enjoyed by corporations and business firms *to every individual who is ambitious to own the Oliver Typewriter.*

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Gentlemen: I accept your offer of the latest model No. 5 Oliver Standard Typewriter for Seventeen Cents a Day. I enclose please find $15 as evidence of good faith. I agree to save 17 cents a day and remit the balance, $35, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

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Address _____

Town _____ *State* _____

References _____

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is not a motor *accessory*, but a motor *necessity*, for it contributes immensely to comfort, economy and safety.

COMFORT is impossible in a car that jolts, jars and vibrates. The Truffault-Hartford absorbs jolt, jar and vibration with the avidity that a sponge absorbs water. It imparts to the car a smooth, wavy motion by preventing excessive contraction and recoil of the springs.

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Your car made more comfortable, safer, more economical by a set of Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers.

We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road. Particulars yours for the asking.

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The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Slipperette trio. Write for booklet

Our Appliance

HENRY S. LOTZ, 815 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

"I don't want to see them. They are yellow and faded."

"But I've kept them! Please!"

"No. Better take it out in writing to each other."

"Why?"

She waited a moment, then in a different tone: "Do you remember The Statue and the Bust?" she asked.

"Browning? Yes."

"That's why," she said.

"But think of the mistake they made. That was the whole point of the poem."

"There are worse mistakes. This is not a poem." He thought he heard a sigh. "Goodby."

"Wait!"

But she had rung off. She was gone. He was powerless to get her back.

It was a curious conversation for the first one in nearly ten years. It left the society reporter in a daze.

He was still in a daze when he mounted the steps and rang the bell of the "Fashionable Fifth Avenue finishing school," and sent in word that a reporter from the Record would like to see the principal.

He did not send in his name. He never did when he could help it. He was not personally interested in others' private affairs. On the contrary, they annoyed him exceedingly.

He was still in a daze, indeed, over his own private affairs, scowling abstractedly out upon the Avenue, when a Southern voice said, "The principal has requested me to say to you ——" And then it stopped abruptly, for the representative of the principal was staring with wide-open eyes into the astonished gaze of the representative of the press.

The one stared and the other gazed for as long as a second, so that a singular topsyturvy world could right itself to two persons who had played the ancient game of blind man's buff until both were sick of it. Then at the same instant over a pair of scarlet and still youthful faces there suddenly broke an understanding smile which changed into a laugh, a comical, congenial laugh. But they kept on looking.

"Betty, you haven't changed a bit," said the society reporter in the old, authoritative manner she had always remembered.

"Neither have you, Harry—not a bit," said the school-teacher, her humorous eyes puckering up in the old, fascinating manner he had never forgotten. Then there was another pause.

"Do you enjoy teaching in a fashionable New York school, Betty?"

"About as much as you enjoy reporting fashionable New York life, Harry."

There was another understanding laugh. Then, "Here are those lilies I was writing to you about," he said, taking them out of his pocketbook. "I've always kept them, you see." He handed them to her.

"You don't want them any longer, you mean?"

"Not unless you'll put them back in my buttonhole again," he replied. "You're not willing to now?"

But she did, and then they stopped talking altogether.

. . . . . .

"Well, I see you've got a good story," said the city editor, as Jones strode into the dingy old city-room looking jubilant. "Was it an elopement?"

"I'd hardly call it an elopement," said the authority on social affairs. "We were merely married suddenly."

The Idle Rich

What's the sense of thankfulness?
Life is all a beastly mess—
Something to go yawning through.
Not a bally thing to do;
Nothing, don't you know, that's new.

Clubs and calls and balls and teas—
Same old dull festivities:
Meetin' girls and meetin' chaps,
Eatin', drinkin', takin' naps;
Gettin' married too, perhaps.

What's there to be thankful for?
Life is all a beastly bore:
Same old gettin' up each day,
Same old things to do and say,
Same old stunts, the same old way.

Aw, I see. Thanksgivin'—what?
Day of praise for all you've got?
Ya-as, I'm thankful for—er, well,
Kindly reach and press the bell.
Call my valet—he can tell.

—*Berton Braley.*

EVEN in this most progressive age, men are thirsty for clothes-knowledge and good clothes. We judge by the mass of inquiries which we receive regarding PECK CLOTHING. And it does us all a lot of good to be able to satisfy this demand with the kind of clothes smart men are inquiring for.

Ask the PECK dealer for
No. 1926. Black Worsted Suit
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Price $20.00.
He can get your size from us at once.

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W. S. PECK & CO.

Makers of Fashionable Clothes SYRACUSE, N. Y.

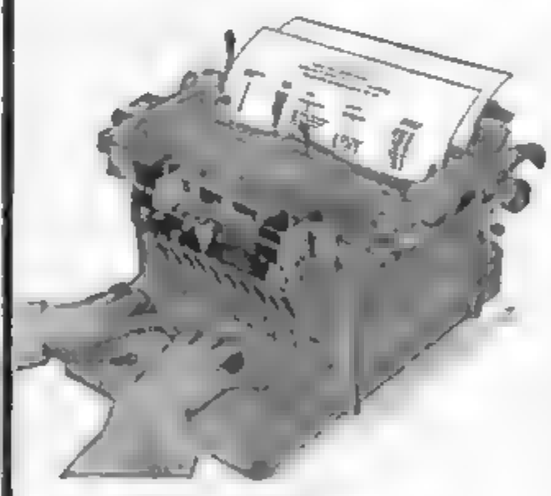
30 Years ago

we said:

"You cannot afford to

Write

in the old way."



To-Day

we say:

"You cannot afford to

Add

in the old way."

NEW conditions create new needs. When writing was limited the pen would do it. When adding was limited the head would do it. But thirty years ago the Remington Typewriter removed all limitations from writing. As the world's writing grew its adding grew, for writing created more business and business created more adding. Thus when we solved the writing problem, we created the adding problem. Now we have solved the new problem of our own creation.

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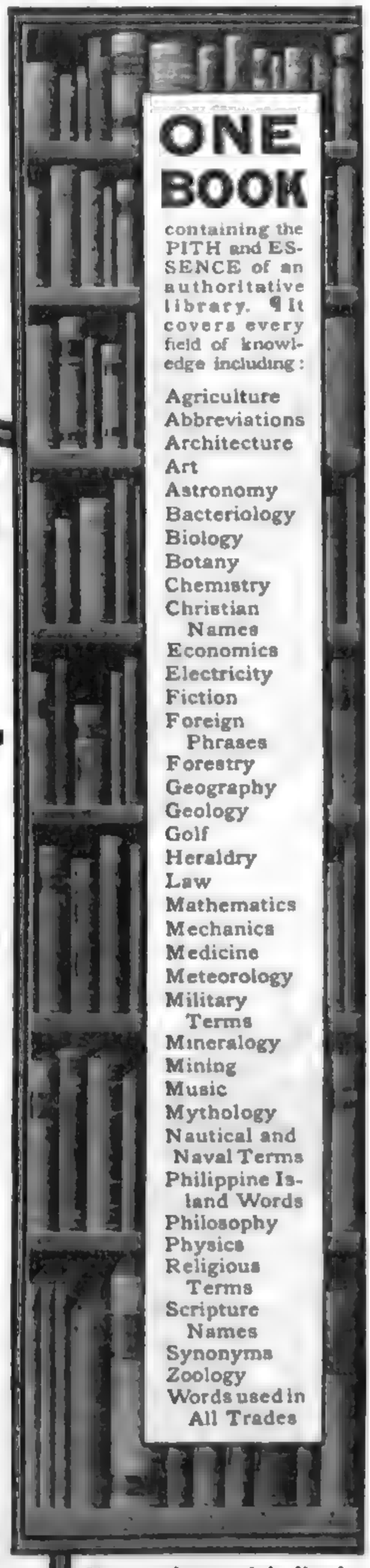

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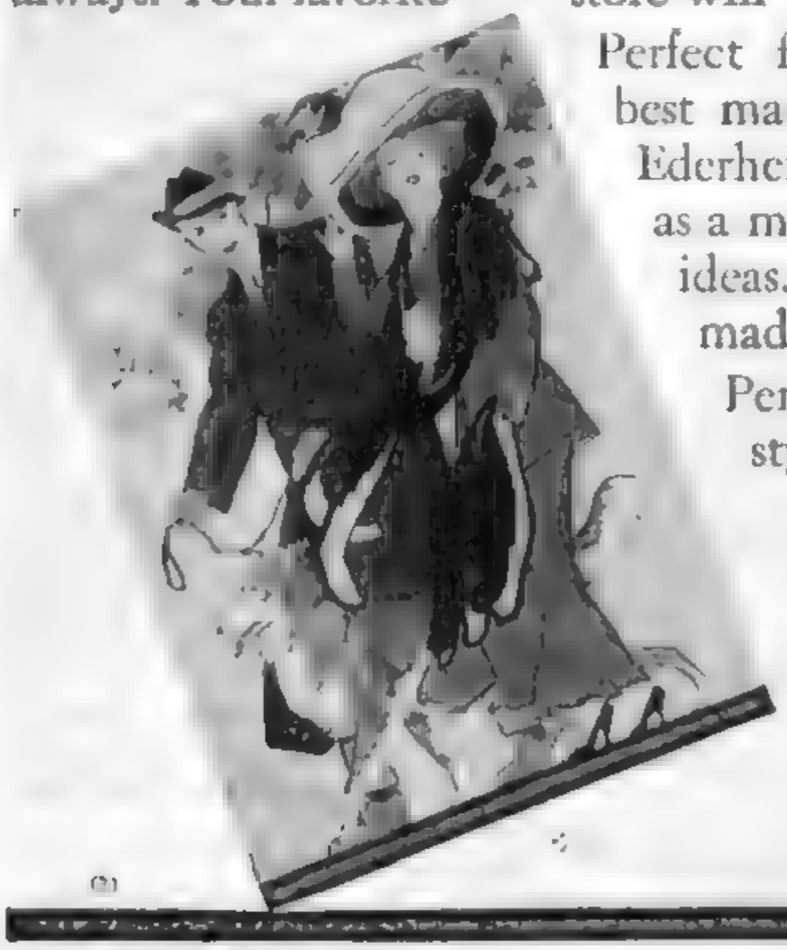

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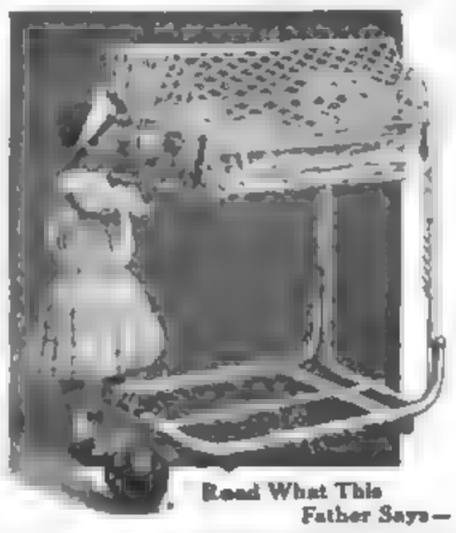
Perhaps you've already bought an Ederheimer-Stein suit. Our overcoat styles are just as distinctive, just as desirable. Resolve to own one.

Another Great Art Poster Free to Young Men

A second "Poster Week," October 8th to 15th, at stores selling Ederheimer-Stein clothes. The beautiful McFall poster, reproduced at left, free to all Young Men who call for it. Size, 18x26 inches, in six colors, on art paper. Find the Ederheimer-Stein dealer in your city and get this poster for your collection. Should you not locate a store selling our clothes, request any retail clothier to write us and get the poster for you.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago



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—H. E. Legare, Quebec.

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covers the needs of baby from birth to three years and aids the mother in many ways to *preserve her darling's health as well as her own.*

It saves baby's mother the necessity of getting out of bed in the cold, with the added *danger of chilling the little body* of her child in taking it out of its warm nest.

Look at the illustration and see how the *frame fits under the bed* and the *"nursery" goes over the top.*

The mother need only sit up in bed if nursing or other attention is required.

"The Taylor Nursery" helps care for baby night and day, and keeps the child secure from harm. It will protect the little one from all ills due to wrong sleeping and aid in overcoming other ills by giving the child the perfect rest it needs.

Do not trust the little one's health and strength to the ordinary crib or cradle or baby bed, but learn about the "Taylor Nursery" to-day.

Read Our Special 5 Day Trial Offer

The cost of a "Taylor Nursery" is little more than a cheap baby bed. It will be delivered to your nearest freight station with *free mattress, teddy bear and night light* all complete on 5 days' trial and covered by a guarantee as good as a government bond.

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entitled "*It Aids Baby Sleep.*" It contains helpful mother's hints and advice that will aid you in caring for the little one. Besides, it is chuck full of pictures taken from life and also stories in which loving mothers and fathers tell how their little darlings were made happy and "grew up" healthy in the "Taylor Nursery." *Write to-day!*

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AN INVISIBLE MURDERER

(Continued from Page 19)

death-dealing power. Successive freezing and thawing of the virus, which is destructive of most bacteria, had no effect on the invisible murderer. This announcement was discredited by some scientists, and the experiments made in Washington were repeated and the results confirmed everywhere. The reason for the failure of Smith and Salmon to produce a vaccine was easily explained. They were working with the wrong germ. They had not reckoned on the invisible murderer. That they found the so-called hog-cholera bacillus present in most cases of the malady is probably due to the fact that it acts as a secondary invader, doing its deadly work after the invisible germ has overthrown the citadel of the hog's protection. The exact relation between this early bacillus and the disease has never been worked out.

The investigators next turned their attention again to the production of a vaccine. Hogs from several states in the Union were shipped to Washington and used for this purpose. It was early discovered that the invisible murderer could not be weakened by passing it through smaller animals, because it would not communicate the disease to smaller animals. Doses that would kill the largest hogs failed to produce the slightest effect when injected into guinea-pigs and rabbits. It was discovered that the disease does not affect any animal other than the hog. Efforts to secure a vaccine by killing the germs by heat also failed, and it was discovered that the invisible murderer is very tenacious of life. It was found that some hogs seemed to possess naturally the power to resist hog cholera. Their blood seemed to be already equipped with antitoxins and they remained perfectly well among herds upon which terrible fatality was inflicted by the invisible murderer. And so recourse was had to the hog itself. Blood containing the invisible murderer was injected into these immune hogs and they remained perfectly well. The same blood injected into non-immune hogs produced death. The problem was to find some way to transfer the immunity to non-immune hogs. When the invisible murderer was injected into the immune hogs their blood was stimulated to produce more antitoxins, and they were said to be hyperimmune. Then blood from this hyperimmune hog was injected into hogs susceptible to the disease and the hogs were exposed to the malady with others that had not been injected. The untreated hogs died promptly, but the hogs into whose veins blood from the immunes had been introduced remained perfectly well. This experiment was repeated time and time again with astonishing success. It was further discovered that the blood from hogs that had been artificially rendered immune from the disease possessed the same power to transfer this immunity as did the blood of the hogs that were naturally immune. It seemed as though the problem of more pork had been solved by the hog itself.

The Cleanest Pigtails on Record

There were, however, several questions yet to be answered. How long would the blood of an immune hog that had been injected with the invisible murderer retain the power to transfer immunity? How long would this acquired immunity last? The answers to these questions were difficult at first, because when blood had been drawn from immune hogs the hogs had first been killed and the blood taken from the heart. This was deemed necessary because the superficial bloodvessels of the hog are either too small or else so situated as to make it impossible to get at them. When blood had once been taken from an animal by this method, of course, there was no way of telling how long his blood would retain the power to transfer immunity, because he was dead.

Finally Doctor Niles discovered a solution of the difficulty. He found that an abundant supply of blood could be secured by cutting off the tail, and that the hog did not seem to be injured by this manner of blood-letting. The problem of cutting off a hog's tail to get a little blood seems very simple at first thought; but it is not such an easy task, because the operator must be sure that the germs lurking all around are not given an opportunity to get into the blood and thus spoil the defensive virus. Doctor Niles applied the principles of antiseptic surgery after the manner of the old nursery rhyme, "Barber, barber, shave a pig," and so on. Only in this case it was the doctor who did the shaving. The tail was first shaved and then scrubbed with soap and warm water; it was next dried with alcohol and ether, sponged off with a solution of corrosive sublimate and then wrapped in cotton saturated with the bichloride solution, which was allowed to remain twenty minutes. Then, to make sure that no germs still remained, the tail was washed again, first with sterilized water and then with alcohol. It was cut with a razor or chisel which had been sterilized in carbolic acid. The blood was collected in a wide-mouthed bottle which had been sterilized by heat. The hog's tail rested during the operation on the newly-burned surface of the cork stopper to the bottle, which is thus sterile, and the tail was held by a pair of forceps which had been sterilized in flame. These precautions seem rather absurd, but that they are not any too rigid is shown by the fact that even with such precautions stray germs of blood-poisoning have entered the blood and spoiled the protective virus. Now all the virus is tested by inoculating hogs with it before it is pronounced effective.

A Patent for the Public

So far had the experiments in the production of immunity from hog cholera progressed by 1906 that it was deemed advisable to take some steps to insure to the people of the United States the unrestricted and cheap production of the immunity-producing serum. Accordingly, on June 12, 1906, Doctor Dorset, under the direction of Secretary Wilson, patented the hog-cholera antitoxin. The patent bears the number 823,110, and it is one of the most unusual documents that reposes in the files of the Patent Office at Washington. It grants to Doctor Dorset a patent on the serum, provided that the Government or any person in the United States can produce the serum without the payment of a royalty to the patentee. It prevented the patenting of the serum by some manufacturing chemist in such a way as to give a monopoly of the process and thus place an additional obstacle in the way of eradicating hog cholera. After the patent was issued Doctor Dorset continued his work with a view of finding out how long immunity will last and of standardizing the doses of protective serum. In 1908 the Department of Agriculture announced that by inoculating a hog with the invisible murderer at the same time that it was inoculated with the protective serum a more lasting immunity would be produced, because the presence of the murderer in the blood stimulated the production of more antitoxins under the help offered by those that had been secured from the immune hog's blood. This immunity lasts probably three months or longer, and it is not necessary to inject enough serum to cause illness in order to produce immunity. These experiments have been made with over one thousand hogs from all parts of the United States.

The results from using the serum in the field more than justified the faith that Doctor Dorset and his associates placed in the serum obtained in the laboratory. The next problem was how to produce the serum and get it into the hands of the farmer at as little cost as possible. In the spring, summer and fall of 1908 Doctor Melvin, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, under the direction of Secretary Wilson, sent out invitations to all the states in the Union to visit the Department's demonstration farm at Ames, Iowa, and inspect the process of producing serum and observe the results obtained from its use. Three invitations were sent out. The first states invited were those most vitally concerned in the eradication of hog cholera. That spring and summer, representatives from more than thirty states visited the farm and became convinced that the great problem of pork production had been solved. A conference of these representatives was held and it was decided that the states should at once begin the production of the protective serum which should be administered by experts either free or at cost. Other states sent representatives.

Better Stenographic Service

Did you ever notice that your stenographer does better work early in the day than she does toward night?

This is probably the reason: At the tip of each finger, close to the surface, is a sensitive nerve terminal.

Now, the constant pounding that is necessary to get action from the stiff, heavy keys of the ordinary typewriter soon tires her out. You can overcome this daily "3 o'clock fatigue" by taking advantage of

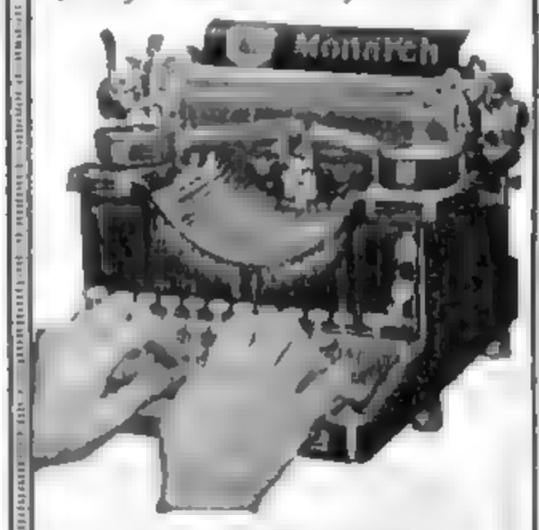
Monarch
Light Touch

The Monarch has an exclusive type-bar construction, which responds to the slightest pressure of the fingers and makes possible a maximum degree of efficiency.

Compare the Monarch with any other typewriter and note the difference.

Send for Monarch Literature

Learn the reasons for Monarch superiority. Then try the Monarch to the end that you may know that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.



Representatives Wanted

Local representatives wanted everywhere. Also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

The Monarch Typewriter Company

Executive Offices
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LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE 10¢

Ready for instant use—mends everything—holds fast. Sold in pin sealing tubes (like cut) and in cap sealing bottles. Every dealer sells it because every one demands it. Useful to man, woman and child in making things as well as mending things.

Library slips with every bottle and tube

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Rugby

DULL BUTTON.

Medium shape toe—short effect—any leather

Here is a Shoe that combines all the desirable features good foot wear *must* have. "Natural Shape" lasts—Selected, old fashioned tanned leather—workmanship of evident superiority.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges, and we will fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows "A style for any taste—a fit for every foot."

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$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or outing. Genuine English Felt. Fawn color, with underbrim slightly lighter. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2.00 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, Dark Blue and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted.

"English Seal" Fur Cap $3

For men and boys. Satin lined. Band and visor can be turned low or up. All sizes. Color, black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded on return of purchases.

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Dept. A, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

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Don't read at random. Read a definite course. Train your attention upon a group of related Topics. Learn about "Democratic England" this year—a reading set of magazine-teacher and four books, complete in itself. Four such courses of the Chautauqua cycle, read in spare minutes, will give the college outlook, renew the early vision of liberal culture, bring that comprehensive understanding of world movements which makes for personal efficiency. Course neither difficult nor expensive. Begin NOW. For particulars address Chautauqua Institution, Box 116, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Learn About England

CLASS PINS and BADGES for College, School, Society or Lodge.

Either style with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. Sterling Silver, 25c each, $2.50 doz.; Silver Plated, 10c each, $1.00 doz. Send for free Catalog. Special designs also made for any School or Society at attractive prices. Send idea for estimate.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 468, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

later. Last December another conference was held at Chicago. It was attended by representatives from the states that had been producing serum and it put forward methods of cheapening the process. Last spring New York sent a representative to Ames, and that state began the production of serum during the past summer. In most of the states interested the agricultural colleges are producing the serum, but in some the state veterinarian has charge of the work. The states that are producing serum this year are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Michigan, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, New York and Texas. Kansas reports that she will produce ten thousand doses of the protective serum this season. It costs on an average twenty-five cents a dose for a hog weighing from forty to one hundred pounds, and less for sucking pigs.

It may not be possible absolutely to stamp out hog cholera, but it is at least possible to control it now. Wherever herds are infected they are immediately treated with the protective serum, which also acts as a cure if administered early enough in the course of the disease. The herds around them are also treated, so that the center of infection is surrounded by a belt of immune hogs. To treat every hog in the country would probably be impracticable, but it is no more necessary to do this than it is to treat every human being with the antitoxin for diphtheria in order to control that disease in man. Hog cholera is extremely contagious. It is not definitely known in what way the murderer enters the body of the hog, but it can produce the disease when injected under the skin or fed to animals. It is likely that mere contact with the germ will spread the infection, and there is probably not a stock-pen in the United States that is free from the tenacious little murderer. It is known that birds carry the germ on their feet.

There are no figures at hand to show the economic burden that this disease had laid upon the business of producing pork in the United States, but it will easily total over twenty-five millions of dollars annually. In years when the epidemic has been especially virulent in the states of the great corn belt it has probably exacted a toll of one hundred millions. Kansas estimates the annual loss in that state alone at over five million dollars, and Missouri, Nebraska and other central states give like figures. Last year the death rate from disease in swine was between seven and nine per cent in the corn-belt states and less than one per cent in states where the disease did not exist.

Lowering the Price of Pork

So general has the demand for serum become that the Department of Agriculture has been flooded with requests to furnish it. To every letter the Department has had to reply that it is not engaged in the production of serum, and that the farmer will have to look to his state for aid. In many of these cases the farmer's state was not producing the serum, and some friendly neighboring state furnished the protective virus.

The price of the ham that hangs in our cellar is governed by several factors, but the factor of greatest importance is the number of hogs in the country. America is the greatest hog-producing country in the world and the greatest consumer of pork. Up to twenty years ago pork production kept fairly apace with the increase in the population. Now it has fallen wofully behind. Meanwhile America has taught Europe to eat American pork and the foreign demand has been enormous. The scarcity in the home market forced prices so high that, since 1906, the exports have fallen off sharply. The price we pay for pork is no longer a local matter; no longer a matter governed by domestic markets. American pork sought and found a world market, and it is governed by world prices. The only way Americans can get cheap pork is to raise better pigs and more pigs. With the danger of hog cholera ever present, this was not possible until the past three years. Now, under the operation of the people's patent, the herds can be insured against loss by the attacks of the invisible murderer.

The murderer has been tracked to his den, and, though he has not been seen, he has been shackled. That means more bonds from which to clip coupons; fatter pigs; cheaper pork.

Melba came to America a week ahead of time

for the sole purpose of making records for the Victor.

She spent the entire week of August 20-27 in the Victor laboratories at Camden, making a series of records by our new and improved recording process, and was so enthusiastic with the result that she made over her records already listed in the Victor catalogue.

These new Melba records are truly remarkable examples of the famous singer's glorious voice and conclusively demonstrate the great progress of the Victor.

These Melba records will be placed on sale with all Victor dealers in the early future. In the meantime drop in any store where you see the famous Victor trade-mark and just ask to hear the Victor or Victor-Victrola. You'll be astonished and wonder why you have waited so long.

"I have tried the records and find them really wonderful reproductions of my singing. I feel that in them all the care and trouble to which your experts went have found great reward. My friends who have heard them are simply delighted with them." Nellie Melba

Melba makes records exclusively for the Victor

Remember two things

Each and every pair of Fownes gloves is made to uphold the Fownes reputation for perfect Fit, exclusive Style and unusual Durability.

FOWNES GLOVES

Fownes gloves are sold everywhere and cost no more than others.

Each and every pair of Fownes gloves is sold under the name Fownes, which is stamped inside and on the button. That is your protection.

Try a pair of the $2.00 street gloves. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50,—each the best for the price.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1036 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

AGENTS ARE MAKING MONEY selling the Brandt Automatic Razor Stropper. It sharpens any razor in the world. Every man who shaves himself wants one. Write for wholesale price and terms.

Brandt Cutlery Co., 64 W. B'way, New York

ATTENTION My Boy—

WHEN you get your air-rifle, be sure to look for the word "KING" *on the side-plate.* It is just as important to get the right gun as to use it in the right way.

The KING is in air-rifles what the Winchester is in powder-rifles. It is made by the original and largest air-rifle factory in the world. We made the first air-gun ever sold, have originated all improvements, and make and sell more than all other factories put together.

The KING is strong, handsome, and an accurate shooter.

If any one tries to sell you some other air-rifle, make him show you the KING, too. You can tell the difference at a glance. ***Insist on the* KING.**

KING AIR RIFLES

A Talk to Real Boys

The boy that's a good shot has a keen eye and steady nerve.

He develops self-reliance, caution, and manliness.

That's the kind of a boy you want to be.

It's the kind your father and mother want you to be.

It's the kind America needs.

Every boy should know how to shoot straight—just as he should know how to play ball, swim, skate or handle a boat.

It's what the "learning how" does for you more than the thing itself—but the thing itself is important.

You cannot own a KING AIR-RIFLE and not want to be out of doors with it.

You can't own one without training yourself to have a steady hand and a good eye. It makes you stand erect.

It makes you alert and observing.

The "KING" is not a gun to kill things with. It isn't made and sold for that purpose.

It's made for target-practice—to teach you how to shoot straight.

It is not a powder-rifle—and therefore not dangerous. It shoots by compressed air, using air-rifle shot for ammunition. But it is a rifle to test anybody's marksmanship. It shoots accurately and carries a long distance.

It's a gun you can take a pride in. It is so well made, so handsomely finished, and has so many real gun qualities that you will take a true gun-lover's joy in handling it and taking care of it.

The illustration at the side of this advertisement shows the KING No. 5 1000-SHOT RIFLE—the "1000-shootin' air-gun." It is a hammerless magazine repeater with lever action. That is, you can load with 1000 air-rifle shot and shoot them out one at a time as you would with a Winchester repeating rifle. It is 36 inches long and weighs 2½ pounds. It sells at $2.00.

KING No. 5 "B" same as No. 5, but with gun-metal finish	$2.50
KING No. 2 Single Shot	1.00
KING No. 3 350-shot Hammerless Repeater	1.25
KING No. 7 THE CHICAGO, the Original Air-Rifle	1.00
KING No. 4 500-shot Automatic-Loading, Lever Action	1.75
KING Junior No. 10, Single Shot	.50
KING Three-in-one, No. 11, shoots shot, rubber ball or cork	.75
KING Pop-Guns Nos. 8 and 12.	.25
KING No. 14 Long-distance Pop-Gun, shoots rubber ball or cork	.50

If you don't get a KING, you are apt to find some other boy has a better and later style than you. If you do get a KING you are absolutely sure of having the best—

Because there are more styles to select from;

Because in the KING you find *all* the latest features of improved air-rifle construction;

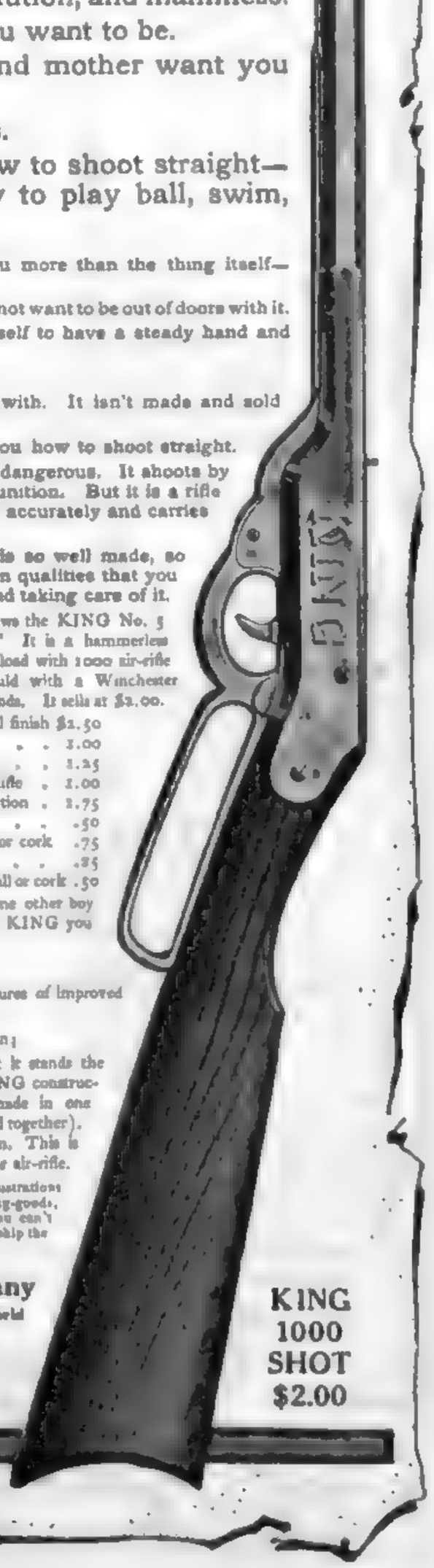
Because every KING looks and feels like a real gun;

Because every KING is so strong and durable that it stands the hardest tests. As an illustration of the superiority of KING construction, note that our repeaters have barrel and frame made in one piece of nickeled steel (not two pieces riveted and soldered together). Thus the strain of lever action cannot weaken the gun. This is only one of many points to look for when you buy your air-rifle.

Send for the KING Catalog containing handsome illustrations and full descriptions of each model. Then go to any sporting-goods, hardware or toy-store and see the rifles themselves. If you can't find the KING in your town, send the money to us, and we'll ship the rifles you select, express prepaid.

The Markham Air-Rifle Company
The Original and Largest Air-Rifle Factory in the World
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office
717 Market Street, San Francisco
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Managers



Improved

Duofold

Health Underwear

THE well-dressed man is well-dressed from the skin out. That is why he so often wears *Duofold*—The underwear made of *two light-weight fabrics in one; with air-space between.*

Carefully groomed men everywhere recognize *Duofold* as distinctly "the correct thing." And not only that. It is the sensible thing. Made of fine fabrics; shaping neatly to the figure; yielding to every motion, *Duofold* is the perfection of style. Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated; keeping the body always at an even normal temperature. *Duofold* is the perfection of comfort.

What more could any man ask?

Your dealer will show you *Duofold* single garments or union suits in various weights and shades for men, women and children.

Every garment is guaranteed satisfactory in all particulars, or money refunded. *Duofold* is the only underwear that will give you such a combination of comfort and style. Insist on what you ask for. If you have any trouble about getting exactly the size and style you want, let us know and we will see that you are supplied.

Every careful dresser should read the *Duofold* style booklet. It contains valuable information about the hygiene of dress. Shall we send you a copy?—Free of course.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.

Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents, 349 Broadway, New York

The New Floor Wax is Liquid

(PATENTED)

NO MORE OF THIS

It is no longer necessary to dig hard, lumpy paste wax from a can or to spend the biggest part of a day rubbing it smooth by main strength. The heavy floor brush with its backaches and discomforts is a thing of the past.

THIS IS THE NEW WAY

The new floor wax is LIQUID, flowing readily from the can. Simply saturate a soft cloth and apply. Let it set 10 to 20 minutes and go over it with a dry cloth to polish. A floor so finished is ready to walk on in less than an hour.

THE ONLY HARD-DRYING LIQUID WAX ON THE MARKET

Columbus Liquid Wax is different from any other wax made. It forms a *tough but elastic* film which takes a *beautiful polish* and which nothing can mar or crack, not even blows with a hammer.

It is absolutely *sanitary*, as it contains no paraffine or other greasy substance to collect dust or germs. It can be wiped up with *water without spotting*, turning white or peeling off.

It is more *economical* than ordinary floor wax because it covers much more surface and there is *no waste*. A gallon will keep the average home in condition for a year at a cost of only $3.

Ask your dealer for *a free sample* or send us 10 cents, stamps or silver, to pay packing and postage. With it we will send some *valuable information* about floors. Send today.

At all first class dealers': ½ pint, 25c; pint, 45c; quart, 85c; ½ gallon, $1.60; gallon, $3.00

COLUMBUS VARNISH COMPANY, Dept. 10, Columbus, Ohio

Columbus

HARD DRYING

Liquid Wax

The Easiest Applied Floor Finish

See Yourself From Every Angle With Both Hands Free

You men who shave yourselves—you women who dress your own hair, here's absolutely the greatest time and trouble-saving mirror that you can get! It gives you free use of both your hands while throwing the full strength of *all* your light *exactly* where you want it.

For Stand or Window. The Allview Portable Mirror not only *fits over your shoulders;* It can be made in *more* stands and can be hung in *more* different positions than any other mirror ever invented. Light *cannot* escape it

The Allview Portable Mirror

This Mirror is by *far* the most convenient toilet necessity ever devised. It has *all* the useful features of *every* other mirror, and several features that *no* other mirror *ever* had. A simple touch adjusts it to any angle imaginable—sideways, up or down, close or removed from the face. It brings the back of the head in as plain view as the face. Enables ladies to arrange their back hair as easily as the front. Makes shaving around the ears, under the chin and on the back of the neck as easy and safe as shaving the face.

Dealers!

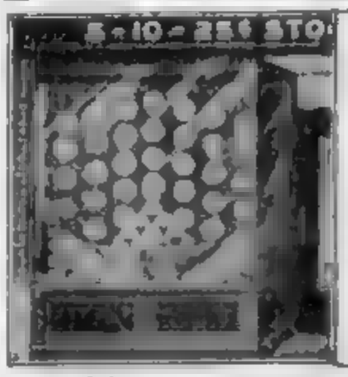
The **Allview** has *proved* a great success. Last year the entire output was sold long before Christmas. Dealers couldn't supply the demand. But this year increased facilities enable us to [illegible] Mail orders will [illegible] Millions will [illegible] them.

Makes a Dandy Gift!

The Allview Portable Mirror is made of 6½ inch finest grade German plate mirror, with a strongly-jointed, highly-polished special nickel steel frame. Folds compactly into a special case. Extremely handy when traveling. Its many uses, together with its rich appearance, make it unexceptionally attractive gift for men or women—old or young.

If your dealer cannot supply this Mirror, send us his name with $2.50 and we will send it prepaid. *Your money returned* if Mirror isn't satisfactory.

PORTABLE MIRROR CO., Dept. 10, St. Louis, Mo.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

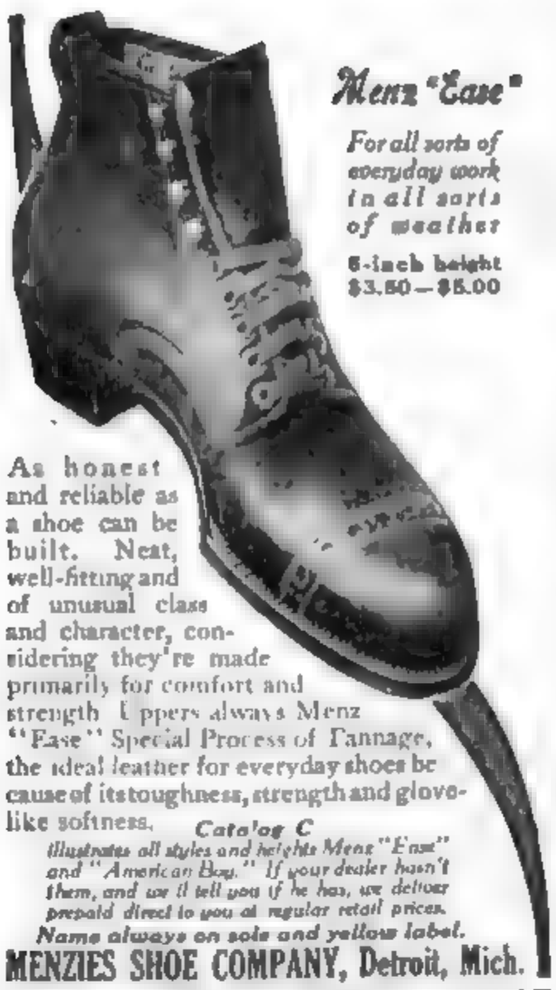
30 DAYS' TRIAL of any violin or other stringed instrument. We pay all express charges if goods are not satisfactory to you. We now sell direct from our Chicago and European depots and give you the benefit of the middleman's profit. Time Payments if desired. Write for beautiful catalog and catalog Free.

Wm. P. Lewis & Son, Makers and Importers, Est. 1869) 220 Wabash Av., Chicago

SLADDER

Adjusts and [illegible] with accuracy. Rapid and simple to operate. Total always in sight. Compact can be carried in pocket. Money returned if unsatisfactory. Guarantee your mental strength and [illegible] today—$1 postpaid. Agents Wanted.

Commercial Specialties Agency Room 3, 1044 Dahlia St., Chicago



Menz "Ease"

For all sorts of everyday work in all sorts of weather

6-inch height
$3.50—$5.00

As honest and reliable as a shoe can be built. Neat, well-fitting and of unusual class and character, considering they're made primarily for comfort and strength. Uppers always Menz "Ease" Special Process of Tannage, the ideal leather for everyday shoes because of its toughness, strength and glove-like softness.

Catalog C

Illustrates all styles and heights Menz "Ease" and "American Boy." If your dealer hasn't them, and we'll tell you if he has, we deliver prepaid direct to you at regular retail prices.

Name always on sole and yellow label.

MENZIES SHOE COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Brighton Garters

Most other garters are heavily padded to keep the metal from the skin. The *shape* of the Brighton metal prevents it touching the leg. See how a pencil slips beneath.

25 cents everywhere—or we mail them.

Flat as this sheet of paper; stronger but lighter than any other garter; *fitted* to prevent binding, chafing, or tiring the leg; so secure that the sock can neither slip nor tear; pure silk webs—any color.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
PHILADELPHIA

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

FOR STOVES and RANGES

You save $18.00 to $32.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low, unheard of Factory Prices? Hoosier Stoves and Ranges are delivered for you to use in your own home 30 days free before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove backed by a Million Dollars. Our new 1916 improvements in stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Send postal today for free catalog.

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY
217 State Street Marion, Indiana

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Prickly Heat Chafing and Sunburn

and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 75c. Get Mennen's—the original. Sample Free. Try Mennen's Violet Talcum Toilet Powder.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

THE SHADOW

(Continued from Page 17)

Runt cultivated the chambermaid. He told her apocryphal anecdotes of college life and learned what little she knew of the Subject, a grain of wheat in the much chaff of her knowledge concerning other guests.

Toward noon the Subject stood on the hotel lawn waiting for the hotel 'bus that was coming up the hill from the railroad station. The Shadow stood in the dining room watching the Subject. Out of the 'bus stepped a stylishly dressed veiled woman. The man on the lawn rushed to her, hat in hand. He took her arm. The pair laughed together. Hers was a silvery, rippling laugh, all gayety. They strolled a short distance from the hotel, talking animatedly, then returned. The woman was immediately shown to a suite of rooms that had been ordered in advance.

For the next two days the Runt had a good deal of occupation. He cultivated the waitress who served the couple, as well as the chambermaid, and managed to secure some meal checks and wine checks which he incorporated in his daily reports. He told the waitress he was collecting meal and wine checks like postage stamps; it was a new fad. He obtained the full names of the waitress and the chambermaid. The mere shadowing of the Subject and his companion was not difficult. They were too engrossed in each other to pay attention to anything else. They walked and rode together over the countryside, and went motorboating on the lake. The Shadow walked and bicycled after them on land, and once he followed them in another motorboat on the lake. On the latter occasion—it was evening—he heard a silvery laugh vibrate across the moonlit water and some words that sounded like music, soft and exquisite. The eavesdropper felt oddly troubled, in a way that he had never experienced in his life. He was unable to account for it. It was some kind of an unprofessional feeling. But whatever it was it lasted only a short time and he was glad to get rid of it.

There were two things that the Shadow needed to complete his work. To obtain one of them he had a watch-shaped camera that could be concealed in the palm of the hand. But the use of this camera required a close approach and involved the risk of being seen by the Subject. It was a matter of professional pride never to be seen by a Subject, even at the end of an operation.

As he was pondering the situation on the third afternoon in front of the hotel—the Subject and his companion being excellently posed on a bench across the lawn—a young girl in a short white skirt and ribbon-braided hair came dancing along with a kodak in her hand. The Shadow spoke to her as pleasantly as he could. He asked her what luck she was having. She complained that she had used up all her films and could get no more in the neighborhood. He showed her his watch-shaped camera and offered to lend it to her. He said the pictures were only an inch across, but they could be enlarged. The child joyfully thanked him, and on his suggestion and following his directions she made several snaps of the unconscious couple on the bench.

The Shadow's seamy face writhed with gleeful and triumphant emotion.

The other thing he needed was a page of the hotel register. Late that night, while the clerk was away for a few moments, he went behind the office desk and, using a sharp knife, cut out the page and thrust it into his pocket.

The proprietor of the hotel, a big red-faced man, saw the Shadow coming out of the office cage and he seized him by the collar.

"You dirty little spotter!" he said. "I know what you are. Excise, eh? Maybe gambling? Reform business? I saw you buzzing servant girls and sneaking around ——" And he kicked him thoroughly.

The Runt made no complaint. He was not hurt by the kicking, except physically, and not seriously in that way. His work was done; he had a page of the hotel register in his pocket. He wriggled finally out of the proprietor's grasp, ran outdoors and, hatless, made his way to the railroad station.

. . . . . .

In the library of the Client the head of the detective agency, as he sat down at the mahogany table, rubbed his hands together and spoke in a brisk tone of cheerful satisfaction.

Garford

Quality first—let the cost fall where it will.

Announcement

¶ Unless you have something interesting to say, don't advertise.

¶ We believe the public is tired of the reckless and threadbare declarations of pre-eminent automobile excellence singularly available at all prices from $400 to $4,000.

¶ There is no use in Announcing unless you have something to announce. The Garford Company really has something to announce besides a mere claim for excellence.

¶ For the *first time* in the history of the business, The Garford Company is selling the highest quality of car at a price Based on Actual Cost of Car. For the *first time* in the history of the automobile industry, the buyer without sacrifice of quality gets the benefit of the economies of production which every one of common sense knows have been going on for years.

¶ In doing this the Company makes no particular claim of superior altruism or morality over its competitors. We believe nearly all of them are trying to do the square thing just as we are. The point is that we are not only willing to do it but we are *able* and have the *opportunity* and we *are* doing it.

¶ Our *opportunity* comes with the termination of our selling arrangement with Studebaker. Our *ability* comes through the tremendous economy of our manufacturing organization. Our *final action* comes because we believe in a square deal.

The Garford Policy

¶ The unique feature about our policy is that we are giving the customer the benefit of this situation, instead of pursuing the usual course of establishing a price in reference to prospective demand, and adjusting our design and quality to meet that price. We are the first high grade car maker to *fix the quality at the first and let the cost fall where it will*, and to make a price based on that cost, which we believe anticipates any probable reduction for some years to come.

¶ Our model is a development of the Garford Chassis that put Studebaker in the automobile business. It gave Studebaker the proud reputation of selling the best high grade general service car ever built. Before that, the Garford Chassis put Rainier in the automobile business and made him leader in New York at the time. Before that there was hardly a car selling at $3,000 or over that did not contain a Garford component part, because that was the Company's manufacturing business before it began on chassis. The independent selling career of Garford, therefore, begins under most favorable auspices, and it is a particular satisfaction to the Company that the regulation of its own affairs enables it to give the public such an exceptional opportunity *with the goods* and a policy consistent therewith.

The "Personal Element"

¶ We have no patience with the threadbare subterfuge of the "Personal Element" in advertising, yet we feel that no institution rises above the individuality and the character of its owner. It is becoming more than ever important for a purchaser to know what kind of ability and integrity are back of his car. To those who are acquainted with National or Ohio politics, and industrial progress, A. L. Garford needs no introduction. He has been an industrial and political leader in his community for years. The public that deals with The Garford Company can expect a square deal just as certainly as it has been accorded for years to the people of Lorain County, Ohio.

THE CAR

One model known as G-6. In the line of development of all past Garford cars but a marked step in advance of even the last one. Motor—4½ x 5½, four cylinders. You know it well, but you don't know its latest development. The last year's laboratory investigation of former models with the same engine has increased the horsepower to 45 normal and to a maximum of 47½ at 1350 above normal speed. You never heard of such a thing but there it is. This is our fourth model and third year's use of the Bosch magneto plug ignition. You never heard an argument against the new Bosch ignition except perhaps when mechanically actuated. The Bosch plug system even outsells even this firm's suggestion. We do not advise part with it, but **we have often seen this engine run with a hose playing on the magneto.** The greatest advantages of the low tension spark you well know if you know your business. Why don't more people use this system? Because it adds about $50 to the cost of the car. This makes no difference now because **we start with quality and let the cost fall where it will.** There is no use having a point if you don't stick to it. We want you to bear in mind our carburetor. This and the magneto plug are some of the reasons why we get such power from this size engine. You will find full description in preliminary circulation—send for it.

Clutch—The only type that nobody knocks—the cone with cork inserts and springs, the only type that proved successful in number over all others at the last Motor Show—a good record after five or six years' trial every where of all three varieties. The Garford Clutch is one of the few parts that can be taken out without disturbing any other unit, by simply removing a few screws.

Transmission—Selective type four speeds and reverse—direct drive on third, that is to say, direct drive on the gear reduction you use most of the time. A step up for hill conditions, a step down for exceptionally bad ones. Nothing new in construction but most others stripped [illegible] gears a little stronger. Again **quality first—let the cost fall where it will.**

Front Axle—steering connections entirely protected from road contact and collision. Centers arranged to prevent wabbling of wheels.

Rear Axle—full floating type, the only scientific form of rear axle available. Too expensive for common cars. Again **quality—let the cost fall where it will.**

Axle assembled without brasing which obviates the necessity for momentary adjustment of bevel gears. These driving gears therefore always run quiet like no matter how often you take out and put back the balance gears if you ever have to.

Tire Dimensions—36 x 4 front—36 x 4½ rear.

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It's the vacuum surrounding the inner bottle that keeps the contents hot or cold.

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$1 is the price, altho the VACO does the same work as the most costly bottle—it only differs in the outside case. So simple it can be drawn from the case and washed like a piece of tableware. With reasonable care, it is strong enough for long service.

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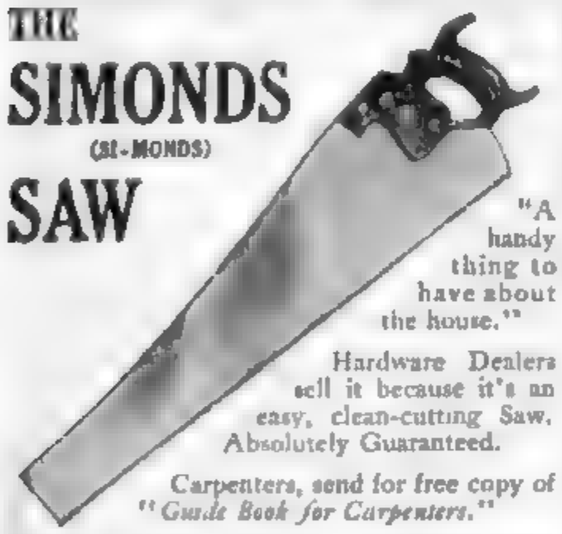

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EXTENDED — FOLDED

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"Well, sir," he said, "we have caught the thief—it was the cashier, after all, and I admit my mistake. We have three hundred-dollar bills that he paid over in a poolroom."

"But the other man?"

"He's honest. He's exonerated ——"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, sir."

"Why haven't you sent me the full reports on him?"

The detective, being unobserved, glanced at the portrait on the wall. He felt compassion for the man with the whitening eyebrows. He debated whether it would be a friendly act to lie to him.

"Do you want them, sir?" His voice lost its assumed heartiness.

"I want them, Rogers. I must have them," said the Client slowly, not looking at him. "You said something to me at the start. You hinted at something that was —— Either your office is untrustworthy . . . Give me those reports."

The detective, after a moment, quietly took a package from his breast pocket and laid on the table the typed reports of Operative No. 26 and the documents he had collected.

The other man rose and stared at them without touching them. He read some of the reports.

"These are not conclusive," he gasped.

The detective drew an enlarged photograph and a page of a hotel register from the bottom of a pile of documents and pushed them toward the other.

The Client sank back in his chair. He buried his ashen face in his hands. After a long interval he spoke:

"Rogers, yours is a damnable business—the most damnable on earth. Perhaps it is the result of damnable conditions. I wish I had never known this thing. I won't live many years longer. I might have finished my years without knowing, happily."

His face was against the table and his shoulders moved with hardly repressed sobs.

Thrifty Spending

THE man with small means and a family to support, who is looking forward to the day when he will own his own home in the suburbs, may find the following story of interest:

A bookkeeper, twenty years old, had to support his father and mother as well as himself on seventeen dollars a week, so it was with utmost difficulty that he could put away a dollar or two monthly. His father was unable to work, having suffered a sunstroke, and the doctors said it was absolutely necessary that he be taken where he could spend most of the time outdoors, under the trees and on the grass. The family was living in a city tenement, so this seemed a pretty large order. But the son had a reserve of one hundred and fifty dollars put away, and went to the upper edge of the town to look for a house. The cheapest to be had rented at twenty dollars a month, and was not in good repair at that. He drew one hundred dollars, paid a month's rent in advance, and made arrangements to move. Then, on moving day, he lost his job. When they were settled in the new home he went downtown every morning and came home every night at the usual hour, just as though he were still working, keeping his misfortune from the old folks.

A month went by without developing employment and his one hundred dollars was nearly gone. Then he ran across a friend who had taken the local agency for an automobile house and wanted an all-around man who could do his little bookkeeping, learn sales work and so forth. The place was accepted at once, at twenty dollars a week, and the bookkeeper put all his spare time and cash into fitting himself for it during the first year, taking a mechanician's course among other things. This investment of a year's savings in equipping himself for his new job was one of the thriftiest things he ever did, for the sales agency began to grow, and his salary was raised, until today he is assistant to the manager and is getting forty dollars a week. In the second year he bought a five-hundred-dollar building lot and put up a comfortable house of his own, borrowing twenty-five hundred dollars on mortgage from a building association. This is now so nearly paid for that he has lately married.

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Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell System and the same Bell Telephone fits them all.

Each Bell station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

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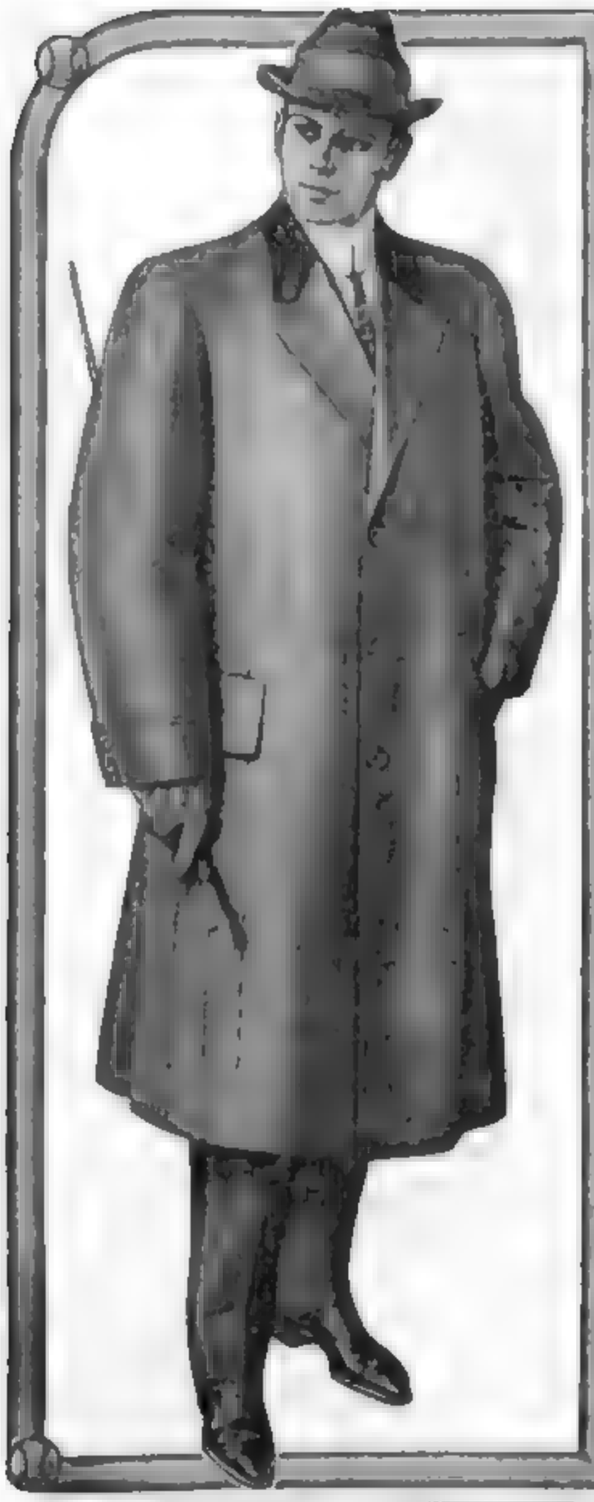

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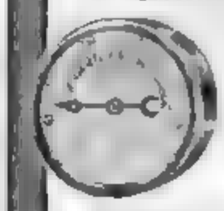

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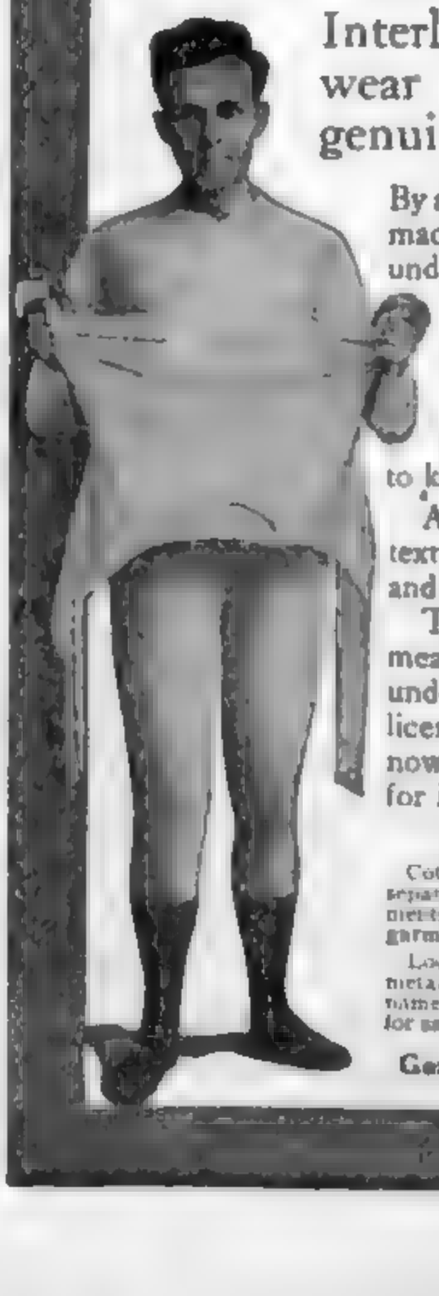
the lightest-for-warmth underwear



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Look for the name Interlock on the garment label or the metal lock attached. If your dealer has not it write us his name and address and we will see that you get it. Write for sample of fabric and illustrated booklet.

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.

Interlock

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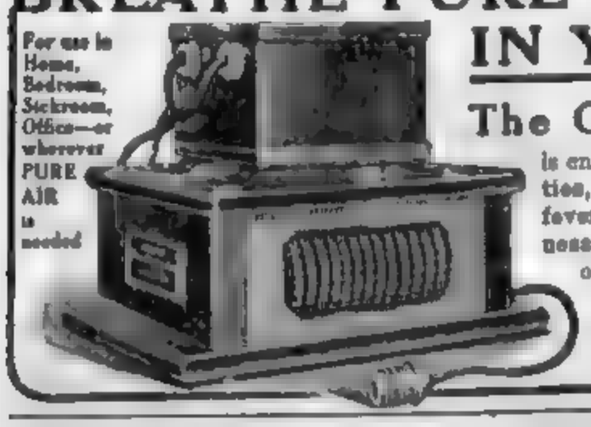

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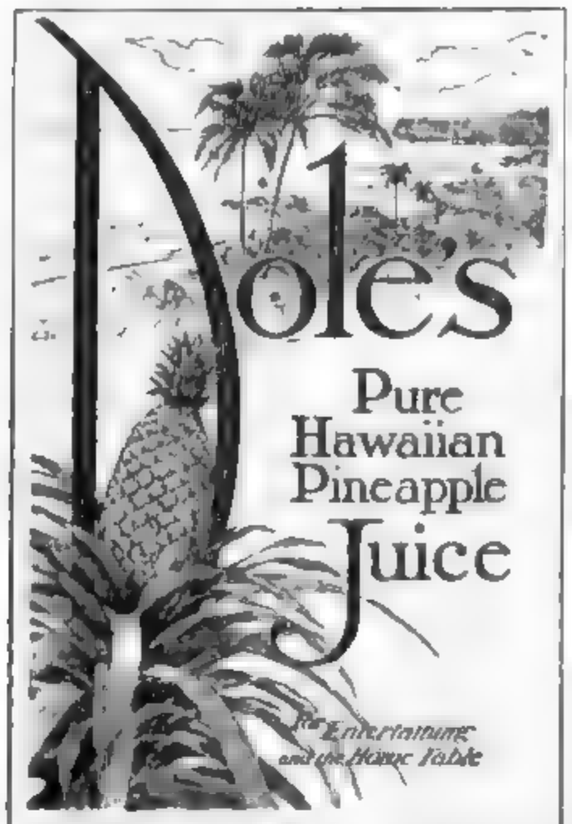

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Because nothing whatever is added to the juice. No water, sugar, preservative or coloring matter—absolutely nothing is in the bottle but the breath of a ripe Hawaiian Pineapple field, so that nothing of delicacy escapes your taste.

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Cost [illegible] at a little [illegible]. They're the only guards that [illegible] loosen them with pliers like the ordinary kind [illegible] of stamped steel and wire [illegible]. Ask [illegible] your dealer [illegible], or write us on your business letter head for free sample. Address

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A JOB AS KING

(Continued from Page 5)

and his whiskers blowing, and that he was excited I knew when I saw he had lost his straw.

"Quick!" said he. "Charge with your men! If you don't the loyal troops will smash up all that machinery of yours! Better get in and protect it!"

I couldn't stand for that, so started forward at a run, calling to my men to follow me. We turned a corner and were in the thick of it in a minute. With me in the lead my men didn't seem to be afraid of anything, nor did the mob, which stopped running and "'bout-faced" and ran with us. We began to shoot some and yell more. Then a man rushed out waving a handkerchief and I made my pirates stop firing.

The fellow came straight to me and gave up his sword. I began to think of making a collection of them and took it for the same reason I had taken the others—wanted to see the trouble ended.

"Most valiant señor," the latest prisoner said, "we surrender to you, the *conquistador*, in person. And, if you deign to accept our heroic services, will prove loyal to you."

"Sure," I said, "I'll take you on. I can use a few more men when we get to dredging. Just now I'm looking for the machinery."

I gave back his saber and again started toward the palace. The crowd kept on cheering and I suddenly discovered that the man with the saber was leading them in it, and that they were really getting into marching order.

"Quite a procession I've got," says I to myself, when we came into a bigger mob that half filled the plaza in front of the palace. Up on the stone steps a man with several torches out around him was making some sort of a red-hot speech, and then, suddenly, before I knew what was up, some of my sixteen pirates, rum-loaded, picked me up and hoisted me to their shoulders and the crowd broke out into such a howl of "Vivas" that I couldn't make them hear to let me down. Finally, after I had been lugged clear up on the palace steps I kicked my way loose and stood there. I was ready to fight. Just in front I saw Perkins.

"Say, you!" I called to him. "What does all this mean?"

"It means that you're the king," he answered.

"King be hanged!" I replied. "There's a mistake here somewhere. What I want is my machinery. I reckon I'll get it too!"

"Well, you'll never get it if you raise a row," he came back. "Don't act like a chump! Go on inside the palace and I'll follow you. We can talk in there."

I jammed my hat farther down over my head and went on in, and the crowd shrieked louder than ever. Then Perkins came in with a lot of swarthy-faced toughs and my sixteen men, and I wondered what was about to be pulled off. I thought when I looked at them that somebody had better lock up the family silverware, even if it was plated.

"My friend," Perkins said in English, "you've got yourself into a pretty mess! These people here have made you a king and think you came down here to become one. And unless you make good they'll likely take you out, stand you up against a wall and make you look like mother's colander that used to hang behind the kitchen stove. You've led a revolution, you've used force to sequester a tugboat to put the exiled Government out of the country, and you have taken forcible possession of the palace. You can't run away, because there's no boat due for days and days. It's all off with you now if you don't make good."

The light began to seep through my upper crevices and I fell back into a chair gasping for breath. I said to myself that I'd get even with Perkins for his part in the game, but there was nothing to do but sit up and play my hand just then.

"All right," says I; "if I'm in that bad I'll king it for a while. I've only got one life to lose for any country! Think I'll keep that if I can. I don't want to lose it for this, that's sure! What do you think I'd better do?"

"Get out on the balcony and tell 'em you're a soldier of liberty and came down here to save the poor and oppressed. Tell 'em you love 'em all and will give 'em liberty, equality, bullfights and free rum.

BAYSIDE, L. I., Aug. [illegible], 1910

[illegible] Since purchasing my Ostermoor Mattress sixteen years ago, I have bought seven others and have recommended them widely.

There is no doubt that the Ostermoor is the most uniquely comfortable mattress ever [illegible]. My sixteen year [illegible] has required [illegible] renovation of any kind and is certainly good for sixteen years more.

WILLIAM H. JOHNS.

16 Years Here

"Built—not Stuffed"

Ostermoor $15.

On Land and Sea Supreme for Over Half a Century

IT is a conspicuous fact that there are many imitations of the Ostermoor Mattress, and of Ostermoor advertising, but *not one* of them imitates Ostermoor by **offering proof of service.**

They can't do it! They haven't the service back of their goods to show. We defy any other mattress maker, regardless of name, material or price, to show letters from users attesting that after fifteen to fifty years' service their mattresses are as comfortable as when new.

Think of this when you buy a mattress, especially if you are shown an imitation which is said to be "as good as Ostermoor."

Think how much better it is to get a mattress that is built for everlasting service and comfort, instead of simply stuffed, and likely to develop soon into a mass of sleep-disturbing lumps and bumps.

Ostermoor is the cleanest, most sanitary, most comfortable of all mattresses. It is dustless, germ proof, vermin proof, proof against odors and dampness. It never needs remaking or renovating, except an occasional sun bath.

Send for our
144 PAGE BOOK AND SAMPLES FREE

The Ostermoor is not for sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most towns, the livest merchant in town. Write us and we send his name. We will ship you a mattress by express prepaid same day your check is received, where we have no dealer in town or he has none in stock. Thirty nights' free trial granted. Money back if wanted.

Get the genuine Ostermoor; the trade-mark on the end is your guarantee.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4'6" wide 45 lbs $15.
[illegible] extra
Dust proof, with non-absorbing, $1.50 more
Mercerized French Art Twills, $1.50 more

From the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club

NEW YORK, June 20, 1910

Gentlemen:

Ostermoor Mattresses and Cushions have always given me entire satisfaction in every respect and proved all you claimed them to be.

Their use throughout my yacht *Alva* was such a comfort and pleasure and we found them so much better than the very best of hair we would use nothing else but Ostermoor Cushions throughout and Ostermoor Mattresses in the staterooms of the new *Alva*.

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES.

Ostermoor & Co.
101 Elizabeth St.
New York

CANADIAN AGENCY
[illegible] Feather
[illegible]
d, Montreal

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Because *one* varnish cannot give perfect satisfaction on everything is the reason why over 300 different "P & L" Varnishes are made each the *best* for its special purpose.

Interior Work—*"38" Preservative Varnish* is best, except for floors. Never shrinks, cracks, nor turns white. Water will not affect it.

Exterior Work—*"P & L" Spar Finishing Varnish* is the most durable protector for all outdoor woodwork and marine use. Weather proof, temperature-proof and salt-water-proof.

White Enamel Work—calls for *Vitralite*, which is moisture-proof, never turns yellow, and lasts.

61" FLOOR VARNISH

is tough, elastic, water-proof and heel-proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

Test it with hammer or heel. It will prove that "61" is the only varnish you will have on your floors.

SEND FOR OUR NEW BOOKS—"Decorative Interior Finishing," which gives valuable pointers for the home, and "The Finished Floor," which tells how to care for floors.

If your dealer hasn't the "P & L" Varnishes you want, send to us.

PRATT & LAMBERT-Inc. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS

Address inquiries to 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

FACTORIES: NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA LONDON PARIS HAMBURG

Branch Offices and Warehouses in St. Louis and San Francisco

Two Sweet Successes

It's marvelous how popular Colgan's Mint Chips and Violet Chips are!

No, it isn't, either, when you realize that here are two of the most delicious flavors imaginable, held captive in the purest and freshest of gum, all ready to delight and satisfy your desire for lasting sweet enjoyment!

Ten thin, dainty, round chips, kept clean and good in their round metal box, so handily carried in vest pocket or hand bag. You certainly ought to taste them!

Mint Chips

Flavored like the good old-fashioned peppermint stick candy.

Violet Chips

Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows.

Best for breath, teeth, digestion. Best made—best flavored.

5¢

Famous ball player's picture in every box.

Most every store sells Colgan's Mint Chips and Violet Chips. If you can't find them, send 10 cents in stamps for a full box of each.

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

A Good Example of Beaver Board Walls and Ceilings

Reproduced from an Actual Photograph

ALL who intend to build or remodel should know about artistic, durable and economical

BEAVER BOARD

FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

It takes the place of lath, plaster and wall-paper in every type of building. Made in panels of all convenient sizes, easily and quickly put up by anyone handy with tools. Seams covered by decorative panel strips. Most beautiful designs possible.

BEAVER BOARD resists sound, heat, cold, strains, settling of building, etc., does not crack or deteriorate. Invaluable for partitions, false ceilings and other remodeling uses.

Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers, and decorators. If your dealer doesn't handle we shall be glad to see that you are supplied.

Write for interesting free booklet, "Beaver Board and Its Uses," which treats subject in full detail. Many illustrations.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

In U. S., address 906 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, address 186 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Ont.

W. L. DOUGLAS

HAND-SEWED PROCESS **SHOES**

MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00
BOYS' $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 179 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. **$1.00**

Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Put it on thick. Nobody down here expects a king to keep his word. Get a move on you!"

So I went out on the balcony and, when they got through cheering me, gave them a hot line of talk and ordered free drinks to be served and the bill to be sent in to the Government. Everything free in every *bodega* in the town.

Guess I wasn't a popular king from that minute! Oh, no! Not at all!

Then I went back in the palace and appointed the soberest of my sixteen men generals and admirals and colonels and captains. Told them to keep a weather eye open for other insurgents and fire, to put the cat away and lock the door, wind the clock and set the milk bottles out—and then went to bed in the first spare room I found. And I was so tired that long before the noise had died down I was sound asleep.

When I woke up it took me fifteen minutes to realize that I was really a king, and the more I thought about it the less I liked it. I got up and had breakfast and was trying to make up my mind what a king does after he has eaten and gone to the office, when Perkins was shown in. He shut the door and rolled over on the royal bed and laughed.

"Funny, ain't it?" I sneered, and then he laughed some more.

"Perhaps when you get through getting red in the face and mauling my bedclothes you'll tell me how it happened."

"Certainly," said he, cheerful as a lodge goat about to initiate a candidate. "You see it was this way. Some of us who got tired of being bled by the Government decided to kick the Government out. We had expected to make a chap whose father was once a *presidente* down here, but who has been in America at school ever since he was a kid, the new ruler. Everything was getting ripe when this young fellow fluked. Gets wise at the last moment and shows yellow. We are up against it. Then you come along, step on shore and lick the chief of police, the most dangerous man in the island. Then you snap your fingers at the general in command. In the mean time I have planted all the leading insurgents in your camp as laborers, so as to have them handy in case anything happens. Our rifles and ammunition are on the way, so, to keep them from being grabbed, we conveniently ship them to you as part of your mining machinery. That was the last lot that came, which, by the way, the Government didn't get. Your men distributed that stuff while you were dawdling around up at the hacienda yesterday."

He sat and grinned at me, while I said such things as came easiest, and I think I may say without exaggerating that for once I was mighty fluent.

"Then," he went on after I got tired, "you precipitated things before we could choose another candidate for the office. We couldn't find one ripe for the honor yesterday because, well—ahem!—it's a dangerous thing to try to be king and not make good. The ruling power always shoots the pretender, and so none of the boys wanted the job. Before anybody reckless enough had come along you wanted your machinery back and started out to get it. Your men and the mob thought you were the right man, and—there you are. You're king. The people, most of them, think you are of noble Spanish descent, brought up in America for political reasons. Nothing less than a duke. We've attended to all that flattering sentiment. But say, we boys who have the concessions down here will do all we can to help you to make good with these people. We'll make 'em think you've got the whole United States back of you."

Right there was where I saw daylight again and got crafty.

"Good!" says I, "I'll king it! You see if I don't. Private coronation though, you understand, to be not earlier than three months off, so I can get used to wearing the gold lace stuff. Does that suit?"

"It does, Sire. It does," Perkins answered.

"It looks to me, Sire," I said to myself when Perkins went out, "as if this might be turned into rather an interesting job—this one that these smart ward heelers from Pittsburgh, Pa., have hoisted you into; but I wish to goodness the boats ran oftener!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"Love at First Sight!"

"Why so much frowning?" asked a friend as he paused at the door of the writer's office.

"Because I can't find the right words to tell the magazine readers how really beautiful and valuable are the 1911 'Pompeian Beauties' in colors. We are practically giving them away, charging only 15 cents apiece to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. Each 'Pompeian Beauty' is really worth $1.50 to $2.50," I replied.

"Oh I see," he laughed, "can't make the public understand how you can give a $1.50 picture for 15 cents, eh? Well, charge 'em a dollar. Maybe that will make 'em sit up and observe. Let's see the pictures." I pointed to the wall behind him.

"Those! Those for 15 cents apiece!" His voice indicated his own unbelief.

"There you are!" I laughed. "Won't believe me yourself. Just 15 cents apiece. No more. But which is your choice?"

"That one for me! No, wait a moment. That one! No, I—I—say—I love 'em all! They're great! They're wonders! Just say in your ad that it's a case of *love at first sight* for every single one of them! They are all heart-breakers! If the public could only see them in their real sizes and colors you'd be swamped!"

Yes, it is a case of "love at first sight" for those who see them in their true and exquisite colors. Then the question is: Which "Pompeian Beauty" would you rather have on your walls? Any one is worthy of a fine frame. Yes, you may order several if you can't decide on one. You run no risk. Read our "money back" guarantee.

WHY $1.50 IS NOT CHARGED

The manufacturers of Pompeian Massage Cream want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15 cents being charged to protect ourselves from being overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established. *You* get *your* reward at once.

CANADIAN CUSTOMERS!

We are now making Pompeian in Canada, as well as in Cleveland, Ohio. This relieves our Canadian customers from paying duty when they buy from their regular dealers. However, all letters should be addressed to Cleveland, Ohio, as usual.

D

POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

All Dealers, 50c, 75c and $1

"Don't envy a good complexion; Use Pompeian and have one!"

This is the advice of men and women (in a million homes) that use Pompeian Massage Cream. You yourself will never know the reasons for Pompeian popularity—how clean you can be and look—how refreshed, healthy and wholesome in appearance—until you test Pompeian.

Glance in your mirror after a refreshing Pompeian Massage. The old sallow "dead skin" appearance has gone, and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." Trial jar sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). You may order pictures, trial jar, or both.

OUR 1911 PICTURES

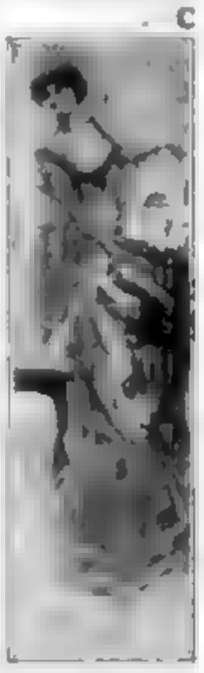
Each "Pompeian Beauty" is in colors and by a high priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, clear, healthy complexion.

OUR GUARANTEE. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual art store value of $1.50 to $2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed we will return your money.

NOTE—The handsome frames are only printed (but in colors) on pictures A and B. Each of four pictures has hanger for use if picture is not to be framed.

Pompeian Beauty (A) Size 17 in. by 12 in.—(B) size 19 in. by 12 in.—(C) size 32 in. by 8 in.—(D) size 35 in. by 7 in.

C



NOTE—Pompeian Beauty D went into a quarter of a million homes last year and the demand for it is still heavy.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed the figure(s) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the four "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				

P. S. I shall place a mark (x) in the square below if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian.

Write name carefully on coupon only.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE TEDDYSEE

(Continued from Page 6)

We can ship you back on a flowery track
Right up to the White House Door—
If one good Term deserves another
What's the matter with Another Term More?

(Our Hero paled and trembled as the vessel onward skipped.
Although his ears were sealed with wax, I rather think it slipped.)

VI

There is a place called Europe—
You'll find it on the map.
Here Teddy's bark did moor up
To wake it from its nap.
The Natives, seeing Teddy,
That Hero's praises sung
In accents rough and ready,
Each in his native tongue.
The Dagos cried "Robusto!"
The French exclaimed "Encore!"
The German line raised stein on stein
With "Hoch der Theodore!"
But in the town of Budapest,
Where all the Magyars dwell,
They simply shouted: "Szz boom fisst
Yok pilst tish tush wat tell!"
'Twas in the States of Europe
That Teddy took his stand
And plainly spoke to all the folk
On "How to Run Your Land."
'Twas in the childless Paris
Where Theodore said he,
"The art of raising babies
Is in its infancy."
'Twas he to Bill the Kaiser
Who said, "Mein alt freund Bill,
Your troops are green—you should have
My charge up San Juan Hill!"
'Twas he who went to London
And got the keys of gold
And told the British something skittish
About the way—but hold!

. . . . . .

Round the Hero thronged the Kings
Like a flock of eager muttons,
Begging souvenirs and things,
Autographs and pins and buttons.
Night and day along his wake
Dogged the Sceptered and the Crowned—
Faith, a King is hard to shake
When he gets to hanging round!
On his shoulderblade they wept,
Told him of their joys and ills,
Till, at last, when Europe slept,
Ted escaped to Brescia's hills.

VII. HE MEETETH HIS FAVORITE POLICY, GIFFORDIUS, AND HEARETH SHOCKING NEWS OF HOME

'Twas in an ancient, peaceful olive grove
Tedysses walked alone, composing o'er
Tomorrow's little Peace Talk for The Hague,
Entitled, "Hit the Other Fellow First!"
When, whistling to him from the bough, he heard
Some exiled dryad from the U. S. A.
And lion-thewed Tedysses, looking up,
Beheld, slow-stalking in a near-by glade,
One of His Policies, tall and gaunt and sad,
The Forest Lover of the Tennis Court.
And then, "My Gifford!" cried exalted Ted.
"My Ted!" cried Giff—they met in one wild clinch,
E'en as some cyclone, strolling Kansas o'er,
Picks up Emporia's First Baptist Church
And shakes its belfry loose. At length spoke Ted:
"Hath Nature faked mine eyes? What do you, Gifford,
Far from our Grand Old Party's peaceful perch?"
"Peaceful—Oh, Splash!" Giffordius cried amain.
"My Ted, when thou wert on wild Afric's shore
Didst hear a distant Crash?" "I heard a Bump,"
Said Ted. Whereat spake Giff: "That Bump was me."

Upon a noble Roman stone they sate,
Lips close to ear, while Giff a tale unfolded
So wild, so weird, that full a half a minute
Ted listened tense, nor said a single word—
This for the first time in his public life.
I can't repeat, O Muse, what Gifford told;
How bold Achilles round Tedysses' hearth
Rocked in the old cane rocker, quite at home;
How fair and fat Penelope, now false,
Was singing love duets with Uncle Joe,
Feeding the wolf Aldrichas with a spoon
While sly Sereno worked her spinning-wheel
That wove the Tariff.

These mad truths he told,
When, sudden, up Tedysses rose in air,
Smashed his rough-riding helmet to the sward
And through Liguria whooped this battlecry:
"Malefactors!
Falsifiers!
All mendacity;
No veracity—
Bully, Dee-lighted—Rah-rah!"
Fair Gifford smiled and leaned against a tree.
His heart was glad to hear this old-time shout,
For well he knew he'd started Teddy off.
And that, when he had made the Guild Hall speech
And called the English down for good and plenty,
He'd make a home run for his Native Land,
Get the Big Hickory into play, and then——

VIII. CHORUS OF MERMAIDS ATTENDING THE TEDDYBOAT BACK TO AMERICA

Little boy Ted,
Come, blow your horn!
The wolf's in the forest,
The hog's in the corn.
The Regulars plot
As they gather in rings
A regular lot
Of irregular things.
Hi-diddle-diddle,
Truth's on the griddle:
The Mule's kicked over Nebraska.
When Ted's away
The Trusts will play,
And Gugg's running off with Alaska.

Editor's Note—The Second Book of The Teddysee will appear in an early number.

The Aeroplane

A DISPATCH from Lima, Peru, says the aeroplane has arrived in the ancient empire of the Incas, the aviator being a pupil of Paulhan, one of whose machines he is to use.

O Condor, breasting to the stars
Above the Andean height;
Scorning dull Gravitation's bars
In your majestic flight—
Why do you pause on outstretched wings,
O'er Chimborazo's dome,
To watch that creature strange which swings
Below your wind-swept home?

Lord of the stark, Peruvian peaks,
Of frozen spaces mute,
What is this winged thing that seeks
Thy lordship to dispute?
Monster or bird? Its fearsome shape,
Beneath thee in midair,
Sets all the nether world agape,
And warns thee to beware.

Lord of the Air, aloft, aloof,
Watching the world go by,
Above the green earth's topmost roof,
Close to the stars and sky,
You scan and scorn dull, creeping man
In the dim depths below—
Indiff'rent to his plot and plan
To reach your throne of snow.

Not since the caravels of Spain
First vexed Peruvian seas,
And fierce Pizarro's bearded train
An empire came to seize,
Has bird or monster e'er been seen
Like this uncanny thing,
Soaring amid these heights serene
On palpitating wing.

A thing of shreds and patches made,
And rods of metal lean,
Of prop and plane, whose flight is swayed
By gear and gasoline;
This bloodless, man-made monster knows
Nor hunger, thirst, nor pain;
And here, amid the Andean snows,
It comes to end thy reign.

Resign, O Condor! Abdicate
Thy lordship of the air.
Soon this thing, soulless, inanimate,
Will lord it ev'rywhere—
O'er land and sea, o'er weald and vale,
O'er Andean peak and plain—
The Milky Way will mark its trail,
This thing with human brain.

—*Joseph Smith.*

Michaels-Stern Clothes

WE know that you can buy clothing on nearly every corner of your town. But, we are paying for this space to tell you how and where to buy something better in fabric, pattern, style and tailoring. We've a dealer in your town—*ask him.* Or, send for our Style Book—"The Measure of a Man."

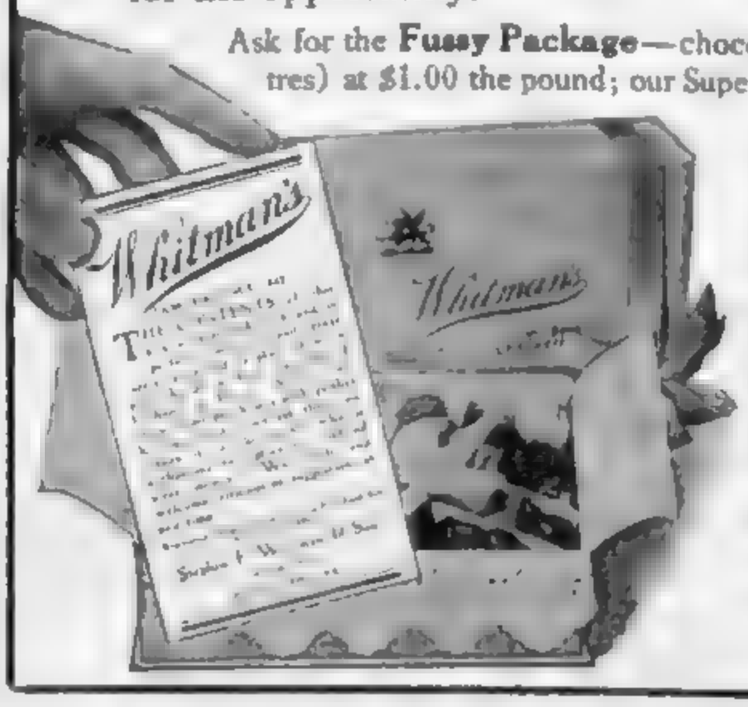
MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Good Whitman's Service

THE whole plan of Whitman's Agencies, covering the continent, means just this—that you get these *perfect* chocolates and confections *served perfectly.* Our agent is not simply a dealer. He is careful, interested and always responsible for every package of Whitman's that he sells.

Our sales agents, everywhere, get the sealed packages direct from us and sell them promptly. Any package that is not sold while it is perfectly fresh is returned to us.

Inside every package is this personal message to the friend who buys it—a message that means just what it says. We very seldom are called on to replace a package that has met with an accident or disappointed a purchaser. Then we make the best amends we can, with pleasure and thanks for the opportunity.



Ask for the **Fussy Package**—chocolates (hard and nut centres) at $1.00 the pound; our Super Extra Chocolates at 80 cents a pound; Chocolate Maraschino Cherries, 50 cents a box; Honey White Nougat, 50 cents a box. Sent postpaid where we have no agent. Write for booklet "*Suggestions,*" describing the Whitman *Service* and *Specialties.*

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.
Established 1842
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate

Emery

The Guaranteed Shirt $1.50

LOOK for *Emery* when you buy shirts. Pay $1.50. This name and price assure you custom satisfaction in ready made shirts.

GUARANTEED fit, color and wear:

Emery Sizes are cut and PROVED by our individual system—developed in our 30 years' shirtmaking experience. *Emery* measurements are exactly as marked on the shirt and never vary. Sleeves are made different lengths; to fit all men. Bodies are cut proportionately to neck sizes; on generous lines insuring not only fit but comfort. Neckbands are pre-shrunk—no further shrinkage possible.

Emery Fabrics are thoroughly tested for color and strength. Only fast-color, flawless materials are used; no weakness anywhere.

The *Emery* label is the Guaranty mark. The *Emery* shirt you buy will make good on the guarantee of fit, color and wear—else the *Emery* dealer will.

Emery Guaranteed Shirts are $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $5—depending on fabric.

To dealers: We invite inquiries from dealers who wish to supply their patrons with shirts which they can unqualifiedly guarantee.

Walter M. Steppacher & Brother, M'f'rs of The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia

Big Ben

THE NATIONAL ALARM

A THIN, beautiful sleepmeter with a silent, frictionless motor and a mellow, cheerful voice.

A sturdy, punctual alarm clock set in a heavy triple plated case, with large, easy winding keys, distinct clean cut hands and an open, attractive face.

An admirable piece of clockmanship—the work of the Western Clock community of La Salle, Illinois.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.
Three Dollars in Canada.

Right from the Waffle Iron To Your Plate

Just think of having delicious, crisp, golden brown waffles for breakfast every morning.

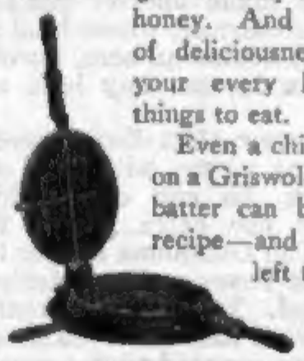
Not the restaurant kind, not the kind that come from the bake-shop, but real old Southern waffles, *made in your own home.*

You can have them *now*—just as *often* as you wish; for

Griswold's Waffle Iron

will bake them for you. It will bake waffles that are indescribable in flavor—waffles that are so fluffy and tender that they fairly melt in your mouth.

Smother these dainty waffles with powdered sugar or maple syrup, butter or honey. And you'll have a feast of deliciousness that will satisfy your every longing for good things to eat.



Even a child can bake waffles on a Griswold Waffle Iron. The batter can be mixed after any recipe—and the baking may be left to the "Griswold." The extra thick pans insure even cooking—crispy tops and bottoms and delicious centers.

Ball and socket joint allows turning of the pans without lifting and insulated handles prevent burnt fingers.

Griswold Waffle Irons can be had at all dealers at prices from 95c upwards, according to size.

If your dealer hasn't got them, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

Interesting Booklet—Free

A booklet of interest to everybody keeping house will be sent free and postpaid upon request. This booklet contains some splendid waffle recipes. Write for it today.

THE GRISWOLD MANUFACTURING CO., 1045 West Twelfth Street, Erie, Pa.

TEXAS
"Broncho Buster" HAT for $3

Here's a typical Texas cowboy hat, the style worn all over the Southwest and that we have made popular throughout the whole country.

The "Broncho Buster" is the hat of a gentleman and is suitable for all weathers and occasions, a very picturesque, breezy style that looks well on any head — **originated, manufactured** and sold by us **exclusively.** Five dollars won't buy its equal anywhere.

DESCRIPTION—The "Broncho Buster" is made of fine quality felt, light tan color, very light weight, trimmed with richly carved Mexican leather band. The brim is a "never-flop" and will positively hold its shape. The "Broncho Buster" is made in two dimensions: brim 3 inches, crown 4½ inches; brim 3½ inches, crown 5 inches, a regular $5 hat, sent express prepaid for **$3**

Be sure to state size

The "Broncho Buster" is on sale at the one best hat store in your city for $3.

We guarantee to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied with the "Broncho Buster."

Place your order at once. Address

HOUSTON HAT CO.
Dept. A Houston, Texas

Chantecler

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The New Card Game

Unmistakably eclipses everything in the game line and means a pronounced sensation in your community. Anybody can play it—successfully played at progressive parties as well as individual tables.

The whole world is talking about Chantecler, but it remained for us to put Chantecler into amusement form by making of it a card game that contains every fascinating element of your present favorite card game, plus a new interest—a seductiveness that makes this the peer of all games.

Chantecler card parties permit the use of the new and novel ideas that are so pleasing to the up to date hostess. Therefore, surprise your friends by being the first to have a progressive Chantecler card party. It is fun galore.

Your dealer sells Chantecler for **50c,** or you can order it direct from us for **50c,** postage paid. Don't delay, as it means a sensation in your community.

American Game Co. (Distributors)
Dept. A, 346 W. Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

Brighten Up Your Old Furniture

HERE'S the way to polish it like brand new. Just apply O-Cedar Polish—a gentle rub, and all dust, dirt and grease disappear at once. Leaves a lasting and brilliant polish. Best in the world for pianos, automobiles, furniture, wood-work, etc. Contains no grit. Can't harm the finest surface. Prevents cracking and checking—fills up pores of varnish, keeping it perfectly smooth and hard.

O-Cedar Polish

makes furniture last longer and look better. It's easy to apply—no hard rubbing. Cleans and polishes like magic.

Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Buy it—try it—if you're not fully pleased return partly empty bottle and get your money back.

On sale at all drug, hardware, and department stores at 25c. If your dealer doesn't sell O-Cedar, write us mentioning dealer's name and get a **free** sample bottle. Channell Chemical Co., 1634 Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PATENT
WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.

H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
(Successors to Woodward & Chandlee)
1207 F Street, Washington, D. C.

OLD FARMS FOR NEW

(Concluded from Page 11)

large tract of cheap, undeveloped farmland and then he goes to Russia to spend the summer. He knows Russia as well as he knows his land, and he knows to what province he should go. Each year he brings back a few families of immigrants and settles them on his land. It would be impossible to sell all his farms direct to Russians in this way, and he does not attempt it. He is content to induce a few of the most influential families, especially those with many relatives, to come to the new world, and secures them from a different province each year. One year the families were from Podolia, the next from Orel, and the next from Kursk. After settling a few of them on the land he moves on to a new investment and leaves future development in the hands of the Russians and a local agent who looks after collections. The new citizens write back home and in a few years Cousin Ivan and Brother Alexander and Uncle Peter come to occupy the vacant land.

Promoters of really good farmland prefer sales to Europeans even if long and liberal terms must be granted. The obvious reason is that the Europeans are better farmers than the Americans. They will move to land that the average American would declare unfit for cultivation and in a few years will own bank stock and automobiles. Much colonization work has been done among the Germans, who stand first in favor with the colonizers. They believe that the settlement of a new community by Germans assures its success. Failing in the complete settlement of their land by Germans they are content to secure one or two of them, in the belief that the good example they set will be felt throughout the entire community. This theory proves correct in most cases. Next to the Germans rank the Russians, who are still teaching Americans valuable lessons in wheat growing. Italians, too, have been brought by the colonizers and, in Arkansas, have grown rich on land the hill-billies declared worthless.

Tolled by a Baptist Bell

Often religion plays a part in selling new farmland. Good American citizens no longer flee from Missouri or Iowa or Indiana because of the religious oppression that sent their forefathers here to declare their independence. On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wheeler, who are Baptists and have seven Baptist sons and daughters, were annoyed by the fact that the Presbyterian Church was the only one owning a building and maintaining an active congregation in the Missouri community in which they lived. They longed to send their sons and daughters to a Baptist Sunday-school and to hear good Baptist sermons every Sunday. When a land agent induced Father Wheeler to go to Texas and look at some farmland, the fact that the Baptists had a plurality in the new community was the one fact necessary to convince him that he should make the change. Afterward he was active in securing the removal of several of his brethren to a place where they could hear the Baptist church-bell ring every Sunday morning.

The American farmer who moves to a new farm is not so venturesome as his European brother. Ivan Ivanovich, who has never been farther than a day's journey from the Russian home in which he was born, will buy a farm in Texas, Kansas or Nebraska. With only a roll of clothing on his back and a few rubles in his pocket he starts bravely forth to meet the disadvantages of life in a strange country. American farmers make shorter jumps. The Iowa or Illinois farmer, whose land is worth one hundred dollars an acre, moves to Missouri, where he can buy land at fifty dollars.

The Missouri farmer, thus dispossessed, moves to Oklahoma where, with land at twenty-five dollars, he can double his acreage or invest the extra money in good livestock. The Oklahoma farmer in turn moves to west Texas or New Mexico to settle on new land. This chain of events is so closely connected that often the same group of real estate agents handles every one of the deals, profiting by commission on each transaction.

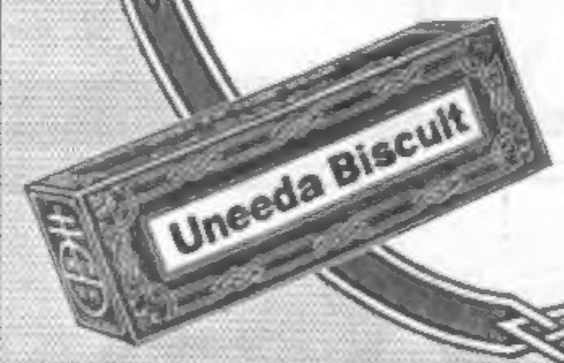
Moisture Will Spoil Ordinary Soda Crackers

NO matter how good the ingredients or how careful the baking, once expose soda crackers to the slightest dampness of air and they lose their taste and much of their food value.

That's why bulk crackers kept in barrels, boxes and cans get tasteless and tough and hard to swallow. They absorb moisture, and they also gather dust, germs and store odors. What a pity that this most nutritious of flour foods is so contaminated!

But there is a soda cracker too good, too perfect to be thus treated! After baking, Uneeda Biscuit are immediately placed in dust tight, moisture proof packages which preserve their crispness, flavor and nourishment.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



(Never sold in bulk)

5¢ *for a package*

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 802 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.

GUNN

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

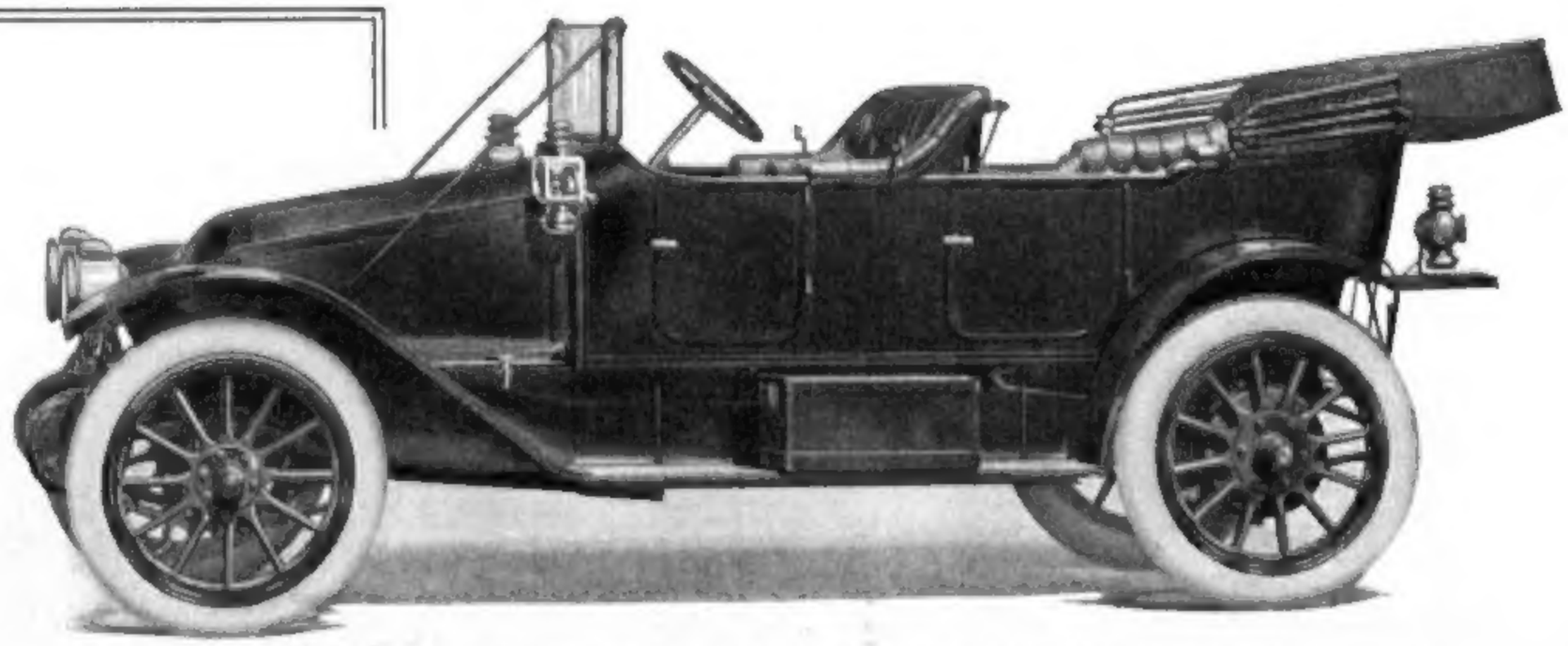
SEND for our new catalogue M—something unusually attractive—which we will mail you free on request.

Prices are lower than others

on Sanitary Claw Foot, Mission and Standard styles; solid in appearance, no disfiguring iron bands, guaranteed Grand Rapids quality with exclusive features. *Sold by dealers or direct.*

Gunn Furniture Co., 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Franklin "The Car Beautiful"



Model D, with Five-passenger Open Body (Six Cylinders, Thirty-eight Horse Power)

Some Important Facts

The Franklin is the only automobile with which tire trouble is not a factor. Its tire equipment lasts a year or more. Service in excess of 10,000 miles is common. It is not necessary for Franklins to carry extra tires. Reports from owners of 1910 Franklins show an average of over 2500 miles without puncture.

Doing the work that water-cooled motors are built to do and doing it better and more economically, with no secondary cooling mechanism and with no difficulties, Franklin air-cooled motors have demonstrated their superiority under every possible condition.

Full-elliptic springs, front and rear, give the Franklin double the riding comfort of the motor car with semi-elliptic springs.

Three laminations of second-growth ash, forming the Franklin chassis frame, absorb vibrations that steel frames emphasize.

The Franklin multiple-disc clutch, running in oil, acts efficiently and easily without hitch, jerk or lag.

The centrifugal governor of Franklin design automatically regulates the spark advance. Franklins are the most responsive automobiles built.

List of Models and Prices

Model H, with seven-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton, four-passenger body, six cylinders, 48 horse power, $4500.

Model D, with five-passenger open body or double torpedo-phaeton, four-passenger body, six cylinders, 38 horse power, $3500. Seven-passenger limousine or landaulet, $4400.

Model M, with five-passenger open body, four cylinders, 25 horse power, $2700. Seven-passenger limousine or landaulet, $3500.

Model G, with four-passenger open body or single torpedo-phaeton, two-passenger body, four cylinders, 18 horse power, $1950.

Top is regular equipment on all open-body touring cars and torpedo-phaetons. Top and glass front are regular equipment on G single torpedo-phaeton. All prices F. O. B. Syracuse.

The Franklin for 1911 is happily distinctive. The new hood, with its graceful, sloping lines, harmonizes perfectly with the new style of body. There is no radiator to mar the effect. The front door is a logical feature of automobile development. It affords comfort and protection equal to that obtained in the rear seats. Four chassis sizes give a range of power and carrying capacity to meet every demand.

Resilient construction makes the Franklin the most comfortable of all automobiles. Other motor cars may seem to meet your idea of comfort, but once you have become familiar with the restful, luxurious riding of the Franklin none but a Franklin will satisfy you. Franklins do not require good roads for satisfactory performance. They comfortably maintain a high rate of speed over all roads.

Franklins, by reason of their light weight, resilient construction and air-cooled motor, give a service not afforded by any other automobile. They ride the easiest, go farthest in a day and do not freeze or overheat. Their tire equipment is so generous that the usual tire troubles are eliminated; blow-outs are unheard of, and punctures are rare.

The Franklin air-cooled engine is the highest type of automobile motor. It develops more power than any other from the same amount of fuel. It cools perfectly, no matter how hard the work, and is unaffected by climatic conditions. It does away with the complication and weight of the secondary system in the water-cooled car. Franklin motors run quietly and smoothly at all speeds. Valves are light and quiet in operation. Fiber cam shaft gears, less affected by atmospheric conditions than other gears of light-weight material, operate noiselessly.

Franklin limousines and landaulets are especially adapted to winter driving because of their easy riding over rough, frozen streets and because of their cooling system which can not freeze and which requires no attention in the coldest weather.

Franklins for 1911 are the motor cars of essential features.

They combine all that gives beauty of design, ease of operation, economy of up-keep and satisfactory service, embodying only those features of automobile design which are serviceable, practical, efficient and dependable.

They eliminate everything that is cumbersome, heavy, disfiguring or unnecessary.

Deliveries of 1911 Franklins are on schedule, selection of date being on order of sale.

Illustrated catalogue of 1911 models ready for distribution.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse NY

Licensed under Selden Patent

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse NY

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

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Albany N Y	242 Washington Avenue
Baltimore Md	Mount Royal and Maryland Avenues
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Buffalo N Y	683 Main Street
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Cincinnati O	1114-1116 Race Street
Cleveland O	6016 Euclid Avenue

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St Louis Mo	1306 Olive Street
Syracuse N Y	242 East Water Street

Tires—and the Car

Only the actual experience of riding with ease over rough, country roads or granite-paved streets, can demonstrate how much large wheels and tires contribute to comfort, safety and economy in motoring.

Comfort,—because the tires of large circumference literally smooth the way for the Oldsmobilist; absorbing all lesser inequalities and bridging over—instead of bouncing into—the larger depressions.

Safety,—because premature wear, undue strain and resultant blow-outs are avoided by tires that are more than adequate for the work they perform.

Economy,—because the Oldsmobile, by actual record, gets double and treble the average mileage from each casing.

In the Oldsmobile, wheel sizes are justly proportioned to weight, wheel-base and engine power,—including a liberal allowance for a "margin of safety." We emphasize this matter because its importance to the owner is not always appreciated. But, the excellence of its tire equipment is truly typical of every part of the Oldsmobile,—from its silent, long-stroke motor, of phenomenal pulling power, to such details as the fine quality of its finish and upholstery.

Oldsmobile 1911

FOUR AND SIX-CYLINDER, 40 and 60 HORSE-POWER, 38 and 42-INCH TIRES

Oldsmobile *"Autocrat"*

4-cylinder, 40 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7-passenger touring car. Cylinders, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 124 inches. Low center of gravity. Large wheels with 38 x 4½ inch tires on demountable rims.

Oldsmobile *"Limited"*

6-cylinder, 60 horse-power (A. L. A. M. rating), 7-passenger touring car. Cylinders, 5 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Wheel-base, 138 inches. Low center of gravity. Large wheels with 42 x 4½ inch tires. Straight line body with high forward doors.

Four and six-cylinder models also equipped with roadster, five passenger and closed bodies.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN

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